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PURITANISM AND PROSPERITY

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

AMERICAN prosperity is rapidly becoming the most important fact and the most difficult problem in the international life of the Western world. Europe is so deeply in debt to us that she can repay our loans only by reducing the standard of living in the various nations for generations. Our wealth is so enormous that its power is making itself felt in the economic life of both Europe and South America in a way that practically defies every reasoned control. In spite of extravagant standards of living we are producing a billion dollars more wealth annually than we consume and are increasing our foreign holdings each year by that amount. An English economist recently prophesied that at the present rate of increase American investments in the outside world would exceed the combined wealth of Germany and France by the year 1950. However generous we may be with government debts, these foreign investments in private enterprise are bringing high dividends which will seem justified to the American by the risk involved, but which will increasingly appear from the perspective of impoverished Europe as the exorbitant tribute that a wealthy economic empire is pressing out of poor dependencies.

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A

Any cursory glance at the journals of Europe must convince even the most heedless American that tides of hatred, mixed with envy, are rising against us in the world, which bode no good either for us or for the peace of nations.

The development of sufficient social intelligence and moral imagination to control the vast and intricate economic relationships that modern inventions have made possible and inevitable is an urgent duty which the entire world faces, but of all nations it is most urgent for us; for our nation, which is economically most powerful, is also politically most inept. We are a land of industrial experts and political novices whose limitations are the more dangerous for being so little understood among us. When we insist that the problems of the modern world can be solved by a 'businesslike settlement' we are merely saying that we want a simple solution which does not take into account those complex and illusive factors with which politics deals and with which we, in our political simplicity of mind, are so impatient.

Our prosperity will increasingly become a primary problem in domestic morality as well as in international

relationships. We have built the first civilization in the history of the world in which wealth and prosperity have become the portion of the common man. In all previous civilizations the robust virtues have been maintained by a large middle class living in genteel poverty, in which it was protected from the vices which flourish in extravagance on the one hand and in abject poverty on the other. The finest values of the spirit ought to flourish there where men are most emancipated from the urgent necessities of the struggle for bread; but men easily convert this emancipation into a new kind of slavery and become obsessed with the instrumentalities of life in such a way as to rob them of both virtue and culture. Whatever we may be able to do in the future to make wealth serve the interests of the spiritual life, it must be confessed that the past does not encourage the hope that the finest virtues can be maintained except where there are large classes who are challenged to heroism by life's handicaps, but are not tempted to despair by insurmountable difficulties.

Whatever may be the consequences of our wealth upon either the morality of individuals or the destiny of the nation, it may be more profitable to search for the source of our prosperity than to speculate on its possible effects; for we may find in its source the secret of our limitations in dealing with it and a clue to the solution of the problems with which it confronts us. There is, of course, nothing mysterious about many of the sources of our prosperity. In common with other Western nations we made fruitful use of modern science and by her aid unlocked the storehouses of nature. If we are more wealthy than they, that is due partially to the uncommon opulence of nature on our continent and partially to the happy fortune which gave us a continent to ourselves where economic life is not hampered by

the irrelevancies of national boundaries or shattered by the periodic national conflicts which have devastated Europe. It may be, too, that the American climate has given our people a superior energy and that immigration has supplied us with a stock of workers highly selected for a daring and enterprising spirit. All of these explanations may have some validity, but they are not sufficient to explain the total facts.

For an adequate explanation of the whole phenomenon of American prosperity we must examine at least one other factor which has hitherto been hardly noted in the study of economic life — the factor of religion. There have been many economic determinists who have insisted that all cultural and religious life could be explained in terms of economic circumstance; but few students of society have made a thorough study of religious life as the root of economic phenomena. Only one, the German sociologist Max Weber, has made a detailed study of this relationship. His conclusion that Protestantism is the main root of the modern capitalistic spirit, and that, of all forms of Protestantism, Puritanism has been most successful in encouraging business enterprise, has particular significance for American life, for America is at once the most Puritan and the most prosperous of all Western nations.

II

It is not difficult to note that the prestige and dignity of the business man in the modern world are in striking contrast to his position in the ancient world, in which business enterprise was frequently in the hands of slaves. The low place that Plato gives to the tradesman as well as to the artisan in the ideal caste-system of his Republic is typical of the social ideas of the whole ancient

world, in which only soldiers and philosophers were honored. If it is understood that the soldier was permitted to beguile his leisure in the intervals between battles as a landed aristocrat, and that cultural and religious pursuits were closely allied so that the place of philosopher and priest came finally to the same thing, the ideals of classical antiquity are substantially identical with those of mediæval antiquity, in which priest and knight were the real aristocrats. Practically the only exception to this general rule was to be found in the mediæval Italian city-states, in which, in the words of a contemporary, 'they stoop to bestow the sword belt and honorable rank upon youths of inferior rank, or even upon laborers in despised and mechanical trades, who among other people are shunned like the pest.'

As the mediæval cities grew, commercial enterprise received a certain amount of social recognition, but on the whole the traditional attitude toward all secular tasks was maintained until the time of the Reformation. The new spirit in modern business is really a by-product of the doctrine of the Reformation of the 'sanctity of all work,' a doctrine which was sharply outlined in Protestantism's conflict with monasticism. This emphasis on the sanctity of all work destroyed the ethical dualism that was so characteristic of the Middle Ages, and made the ethical resources of the religious life, which had been previously exploited only in monastic seclusion, available for business enterprise. The first direct result of this change was a higher type of honesty, without which the intricate credit relationships of modern business could not be maintained. In this connection the large place which such classes as the Dutch Huguenots had in the rapidly developing international commerce is highly significant. There

were many classes more wealthy than they, but they captured business because of their reputation for honesty both among possible customers and among the underwriters of their projects. With a higher type of honesty came also a greater diligence; for the traditional odium attached to business enterprise was destroyed, and it became possible for a self-respecting person to give himself completely to commercial pursuits without diminution of social prestige or of moral self-respect.

It would, however, be unfair to suppose that modern commerce was altogether the fruit of the superior virtues of Protestantism. It was partially the fruit of Protestantism's moral limitations. The same religious tendencies that gave a wholesome sanction to secular enterprises gave an unwholesome sanction to secular motives. Profit-seeking became morally respectable. The bibliolatry of Protestantism and the consequent prestige of the Old Testament restored the old Hebraic idea that prosperity was an indubitable proof of sanctity. The mediæval ethical restraints upon profit-seeking were destroyed, and a secularized economic life inevitably produced the law of supply and demand and the conviction that nothing but commercial prudence could finally restrain the avarice of producers. There is to-day in the Teutonic nations, which are largely Protestant, a different type of business honesty than in the Latin nations, which are still partially rooted in the Middle Ages, and the real clue to this difference is to be found in varying religious ideals and ideas. Much detailed analysis would be required to make this difference clear, but it may be briefly summed up in the statement that Protestant nations are at once more honest and more greedy than their neighbors — more honest in the details of a business transaction, but more

intent upon the ultimate profits of the transaction.

Everything that has been said applies to Protestantism in general, but these general traits of Protestantism were accentuated in Puritanism and in the religion of the sects that developed the new ethic of business far more consistently than either Anglicanism or Lutheranism. The State churches, both Anglican and Lutheran, maintained a world view much more akin to that of the mediæval world than the moral idealism of Puritan sectarianism. The proof that the spirit of modern industry and commerce, with their unashamed secular ends, is closely related to religious ideas may easily be found in the contemporary life of Europe. Protestant Prussia is industrial and Catholic Bavaria is largely agrarian; Protestant Scotland is industrial and Catholic Ireland is agrarian, while Protestant Ulster is again significantly industrial. In England the commercial middle classes have been closely identified with the Nonconformist, largely Puritan, sects, while the landed aristocracy is still the bulwark of the Established Church.

In all the nations of Europe, even in nominally Protestant countries, the mediæval spirit is still powerful. The significance of America lies in the fact that our business life developed under sanctions wholly Puritan. In Germany, until the very period of the World War, great industrialists were admitted to the court only if they held reserve commissions in the army — if, in other words, they became partially identified with the military aristocracy. In England it has been customary until quite recently for industrial magnates to buy country estates, identify themselves with the traditional landed aristocracy, and attempt, if possible, to obscure the commercial sources of their new wealth. Not infrequently

these pseudo country squires have made a significant change of religious allegiance from a sect of Puritanism to the Established Church.

III

America is the only nation of the Western world that developed the new attitude toward business totally unhampered by religious and moral traditions which date back to mediæval and classical antiquity. Completely emancipated from these ancient scruples against business enterprise, we have been able to give ourselves to commercial and industrial tasks with a passion unknown to Europe. That is the real secret of our phenomenal success. The sanctification of secular tasks is certainly not wrong in itself; the moral limitations of our American civilization are due to the complete sanctification of secular motives as well as secular tasks. The religious traditions under which we grew to national maturity may have been adequate for the moral needs of the middle classes of Europe; they gave them moral self-respect and the power to overcome poverty and to challenge autocracy. But they are no longer adequate to our present situation, and the moral limitations that inhered in them from the beginning are becoming more and more obvious. Our Puritan virtues have lifted us to power and privilege, but they lack the social imagination to guide us in the use of our power, and they are wanting in the cultural assets to prompt us to a right use of our privileges. Our Babbitry is in reality Puritanism gone to seed — a fact which is not lost on the critics of our contemporary civilization who instinctively recognize some affinity between our religious traditions and the moral and cultural limitations of our national life.

Puritanism is in a sense a religious sublimation of the traditional virtues of the middle class — the virtues of sobriety, honesty, and thrift. As the middle class rises to power and position by means of these very virtues it tends to develop a Puritan paganism in which the sins of the senses are abhorred and the sins of the mind are embraced. American business life has been dominated for a few generations by these Puritan pagans, who knew how to combine a meticulous private morality with an unashamed passion for profit and power. This combination of virtues and limitations has produced a wealth so vast that it tends to destroy the original Puritan virtues and finally to produce a pure paganism that shuns neither the sins of the senses nor the sins of the mind. The much lamented divergence of the younger generation from the virtuous standards of the fathers is merely the final stage in the disintegration of American Puritanism. The moral limitations of Puritanism seem to have made such a disintegration an inevitable fate.

Mediæval religion had two different strategies in dealing with the weaknesses of human nature and the sins of society. On the one hand it made an easy compromise with them and produced the easy-going morality against which Puritanism revolted. On the

other hand it maintained in monasticism a sense of conflict between the moral ideal and the sins that lurk in all natural human relationships and instincts.

Puritanism insisted that victory was possible, and that neither compromise nor perpetual conflict with a seemingly invincible foe was either necessary or desirable. It made a brave bid for victory. But it made the fatal blunder of underestimating the strength of the opposition. It saw the foe on only one front and fought so successfully there that it was beguiled into premature complacency and defeat on other fronts. Puritanism has therefore issued in a different kind of moral compromise, which has in it a touch of hypocrisy because it is not known to be a compromise. That is the hypocrisy which is producing the reaction of cynicism among the critics of our Western, and particularly of our American, civilization; for cynicism is an inevitable reaction to hypocrisy. To defeat this criticism and destroy its force we need a new orientation of our moral idealism. We need a religion and an ethic which know how to deal with greed as well as with dishonesty, and which have effectual restraints upon the paganism of power and pride as well as upon the paganism of licentious pleasure.

THE FRIVOLOUS FRENCH

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

I

It was my fate to be born in a country that knows very little of the Bible. When we were children, it is true, we were told stories from the Bible, and at school we had the *Acts of the Apostles*. But in Catholic Ireland, if the full horror of such things must be revealed, we never saw or touched or dipped into the Holy Book. We had no such furniture as a family Bible. In short, we dwelt in outer darkness.

This does not mean that we did not have family prayers. The rosary, which is a very long prayer, a garland of Our Fathers and Hail Marys, was said around the oil lamp every evening. Confession, which in its auricular form the Irish themselves invented, was a weekly, or at least a fortnightly, episode. On Saturdays, in the gaunt, shadow-draped churches, we waited our turn to enter the little confessional and lisp our sins; and on Sundays we had Communion and ten-o'clock Mass-and-teaching. Our upbringing was religious, amid throngs of the sincerest Christian Brothers, well-soaped, smiling nuns, lay sisters, lay brothers, sacristans, priests, canons, archdeacons, and the Bishop. The religious element was a large part, perhaps the main part, of our early culture. Only it had nothing to do with the Bible.

To measure the gulf between a tradition such as this and the common English tradition, one has simply to read any of the great Victorians. Few people knew the tricks of her trade better than

George Eliot, or employed them more hardily; and when she wanted to create one of the big scenes in *The Mill on the Floss* she made the fierce old Mr. Tulliver direct his son to write a terrible curse on the flyleaf of the Bible, while 'Maggie trembled like a leaf.' Not once, indeed, but twice, the family Bible stalks on to the stage — since Tom Tulliver himself makes his sister swear on it in words he dictates. I seem to remember that St. John Ervine, over half a century later, employed a similar gesture. In Ulster such scenes could still be enacted — not to speak of Tennessee.

But if the Irish Sea separates Ireland from the tradition of the Bible, except in Belfast, the Channel no less separates France from this great popular tradition. Offering myself as a sort of Biblometer, I record that the tension is so released when I come into France that it is almost like getting back to the atmospheric pressure of childhood. I admit a cultural difference between Ireland and France, all the difference between the Liffey and the Seine; but, whatever this difference, there is an extraordinary, a pervasive, moral similarity that comes from neither country having imbibed the Scriptures.

In the case of France, this was largely accident. One cannot doubt that it was touch and go whether the French would take the Reformation. Mr. Lawres of Milwaukee wrote the other day that before the first Protestant

version of the Bible was printed there were thirty printed editions in German, nineteen in Flemish, twenty-six in French. The ground was ready for the Reformation in France, just as well as in Germany or England. The race, ethnologically speaking, was the same. John Calvin, moreover, was a true French type, and his French admirers to-day do not hesitate to claim for him all the nation's intellectual characteristics. But this latent possibility was not enough. Though François I and his remarkable sister Marguerite showed how open they were to Lutheranism in theory and on principle, in practice the French king was not eager to push too hard against the parliament and the university. He was not cut off, as was Henry VIII, from the goods of the Church and the clergy. He had no positive incentive to induce a religious reform which might become embarrassingly political. He did not relish the rude tone of the reformers in regard to the luxury and gayety of his court. And the shifting balances of the European game made the Vatican too important a makeweight for a negotiator like himself to commit France to the way of the Bible. Hence the du Bellays, who might so easily have been Lutheran, found their outlet instead in protecting and encouraging Rabelais; and French intellect, French private judgment, took the channel of Rabelais, Montaigne, Voltaire.

It is piquant, of course, that when Bernard Shaw wants to commend Joan of Arc he says she was a Protestant. I am surprised he did not say she wore Jaeger underwear. Gallant as it is of him to 'opt' her into the Fabian set and qualify her in general type for the London School of Economics, I can see no reality in this anticipatory 'Protestantism.' She used private judgment, but private judgment is not confined to the Protestant tradition. Private judgment

is, in fact, a great French tradition. Joan might have arrived at hers Protestantly, but she actually arrived at it in her own honest way. To use the word 'Protestant' is to suggest the connection 'Protestant Bible,' and this is misleading.

It is misleading because it is blind to the main fact of French life, which is borne in so immediately on anyone who has had an ordinary Irish upbringing. The Bible, which has had an enormous influence on English culture, has lacked influence on French culture. The Bible has not been a main element in moulding French psychology, where it has been a main element in moulding English, German, and American psychology. From this fact, almost too obvious to mention, has sprung a whole menagerie of misunderstandings on both sides. My effort here is to note the misunderstanding on the side of those who have had Bible culture.

II

I wish at this point I could pose as really knowing France. I wish I could say, 'Such and such are the French people.' But after two years in France I am too oppressed by my ignorance to hope to be able to conceal it. Buoyed up, however, by Socrates, who saw in the consciousness of ignorance the beginning of wisdom, and buoyed up also by the obliviousness of most nationals to the real nature of other nationals, I address myself to those who, in consequence of this lamentable French discrepancy, have silent moral doubt as to the French people.

Is it a fact that this moral doubt exists?

In trying to answer this question I leave aside those witnesses who tell you with bated breath of quite hair-raising French orgies and French wickedness, or who give you anecdotes of smart sinfulness in *Tout-Paris*. I know from

M. Pierre-Quint that Marcel Proust was carried off in the middle of the night to a sexual salad of some kind, and that Proust had asthma for three weeks afterward. But I beg leave, at an age when I begin to have gray hairs, to cancel all yarns of night life in Vienna, Berlin, London, Paris, Petrograd, and Brooklyn. These activities follow biological, not national, lines, and are not open to the great majority who are regularly employed. I do not take as witness anyone who whispers or anyone who is too relentless. I leave aside, for example, the incomparable woman who said to me, 'I just adore France, but I simply can't stand the French people.'

But there are all sorts of real people who do betray an unease, a reservation, about the French. There is the poet who tells me that French women are all skin and brain, that they have no chastity and no soul. There is the Scotch idealist who says that the French have no mysticism and that André Maurois misses the essence of Shelley just as much as André Gide misses the essence of Dostoevski. I include the anti-rationalist who smiles in his beard when you mention Anatole France, and the publicist who suddenly explodes at breakfast that the French are 'dirty dogs.' I advert to the League of Nations official who privately declares that the French are hopeless liars, and the German sculptor who sombrely lays it down that the French are moribund spiritually and artistically. I include, that is to say, a lot of witnesses I have personally encountered, whether from the side of Romantic or of Biblical England, from Aberdeen or from Boston, who deplore the moral levity of the French.

These witnesses, I may say, have a spokesman. Their case was summed up with much precision by no less a man than Matthew Arnold. Forty years ago he put on the black cap. 'It is not

enough perceived,' he said sorrowfully, 'what it is which gives to France her attractiveness for everybody, and her success, and her repeated disasters. France is *l'homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man; Paris is the city of *l'homme sensuel moyen*. This has an attraction for all of us. We all have in us this *homme sensuel*, the man of the "wishes of the flesh and of the current thoughts"; but we develop him under checks and doubts, and unsystematically and often grossly. France, on the other hand, develops him confidently and harmoniously. She makes the most of him, because she knows what she is about and keeps in a mean, as her climate is in a mean, and her situation.'

Climate, one must note in passing, cannot have been Matthew Arnold's strong point, at least the climate of this terrestrial pill; otherwise he could n't have put under the tent of one 'mean' Normandy and Provence, the red dryness of Agay, the wet greenness of Hendaye, the suavity of the Loire, the extremes of Auvergne. But one must not interrupt a man who is passing judgment on a whole people. 'All of us feel, at some time or other in our lives, a hankering after the French ideal, a disposition to try it. More particularly is this true of the Latin nations; and therefore everywhere, among these nations, you see the old indigenous type of city disappearing, and the type of modern Paris, the city of *l'homme sensuel moyen*, replacing it. *La Bohème*, the ideal, free, pleasurable life of Paris, is a kind of Paradise of Ishmaels.'

But disaster always overtakes Ishmael. 'Cast out he is, and always must be, because his ideal, *which is also that of France in general*, however she may have noble spirits who contend against it and seek a better, is after all a false one. Plausible and attractive as it may be, the constitution of things turns out to be somehow or other against it. And

why? Because the free development of our senses all round, of our *apparent* self, has to undergo a profound modification from the law of our higher *real* self, the law of righteousness.'

There, without disguise, is the case against the French. Enjoy them if you must. They are gay, they are volatile, they are charming. But they have n't built on Protestantism and the Bible; therefore the poor devils cannot be righteous. Watch them glitter as they sail by, but know that disaster awaits them, because their nature has not been modified by the law of righteousness.

Suzanne Lenglen, Alain Gerbault, Georges Carpentier, Jean Borotra, may have shaken a great number in their conviction about the unmanliness of Latins, but the moral doubt is longer-lived. Being naturally irreverent, I used to think it was enough to quote such cant as Matthew Arnold's to show its hollowness, but I have learned by experience that these things are not self-evident. It is better to demand seriously whether these solemn assertions as to the unspirituality of the French are borne out by acquaintance with them. Is Paris a city of free, pleasurable, sensual life? Is France submerged in the wishes of the flesh? Is it indifferent to the laws of righteousness?

One has to have an extraordinary faith in the exclusive ethical value of the Bible not to be able to imagine other people reaching the good life in other ways. But this is mere deduction. It is better to mention the assurances that are conveyed to one in the daily round of French life. And by this I don't mean the assurances that are offered by the heroism of French live-saving crews, the self-sacrifice of a *cheminot* to-day and of a clerk the next day, the weekly toll of men who risk their lives in aviation, the toll of men who die in experimental science, the men and women who give up property to help working

girls, to aid the sick and the handicapped. I don't mean even the assurance that is conveyed by the modest lives of the most eminent French savants. Who can walk through the dinginess of the rue Monge without thinking, 'Faguet always lived here, five floors up,' in one of these sour-faced apartment houses. But this sort of evidence, the evidence of 'noble spirits,' walks on stilts in every country. The only difference I see in the French in this department is that, so far, they don't talk so much about their modesty, their strong silent modesty, as the English do.

III

Did Matthew Arnold really know the worker's Paris? In the arrondissement where I lived in Paris, the thirteenth, we were in no Paradise of Ishmaels. Under our windows was a church belonging to a new sect, the Antoinistes, a flourishing young religion. In the glove factory up the hill or the chocolate factory at the foot of it there was nothing remarkably free or pleasurable, and the old ragpickers and paper-sorters at the head of the street had nothing about them of La Bohême. We had a prison near us, the Santé, and a big lunatic-asylum. If the conditions in the prisons and asylums of France have outraged one's sense of righteousness, let me say that Albert Londres, the journalist, has made a winning crusade on behalf of the afflicted which surpasses any crusade of a similar kind that has been made in America — and God knows how badly America needs to back up the fine crusades that have been made in regard to her own prisons.

There was not much of La Bohême about our greengrocer who was up at three o'clock every morning to go to Les Halles, and kept his shop open till eight in the evening. True, he favored sensuality. He sold a creamy Brie

cheese which was full of *volupté*, he sold marvelous mandarins before Christmas, and cherries and strawberries and asparagus in early spring of a quality that no one could suspect from his dim windows or his earth floor or his prices. But this wicked sensualist, six feet two, had stood his way all through the war without a whimper; he had the rank of a corporal and the style of a colonel, the integrity of an artist and the validity of any real man. That is to say, he pleased one, like a sound apple, like work well done. Across the street from him was a charwoman from 'Bor-r-deaux' who worked so well, so furiously well, that one was ashamed not to double her wages. She did her work to help her husband, nervously shattered by the war. Among the gamins and gaminers of this neighborhood there was gayety, certainly, and liveliness, but who ever jeered at the Antoinistes in their Puritan Father costume or the lady Antoinistes in black veils? The concierge, atheist to the bone, smiled benevolently at them. 'Chacun à son goût. Après tout, c'est une nouvelle religion!'

This concierge, forty-seven, all alone, husband and son dead in the war, got pneumonia and had a temperature of 103. Would she have a doctor? Bah! Doctors were for the rich. She lay in her loge, still commanding the door, and lost weight, sleep, vitality, everything except her nerve. A very unreconstructed and ignorant woman.

In the school across the way from us, the pupils kept hours that seemed to me much too long — hours which help to give them that pallid, big-eyed, sombre look, so that later on it seems as if they are morbidly citified and perhaps consumed by passion. Beneath us, in the apartment house, was a *bistro*, where undesirable citizens took undesirable beverages. These were outdoor workers, strapping fellows, magnificent feeders.

They were noisy at times, but the saloon-keeper was a very helpful human being, the father of a large family, and very much the sort of man whom Edgar Lee Masters bemoaned when Prohibition came. 'Who'll give me my nickel now, if I go out in Chicago without remembering to take my carfare?'

We went, my wife and I, to hear a Christian Republican, Marc Sangnier. It might have been a meeting at Cooper Union. It savored of Emerson. After his talk, indeed, a small fiery man with a red face and a red sash caught our eye and, making a shrug, declared pityingly, 'C'est pas mal, mais, pouf, je suis athée.' At the next meeting in the same hall Pierre Hamp spoke — a rather pacifist speech. He is the man who has written such dramatic books on the underlying population, on the fish industry, linen, perfume, champagne. He is a dapper figure, with youth and verve. When he finished, a hollow-cheeked worker got up and in a trembling voice challenged him because he had spoken to a different effect and given different leadership during the war. A deep, a quivering silence followed this question. Hamp tried no evasion. He said, 'I can only admit that I was wrong.'

Such incidents are tiny, but I could multiply them indefinitely to show a movement of heart and conscience in ordinary life no less characteristic than Anatole France's stand in the Dreyfus case, or his story, *Crainquebille*.

Ah, Anatole France. I am afraid I cannot claim that his was the tone of 'An Essay towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible.' *The Imitation of Christ* was a favorite book of Anatole France's, and we now learn that it was a Frenchman who wrote *The Imitation of Christ*. But if Anatole France was pagan, it is not to the point; at the moment I suppose there is no famous Frenchman who has less influence than he. If he is mentioned at all, it is to

deprecate him, despite the loyalty of contemporaries like Maurras the royalist and the loyalty of subcontemporaries like Paul Souday.

Anatole France is at the other side of the great divide of 1914, bathed in the same far sunshine as Phidias and the Parthenon. Gone is the lambent afternoon light, the classic mood, the smile that hovered so delicately before it stung. Young France is neither lambent nor delicate. It has suffered. Its suffering has given it great pity, as in the case of Georges Duhamel, or analytic tension, as with Lacretelle and Martin du Gard, or curious high spirits, as with Cocteau and Giraudoux, or a grave philosophic scrupulosity, as with Paul Valéry. The preoccupation with philosophy, in fact, dominates every other preoccupation in the world of criticism and thought. Particularly is it to be noted in the effort of the Catholic critics to smash up Taine and Renan in the interest of the system of Saint Thomas Aquinas. It is only in these critics, Massis and Maritain, that one finds more heat than light on occasion, but in general the controversy goes back and forth on its merits, and every attack breeds a defender who knows his job. They are saying things to-day that will occupy American critics some years from now, just as Faguet and Brunetière gave the lead thirty years ago.

IV

This seriousness, one may object, is intellectual seriousness, not moral seriousness. The French do not spend their time urging good conduct, as such.

From French schoolbooks I gather the impression that the monopoly of moral platitude has been conceded to French educators. Their grammars simply pullulate with moral propaganda — propaganda in pills, capsules, powder form, and bottles. If the French are

gay and volatile, it is on the rebound from their early edification. But it is still true that the French motto is 'Brain, more brain.' The English pacifists, I note, say that war is wrong, the Italians — there are Italian pacifists — that war is ugly, the French that war is stupid. The French hate stupidity. They do not make the direct moral appeal very often — they appeal to *bon sens*, to intelligence. If *mauvais sang* is reprehended, and *méchanceté*, the word *bête* or *maladroit* rises quicker to the lips. I heard a dignified old man coming out of the Institut lash out the sole word *maladroit* to a chauffeur who had backed up abruptly. The rebuke made the chauffeur blush to the roots of his hair. A group of his comrades waited till the irate old cock had passed on; then they all laughed. 'Hein, Georges, tu es *maladroit*!' His face, angry and red, slowly reversed its expression and expanded into a grin.

The intelligence of the French has its unsentimental and grim aspects, and most English people find unsentimentality hard to forgive. But if one reads such a book as Thibaudet's recent analysis of Baudelaire and Fromentin and Amiel one sees how exquisitely sensitive the introspective French nature can be. The intangible values of life have nowhere been more appreciated, and nowhere has the spiritual struggle been more heroically detailed. But of course they don't, they can't, sentimentalize. Or rather the French sentimentalist is immediately spotted by the critics, and relegated to the Académie Française. Not that there is n't poignancy in the French, but where the Victorians habituated us to the organ the French used the violin, and in the religious mood the violin is profane.

The French are not evangelical with the same facility as the English. If you want to see a difference between French intellect and English intellect read what

a passionate liberal like Edgar Quinet could write about Machiavelli, and then see what all the English liberals have said about him, from Macaulay to H. G. Wells. It is, in a way, the difference between the intellectual method and the evangelical method. Edgar Quinet tries to understand Machiavelli in spite of his resistance, while Macaulay and Wells cry to high heaven.

This perhaps is what Matthew Arnold means by accepting our lower self, developing it confidently and harmoniously, as against developing it under checks and doubts, and unsystematically and often grossly. But it seems to me that the French, for all their frivolity, have not done so badly with their lower selves. It is not they, but the more Biblical peoples, who have taken so ravenously to psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis is needed by those whose souls are divided against themselves, and whose grossness is not in hand.

I do not say that the French have not tried to enforce righteousness like the English and the Americans. At the very time Matthew Arnold was writing, many Parisians were holding up their hands in holy horror over an opera that was almost as wicked as *Madame Bovary*. It was condemned as 'impressionistic,' as 'Wagnerian in bad taste,' as pestiferous, as cheap. Its heroine was described as 'une hideuse drôlesse,' 'une ignoble gueuse,' offensive against delicacy and morals. The name of this revolting opera was *Carmen*!

The fact that such prudery once existed does not mean that all moral indignation is prudery. I have no doubt that certain plays in Paris to-day are lewd. I am quite sure that Paris harbors many vicious and dangerous people. I am quite sure that money will buy almost anything a cynic wants in Paris, and I suppose it is best to go to that city expecting to battle for your virtue against fearful odds. But I

suggest it is not these concrete wickednesses that create misunderstanding and moral doubt in the good people I know. These ugly things simply fatten up the antecedent prejudice that was born long ago of the struggle of Protestantism against Rome and reënforced by the godlessness of the French Revolution.

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It seems to me important, then, to approach the French with a firm recognition that their moral idiom is not, and cannot be, the familiar idiom of the English-speaking and Bible-reading peoples. And it is well to trace to its source the prejudice that is so ingrained in those who do not share this recognition. I remember a British editor who came to New York to work in the opinion factory at the beginning of the war. In answer to a question as to the value of the French he lowered his eyes and piously said, 'The French, I am afraid, are decadent.' The good man believed it. He did not know that his belief was the child of Matthew Arnold's misunderstanding, which in turn was the grandchild of Wordsworth's moralizing, which in turn descended from national conflicts that were only too glad to cluster around, and build on, the Bible.

Decadent? I should rather say vigorous and virile. They have developed an extreme mental flexibility, a tough fibre, a fine craftsmanship which calls for its own sort of righteousness, an exquisite art of life. Traveling by one road from Rome, as the English traveled by another, since all roads seem to lead from Rome, they have yet traveled with sure and philosophic foot. 'A great and splendid people,' as Buckle said, 'a people full of mettle, high-spirited, abounding in knowledge, and perhaps less oppressed by superstition than any other in Europe.'

Buckle added, 'always found unfit to exercise political power.' With the examples before us of the Hungarians, the Italians, the Spanish, the Russians, the Chinese, with the high triumph of European diplomacy and Biblical culture that came to a head in 1914, and with the glories of the Versailles peace, I do not know who can boast of political genius. But the French have not the virtues of a machine tradition. I am struck, I admit, by a certain sociological infatuation in the French. They are bad on social statistics, which means on social knowledge and management. They are to be criticized on public hygiene. They have not the habit of machine organization in regard to society, in the sense that the English and Germans and Americans have. Any small problem — clean milk for Paris, for example — seems to find the French without the right machinery. There are facts about their hospitals that make one shudder. I am glad I was not born a French foundling. I am glad I am not one of the poor slaves who are petitioning the French Government, or the French banks, for a tiny little raise. But if the lack of sentimentality sometimes goes to the edge of a lack of sentiment, if property is sometimes Moloch, and inheritance laws like Chinese foot-binding, this hardness has been bred in a country specially placed. Even Buckle, so luminous, did not grasp the military reasons for French centralization. I mean, the military superstition. He thought it was some sort of incapacity for political power.

But the French are educable. In these matters, as in all matters, they do not lie to themselves, and this is a supreme virtue. Observe the beautiful art of honesty in an unbeliever like Jules Lemaitre writing of a believer like Louis Veuillot. Read Lanson's revisions in the later edition of his *French Literature*. These men have a virility

that I find lacking in, for instance, Mr. H. G. Wells revamping his *Outline of History* for the W. J. Bryan belt. It is an old-fashioned virility, perhaps, the sort one finds in an old-fashioned American like Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It is with these virtues in mind that I am surprised at the temerity of those who feel morally superior to the French. Is it not to the account of righteousness that theirs is the white country in which colored folk may be sure of the most liberty, equality, fraternity? I see French women given the lead in many situations where Maggie Tulliver was expected to weep and cling. I have read reports of a French school inspector, in a remote commune, as fine in perception and idealism as anything Matthew Arnold ever wrote. I hold it for righteous, even, that the French tolerate on the Paris news stands both the royalist and the communist dailies. When one knows the French, and I know a half dozen, one feels, 'Here at last is civilization.' That is to say, the suffusion of right feeling by good taste and good sense. It has n't the Biblical idiom, but neither had Plato nor Zoroaster, neither had Confucius nor Lao-tse.

One may say, 'But you miss the point. They have n't the Inner Light; they are n't carried away; they are n't poetic like the English, musical like the Germans, religious like the Russians.'

No, I answer, they are unique. I don't ask Wagner from the English, Byron from the Danes, Degas from the Germans, Anatole France from the Spanish, Fragonard from the Russians. I don't ask the English Inner Light from *la ville lumière*.

Is it not specifically Victorian to discover *l'homme sensuel moyen* in this French civilization? I remember when I was a small boy hearing my mother exclaim about the wickedness of Paris. On urging her to go into details, she

became mysterious and vague, but at last she said there were 'naked women' in the Tuileries. Standing before one of the statues in the Tuileries not long ago, I could not help laughing. The elaborate coiffure, the wasp waist, and the general suggestion of the fashion plate gave to this lady and her sisters an aspect purely comic. Could anyone ever have looked on her as shocking? But

my mother, though a Catholic, viewed these things as a Victorian, no less than Matthew Arnold. It was part of a radical misunderstanding which has its roots in a religious question. The Victorians firmly believed there was only one law of righteousness, and that was Victorian. Must we go on with the same prejudice, even if we do not all insist on the Bible?

LEAVES FROM A MISSION DIARY

BY HARCOURT JOHNSON

SAN SALVADOR, locally known as Cat Island, the scene of my mission, is in the Bahama group of the British West Indies. The work of the English Church mission is carried out in these islands under the able Bishop of Nassau. While I was on Cat Island, I had the help of another white minister, whose modesty forbids that even in my journal I should mention the outstanding qualities he possessed for that particular work, and the immeasurable good he did in the way of uplifting the sluggish islanders, especially along agricultural lines.

San Salvador lies about one hundred miles to the southeast of New Providence, on which stands Nassau, the largest and capital city of the group. The inhabitants are all black — descendants of slaves brought from Africa. They are considered locally to be the worst people of all the Bahama Islands, but my own experience of them is quite to the contrary. Their evil reputation is probably due to the fact that the island itself has been long neglected by the white settlers who

raised the standards in the other islands, and also to the fact that the poor harbor facilities do not allow of much communication with the capital city.

The natives are markedly without the character to sustain interest and enthusiasm in any field of endeavor; but at the same time it must be noted that they are quite happy and content with conditions. Where a few more ambitious souls have sprung up, they have been able to seek better things in Miami, Florida, until the recent immigration restrictions of the American Government closed that avenue of release from mental and economic bondage.

To-day the much depleted population numbers about forty-five hundred souls. The largest settlement holds some five hundred inhabitants, and the smallest perhaps a mere dozen.

In addition to the English mission, which at present has no white minister, there is a very strong Baptist mission, carried on entirely by the native Baptists and staffed with local colored

ministers. This group has by far the largest number of church adherents. The Methodists have one small congregation on the island, also in charge of a colored man.

My mission contained ten small churches. At the head of each of these is a colored catechist, who holds services and carries on the work of the Church generally, in the absence of a white minister.

The stress of work, and the fact that during the past few years the mission on the island has been steadily declining, made it necessary for the other white minister and myself to be separated most of the time. Months would pass during which neither of us would see a white face, or have any one of the least degree of real intellect with whom to talk. This in itself was perhaps our greatest hardship.

January 9. — Nassau, Bahama Islands. The harbor is dropping slowly astern. Masts, short and tall, are making tentative stabs at the hurrying clouds overhead. The wind is fresh on our quarter, and is waving the tall palms that line the shore in a sort of last good-bye to us as we say our own good-byes to Nassau, to civilization, and turn our prow to the east, where awaits this strange new life into which we are venturing. . . . The dusky crew are making all preparations for the voyage: trimming the sails, and stowing away the oddments of our copious baggage which came aboard in the last-minute rush. Someone is singing the 'Maris Stella' — so dear to these native mariners. The Bishop, now in trim yachting cap and blue reefer, tells me that he was anxious to name this boat the 'Maris Stella,' but some queer shipping laws do not allow it. Perhaps 't is best so; the former episcopal yacht finally joined the Nassau rum-runners, carrying with

her the ill-fitting name, 'Message of Peace.'

January 12. — The days have been very lazy. A northeaster tossed us about some, and then gave way to listless calm. For three days now we have skirted the Exuma Cays, few of them inhabited. Like all Bahamian land, they are dull, flat, and uninteresting, but they do make a perfect frame for the pictures of water, which are indescribable. Eyes grow strained and tired with watching the ceaseless changes of color. Greens, purples, blues of all shades, are constantly mingling, fading, reappearing, as sun and cloud chase each other high over the Bahamian Banks.

Last night the Bishop talked in his sleep. Dicky, his Negro cabin-boy, says: 'My lord hit hisself t'ree times and say "Nova Scotia."' So does Dicky render *Nobis quoque*.

If this wind continues to freshen, we shall reach our destination to-night. Cat Island! Curious name; it must have some origin, but no native seems to know of it. The map designates it San Salvador, and thereby sets it up as a rival to Watling's Island as the possible landfall of Columbus in the New World. I was once convinced of the Watling's theory, — most people are, — but loyalty to my new parish must now change my mind.

Caught two fish as we passed through Galliot Cut this morning: one a barracuda, the other a fine black-fin snapper. The latter served very well as a table dish. After moon-set, in the early hours of the morning, Jo, the mate, called us to see the Southern Cross. I had no idea it was visible anywhere in the Bahamas.

January 13. — We dropped anchor at Arthur's Town, Cat Island, as the dusk was mellowing the glaring colors of the little town. A huge crowd — relatively speaking — gathered on

the quay to bid us welcome. Always emotionally taut, these Negroes let themselves go in a rousing cheer as we scrambled up the rickety ladder. We were led across the street to our future home, open, and lighted with one candle guttering in the wind. It contains only four tiny rooms and an unroofed porch. There is no ceiling, and the partitions do not reach to the roof.

January Ferguson (I believe he is the sexton) was foremost in enthusiasm over our arrival, especially when he learned that now there are to be two ministers on the island, one with headquarters here, the other stationed at the Bight. He danced a jig of joy on the dining-room table, until the Bishop, fearing for the only piece of furniture in the house, bade him desist. . . . The stop here is only temporary; two services, and then we are to 'trip' for settlements farther down the shore. Dumfries and the Bight are to be visited, and then we shall round the Devil's Point — ominous name — for Port Howe.

January 14. — Left Arthur's Town yesterday and dropped down to Dumfries for afternoon service. This is a very small settlement with no church. The people want one badly, but there are no funds. Later anchored for the night in Bennett's Harbor and gave them a service there this morning. The church is in frightful disrepair and very dirty. These local colored catechists, who carry on when there are no ministers resident, seem to have little idea of carrying out the maxim that cleanliness is next to godliness. . . . Sailed all day in direction of the Bight, but wind fell off and we could not make it.

January 15. — Skipped the Bight, and came on here to Port Howe. This may have been Columbus's landing-place. We are anchored now under

the lee of Columbus Bluff. . . . Just returned from service. The Bishop introduced S—— and me to the flock. Beside me sat the famous 'Mother Ethel,' the only woman preacher in the Islands. She garbs herself like one of Fra Angelico's angels. As we passed her tiny chapel, — native Baptist, — we noticed that doors and windows were being opened by the female sexton, and we suspected a rival 'meeting.' Inquiry elicited, however, that it was a graceful gesture of welcome to his lordship and the two new parsons. We are told that Mother Ethel is a wonderful preacher. Mr. P——, the white Baptist superintendent in Nassau, says that she has had no education and has never read a sermon book, but in gracefulness of thought and simplicity of expression she can put to shame many an eminent preacher.

Service over, the walk from the church to the beach was most amusing. The whole congregation must accompany us with lusty shouting of militant Church hymns; but alas! the Bishop's stride was too strenuous a tempo for the perfect coördination of leg and lung, and the resultant hop-skip-and-jump effect was ludicrous. From the beach we embarked in the cutter, and as we rowed slowly into the moon-path the good folk on the shore sang 'God be with you till we meet again.' The night air was warm and soft, fragrant with the tang of the sea mingling with the scent of the beach jasmine. Ahead lay the yacht, the moon riding like a beacon on her mizzenmast; astern the curving beach, glistening white against the fringe of sad-singing palm trees; the faint creak of the rowlocks told us that the crew was keeping time to the mellow voices of the darkies on the shore. A scene, an experience, that will live with one forever.

January 16. — The wind has us bottled up in this harbor, which Columbus spoke of as being 'able to accommodate the combined navies of the world.' One wonders if the dangerous, clawlike reefs enclosing the harbor can have been the origin of the name 'Cat Island' — your mariner is an imaginative soul.

January 17. — Sailed this morning about eight bells, but the wind, blowing almost a gale, is dead ahead, and a heavy cross-sea is running in the channel. Have been able to make no headway and are anchored for the night under the lee of Long Island — the Fernandina of Columbus's log.

January 18. — The storm has abated, and we are well on the way to Rum Cay. Just now we are sailing past the island which Columbus called 'Isla de Santa Maria de la Concepción.' It is a beauteous spot: one large, uncut emerald, tossed in a bowl of opals.

January 19. — Port Nelson, Rum Cay. Old Mr. R — was on the wharf to bid us welcome. His hair and beard have known no barbering for a whole twelvemonth. He must return to Nassau on the yacht, for ill health has ended his labors in this strenuous climate. He is much upset about it, and declares he can carry on. His small and oh! so dilapidated rectory is very pathetic — one hen nesting on the pantry safe, and another in a box on the chest of drawers in his bedroom. His kitchen — always a small, separate building in this climate — was blown away in a recent hurricane; there was no money with which to construct another, so cooking is done on a box filled with sand and ashes, in the open. The reverend gentleman complains much of fleas. I can well believe it, for on his own admission he is too worn out to bother about having the place cleaned.

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January 22. — Our stay at Rum Cay was brief. There are few Church people there now, so many hundreds have left the island to migrate to Miami, Florida. We returned with a fair wind to Arthur's Town. The excitement of arrival is over and we are settling into some sort of routine. The furniture — a truly florid compliment in that name — is unpacked. . . .

Hourly I am learning joyful, surprising, and disquieting facts about the island. There are some five thousand inhabitants, all black, scattered in more than two dozen settlements strung out on this side of the island. This side faces the west and is on the Exuma Sound; the other side is exposed to the roll of the Atlantic. We have churches in ten of these settlements, which must be visited regularly and as often as possible. We shall both have to have horses, and I can see that a boat would be useful. Arthur's Town seems to be the largest of the settlements. It is built along two main roads. The beach, just a few yards from my door, seems to be the most attractive thing about it.

January 25. — Elijah Campbell came in this evening and we pumped him for information about life on the island. The people eke out a bare existence from the rocky and unfertile land. Soil, as everywhere in the Bahamas, is found only in the pot-holes in the honeycomb rock, as this coral formation is locally called. Fields are found chiefly on the east side of the island, and some produce will grow in the sand which washes inland in the hurricane season and from which the salt is finally washed by the rains.

Money comes in chiefly from the sisal industry. The broad green leaves of the plant, often more than four feet long, are cut in a peculiar way called 'stripping,' and soaked for weeks in the shallow swamps that lie all along the

centre of the island. When the pulp has completely decomposed, the fibrous remains are beaten on the rocks to cleanse them, and then bleached in the sun. Baled, the fibre is shipped to Nassau for export abroad, where it is made into rope and binder twine.

We discussed the food problem, which looms up in an alarming way. Vegetables are scarce, and of a limited variety. No effort has been made to increase the variety grown, and potatoes, yams, cassavas, and eddo roots seem to constitute the chief diet of the native. An inferior corn is grown, which is ground into a coarse meal. The peculiar lay of this island makes fish scarce at the north end, though I suspect the natural laziness of the natives has somewhat to do with that also. Fresh meat, Elijah tells us, will be available perhaps twice monthly; then only mutton. I do not like that 'perhaps.' Everyone seems thoroughly contented with conditions, which seem to us so very primitive. It is the kind of content that is devastating to any kind of progress.

January 27. — Saw a yacht coming in this morning, and became quite excited over the prospect of our first news from the outside world. It turned out to be Major O——, the magistrate, arriving to hold a court of inquiry over an alleged shooting case. S—— was asked to sit on the bench with the Major and listen in. The verdict was 'accidental.'

February 5. — Mail day! Our monthly mail came in, bringing the first letters and papers we have had since leaving Nassau. All work stops in the settlement and the tiny post office is surrounded by an eager crowd all day. There are no other centres of delivery except here and at the Bight. Some of these people walk as much as twenty miles on the chance of getting

a letter. We were kept busy all day with requests to read their letters to them. Most of their mail seems to come from relatives in Miami, and they usually enclose a dollar bill, which is always eagerly pounced upon. Poor people — they see so little ready money!

February 6. — The faithful assembled to rebuild part of our garden wall, which seems to have been carried off, stone by stone, when there was no one in residence here. About sixty persons turned up, men, women, and children. They gathered stones from waste land hereabout, and toted them in on their heads. They carry all their burdens this way. Sunday a woman who lives afar turned up at church with her shoes balanced on her head. She had apparently found them painful on the long walk, so put them on at the church door. The wall itself looks quite fine, and will serve us as a protection against the horses, pigs, and fowls that have been constantly wandering about our garden.

February 7. — S—— left in the Silver Palm for the Bight. He will visit, en route, Knowles and Smith Bay. I have a feeling that this tour from settlement to settlement will subdue the restlessness that seems inevitable.

February 8. — Watched a crowd of some twenty persons, beside the crew, go off for Nassau in a small sloop, not more than twenty-five feet over all. A dangerous number on such a tiny craft. Although this is the usual means of interisland travel, I am told that they carry little food or water, and never know just when they will reach their destination. Sometimes they take seven days to do the hundred-mile trip, and have to put in at various cays on the way to get food and water.

Later, walked over to the east side of the island with the local policeman.

It is truly beautiful there: long, wide beaches of pinky-white sand, as fine as sugar, all fringed with sea-grape bushes, with their round green and red leaves, and tall coconut palms, from which we gathered nuts and drained them of their milky nectar to quench our thirst. Coming back, Baker, who had taken his gun on the chance of a shot at the wild pigeons, stopped to adjust his trigger-guard. The gun went off as I was walking directly into the line of fire. A second or so more and I might have been 'done.'

February 10. — Visited Orange Creek in a small sailboat. The Creek is the most charming spot on the island. The church stands on a slight rise, overlooking the bay, and the priest's lodge nestles near by in a grove of tall coconut palms. Alas, the church is in terrible disrepair, and dear old Joshua C——, the catechist, seems too far gone to do much work. I made him take the service, to see just how he did it, and he convulsed me by expectorating solemnly out of the window during alternate verses of the Psalms. . . .

February 12. — Medical cases are coming in thick and fast, now that these people have found out that we have a case of drugs and a willingness to help. I feel keenly the lack of medical knowledge, though they all profess great faith in me, and that is half the battle. They all diagnose their ills in exactly the same way. No matter what they are suffering from, it is always: 'Please, sir, could n't you give me one pills?' When I try to find out where and what the ache is, they always say, 'Got a kinda bearin'-down feeling, Fader.' Poor folk! They have never had a doctor on the island, and must cure all their ills with their own concoctions, made from herbs and bush. Some of the old folk seem quite adept at this; their nostrum is 'gale-o'-wind

bush.' I imagine it has the effect on the system that the name implies. Usually cuts and wounds are treated very casually. Their whole system of living, their ideas of ventilation and sanitation, are at least a thousand years behind the times.

February 13. — Attended the Acting Commissioner's court this morning. What a farce! Is this the majesty of empire? A man with no education, no idea of law, no qualifications whatever, but with only an inflated opinion of himself, dispenses justice (?) to these poor ignorant people. It is to be hoped that the white Commissioner promised will soon turn up. But this man now acting is also the schoolmaster here, and every day holds sway over some hundred and fifty youngsters. The whole educational system on these outlying islands is deplorable.

February 14. — Embarked in the Silver Palm for the Bight at 12.30 P.M. Wind very light; fell away entirely at sundown, when we were still about four miles from Knowles. We had to scull in, and reached here by 8.30 P.M. I was regaled with a dish of pancakes and the inevitable mess of corn meal, cooked very stiff, and nothing to send it down with. It all speaks of the poverty of the islanders.

February 15. — Tripped before dawn with a fresh wind on our quarter, and made the Bight by noon. Mr. W——, the colored Commissioner, and the local policeman were on the wharf to welcome me. Mrs. W—— sent in a large tray of dinner, for which I was very grateful, especially to see their kindness — even a vase of flowers on the tray. In the evening Mr. W—— came in, and we talked long on the color question and the crying needs of the island. He is an exceedingly well educated colored man. The rectory here, having always been headquarters, is a much more livable place than at

Arthur's Town. The garden is quite beautiful and shows the labor that my predecessor put into it. Saw the grave, still unused, which he had prepared when he thought he was going to die. Perhaps I may be the one to use it, after all.

February 17. — Good congregation out this morning. Later took horse to the Old Bight. The animal was very frisky and shied at something suddenly, throwing me off, but fortunately with no hurt to myself. The church at the Old Bight is the largest and barest in the island. It was built in memory of some member of the Balfour family who was here in the old slave days, by his relatives in England.

One girl in the front bench amused me much by singing:—

‘Joyfully for Him to die
Was not death but vic-to-rye.’

During service the tide had risen in the creek, and I got wet above the waist, fording it on horseback. Preached again in the evening, and concluded that three sermons a day are a wearying duty when mixed up with a long ride in the hot sun.

February 29. — Spent the day dynamiting in preparation for some gardening. In the evening gave a ‘filling-in’ party. Promised refreshments to all who would come and tote sand from the beach, to fill the holes we had made. The promise brought about two hundred people of all ages. The work was done in about two hours and then we stopped for refreshments, which consisted of flour cakes and *swichil*, a much relished native drink, made from limes and peppermint, sweetened with brown sugar, and colored with ‘cochineal’ from the pod of the cactus plant. After ‘eats’ they made a huge fire on the public square, and danced to the music of their own voices and of a drum, made by covering a lard tub

with a sheepskin, drawn very tight and heated. The songs are all native made, and sung to tunes that reek of the African jungle. They work themselves up to a wild fury in the dance, scream, clap their hands ceaselessly, and contort themselves in wild, sinuous, and graceful movements, unlike anything one would expect in the Western Hemisphere. Their latent barbarism comes out to the full in these ‘fire dances.’

March 29. — Returned to-day from a brief visit to Nassau, where one gorged one's self on good food and much conversation. Managed to find time to beg enough money to repair at least one church. Fairly squandered my quarter's pay on all sorts of stores to bring back. Will have to get used all over again to doing without meat, ice, fresh butter, milk, and so on. The voyage back on the mail boat was awful. Left on Thursday night, but the crew were too drunk to get farther than East End, so we had to anchor and wait for the dawn, while they slept off their stupor. Sailed all day Friday against a heavy northeaster and in torrents of driving rain. There were nine colored women and four babies in the one small cabin, all of them beastly seasick, so I kept on deck despite the storm. The cook did his best to give us food, but it was a poor best. The wind shifted suddenly to the south about four bells in the afternoon, and we were bucking a heavy cross-sea in the passage. The captain held out little hope of being able to land at Arthur's Town, where we have no decent harbor, but he was kind enough to put in for the night behind the lee of Powell's Point, Eleuthera. Once inside the reef, it was calm, and there was still enough light for some of the crew to dive for conchs, which we enjoyed in a stew for supper — our first real meal of the day. Many lines were cast after the sun had set;

and I was fortunate enough to hook a large shark. It required five of us to pull him in and he put up a wonderful fight. We finally got him alongside and shot him — took seven bullets to finish him off. When we hauled him on deck, we measured his length at seven feet, three inches.

This morning it was still squally, with a heavy sea running in Little Island Passage, but the captain, a seasoned mariner, did his best and landed me here about 3 P.M. They brought me off in a small boat. We could not attempt to land at the wharf, as the heavy seas that were rolling in would have dashed the boat to pieces. They ran her for the beach, where a great crowd had collected. As the curling breakers caught the boat and hurled her toward the beach, the men from the shore ran out to meet us and, picking me bodily from the boat, carried me, quite dry, to land. But alas! all my clothes and stores have had to go on to the Bight.

March 31. — Called to Dumfries, four miles away, to remove a bead from a small girl's ear. She was in mortal fear of 'de vite man,' and three men had to hold her, that I might operate. She cried, screamed, and swore at me in a most putrid vocabulary. It was not until she had completely exhausted herself and could no longer struggle that I was able to remove the bead. The mother has promised to send in a fowl as a sort of payment. Poor as they are, they always try to show their gratitude with some gift. It is very touching.

April 6. — Hit upon a way to-day that I think will put a stop to this silly habit the women and girls have of daubing their faces with white powder. They have no idea how ludicrous they look with a great spot of white plastered on black cheeks, chins, and fore-

heads. Have spoken about this often with no effect, so to-day, after vesting, I got one of the boys to fetch a bit of coal and bedaubed my own face with black. Naturally when I appeared in church they could not contain themselves and roared with laughter. I bade them see how absurd a white face looked painted black, and tried to make them see that their black faces look just as ridiculous all whitened. Some of the men assure me that the lesson has sunk home.

April 8. — Visited old James T——, who is laid up with an infected foot. Suggested that he might like some magazines to look at, but he indignantly informed me that he 'got one book. Fine book, all about 'Arry Matthews an' de quail.' He seemed much surprised that one whom he called 'Man o' God' should not have heard of this book. He insisted on struggling to his trunk and producing it. I was amused to discover that it is *The Story of Joseph of Arimathea and the Holy Grail*.

April 12. — The worst accident of all to-day. A man and boy nearly blown to bits, dynamiting fish on the other side of the island. It happened about 9 A.M. and news did not reach the settlement until about 1 P.M. They had been lying in agony for four hours. I had the horses saddled and hurried off to render first aid. Adderly, the man, has his right arm completely shattered and is covered with minor cuts and abrasions. Farrah, the boy, is worst injured about the eyes, which were packed with sand from the explosion. His chest and head are covered with tiny cuts made by flying sand. Managed to bring Farrah in on horseback, but had to improvise a stretcher for Adderly. The ten-mile journey back was awful, over rocky roads which are barely footpaths through the bush. He screamed with pain at every jolt, and

they had to go so slowly that it was 8 P.M. before they reached here. The curious crowds, all wailing and screaming, were a great trial, and nearly every man in the village has made it an occasion to get drunk. Cleaned Farrah's eyes out as well as possible, and he is resting quietly on my bed. Had to give Adderly a sleeping draught, and then post a police guard about his house to keep the crowd away. Sent a boy off to the Creek to have a boat hauled off and prepared to take them to Nassau in the morning.

April 13. — Got the poor fellows off this morning. But alas! it is dead calm, and we can still see them barely drifting, with sails hanging limp, about four miles out to sea, the sun blazing down hot upon them. They may be days getting to Nassau, in which case I doubt if Adderly will live.

April 17. — Have at last been able to persuade some of the boys to go in the sea with me. They insist that it is winter and too cold to bathe. The temperature is now averaging about 78°. They do need some sort of recreation. They seem to play no games, and the older ones have to go off to the fields as soon as school lets out. Have started a boys' club, to meet every Tuesday. Tried reading to them at the first meeting, but they all went to sleep.

April 22. — Had my first funeral this morning. William L—— rushed in last night to have me baptize his newborn baby that was dying. This morning he woke me up to beg a box out of which to fashion a coffin. I gave him a Saint Charles's Cream box, and at the same time made plans to have the funeral at 9 A.M. Took the crucifer and acolytes to the house, where we met W—— and his nine children ready for the long walk to the cemetery. Found that he had merely put the baby into the rough box, and one could hear the poor little thing rolling around. Walking

along, I glanced back to see if I were walking too quickly for them, and to my horror found that W—— had adopted the usual native method for carrying burdens, and had the box balanced nicely on his head. It was difficult to keep one's composure, and the service was robbed of all solemnity. I shall have to get used to their casual way of doing things here.

April 24. — Called in to bring little George Dean out of the fits. Found them rubbing him down with a raw onion. They declare it is the best remedy for fits — maybe so, but it does make an awful stink. The little fellow seems to have a slight touch of sunstroke.

April 26. — Trixie appeared to-day. I was at lunch, and saw two lustrous black eyes peering at me around the corner of the door. They belonged to a small girl of about nine, who had wandered up here some seventeen miles from the Cove. Her story is very pathetic. She is one of the characteristic victims of the Florida migration. Parents left her years ago in care of a grandmother. She has suffered under terribly cruel treatment; the marks of beating are still on her little body, which is clothed in one ragged and very dirty garment. She said she had slept out in the bush for two nights, and had had no food. She seemed ravenous when I gave her some of my lunch. Had one of the women make her a new little garment, of which she is now very proud. She seems almost wild and clings to me like a frightened animal. A child who has never known any love or kindness. I suggested that she go to the beach and take a bath. She did; went in her new dress, and then returned with it in her hand, wringing it out as she walked along. One of the women has promised to take her in until we can find out what to do with her. Her case is not peculiar, but there is no home

to which such waifs and strays can be sent.

April 28. — Time for study and sea-bathing has been more plentiful lately. Find it impossible to read or study at night now that the mosquitoes and sand flies are coming in on the heels of the rainy season. After sundown one dare not light the lamp, so it means sitting out on the porch, with a smothered fire in a pail sending up clouds of heavy smoke — our only protection against the pests. After sitting in complete loneliness and choking on smoke for three or four hours, one begins to feel the press of living so utterly shut off from one's own kind.

At night it is impossible to sleep unless wrapped like a mummy from head to foot, for no netting will keep out the sand fly; a few hours wrapped like this, and the intense heat adds its burden to the night. It is almost impossible to get a good night's rest.

May 1. — Started for Orange Creek this morning to be up here for a week. My cavalcade was truly impressive. I have learned that the only way to live at these outstations is to carry all the small comforts that one can. We left Arthur's Town just before dawn, so as to travel in the cool of the morning. Two boys carried my mattress, slung on a pole, which they bore on their shoulders. Another boy had my round tin bathtub on his head. One carried a bundle of clothing and bedding, another my suitcase. Two carried boxes of provisions; still another bore a package of books, and there was a final one to carry my typewriter. I brought up the rear on my horse.

My quarters here consist of a one-room thatched hut, measuring ten by ten. My own 'boy' will be billeted on the catechist.

The people here are as poor as anywhere else in the island, yet they came

in to-day bearing little tokens of welcome in the way of fruit, mostly sapodillas, sugar cane, mameys, pawpaws, and bananas. A few brought guinea-corn grits, and one small child of three, who was a little timid of 'de vite man,' brought in a dead and rather smelly crab, which she had apparently found on the beach. It is the loyalty and devotion that these gifts signify which touch one so.

May 5. — Visited the school, which is held in the ruins of an old meeting-house. The teacher, an elderly black woman, is as ignorant as any of the children she is supposed to teach. She tells me that when it rains she has to dismiss the children, as the roof leaks so badly. The benches and forms are all dropping to pieces and the floor is completely gone in some spots. I conclude that it will be almost impossible to do anything constructive in the way of education or economic uplift so long as the people live in mere handfuls in these widely scattered settlements. Yet, should the Government attempt to localize the populations on a few of the more fertile islands, I am sure it would meet with strong resistance.

May 24. — The people of Arthur's Town celebrated the birthday of Queen Victoria, our Empire Day, in true loyal fashion. They gathered for a service in the church at 10 A.M. The local policeman had trained a handful of young men and boys to act as guard of honor to the Commissioner. This little army appeared in the most fantastic of get-ups; one boy went so far as to stick some broom straws in his hat. They used old shotguns or broomsticks, and took themselves almost too seriously. After service they headed the parade of villagers and school-children all around the town, accompanied by the band. This consisted of a tom-tom, a mouth-organ, and a concertina. At noon everyone assembled in the schoolhouse

for speeches, songs, and the usual run of patriotic recitations by the children, which they rattled off in monotone throughout. Then came the inevitable refreshments of flour cakes and swichil. In the afternoon we had sports on the public square, and in the evening the older folk danced in the schoolroom. The orchestra was made up of the tom-tom, the concertina, and a gin bottle scraped with a knife. The dancing was most barbaric. But how they did enjoy themselves!

May 30. — Obeah trouble to-day. An old man died yesterday and the funeral was set for 3 P.M. to-day. About noon his brother-in-law, who is the local Baptist preacher, came in to inform me that they had the witch doctor practising obeah on the body to 'lay the spirit.' I hurried to the house, but the rites were over. I informed the widow that in accordance with our diocesan regulations I should be unable to bury the body. She seemed much distressed, and so ignorant that I told her if she would have the body stripped of all charms, under my direction, I would consent to take the funeral. She agreed, and I called in some neighbors to assist. Found the body covered with various kinds of herbs, berries, and leaves, all with some superstitious significance. All the pockets were tightly sewed up with some sort of obeah inside them. The man held a cup in one hand and a plate in the other. In his breast pocket I found a fork, knife, and spoon. He had on boots, and in these was a handful of hard grains of corn. I asked what this meant and was informed that, if the spirit should walk about to trouble anybody, the grains of corn in the shoes would hurt his feet and he would go back and 'lay down in he grave.' I tried to reason that, since the plate and so forth showed he could eat, why could he not take off his shoes and

remove the corn grains? 'Oh no! Obeah man put dem dere; he can't move dem.' Such is the blank wall of ignorance we are up against here.

June 3. — Decided to have a field of my own and try to show these people that other kinds of vegetables can be raised besides the few they know here. Leased a tract of swamp land from the Crown at one shilling and sixpence per year. Have sent to Nassau for seed, and am now starting out to be a truck gardener. The people all laugh at the idea of a white man knowing anything about farming. The land is covered with a growth of tough, useless bush and small trees. A machete is all that is needed to cut it down, and I put in a couple of hours each afternoon at this.

June 12. — Field is all cut and the bush dried. Set a match to it to-day and it is burning off merrily. Can see the bright glare above the crest of Comaband Hill. Must now wait for a rain to cool it off before planting.

June 19. — J. F. was at the Baptist meetinghouse in Bennett's Harbor, and tells me that the preacher asked: 'Brederen, how would yer know de Lord ef He was to come in dis church dis evening?' No answer. The question was repeated in a shout. Still no answer. 'Ah, brederen,' said the preacher, 'I see how you is all forgotten dem pictures I showed you ob de Master. Don't you know how you would know de Lord? Brederen,' with great vehemence, 'you would know Him by His w'iskers.'

In a way it is laughable, but on the other hand there is real sadness in such ignorance.

July 20. — Kept awake all last night by the noises of a 'wake' over the body of a Baptist person who has just died. I am sure death is the greatest amusement these people have. They wailed

and screamed all night. I am told they must have fried fish and coffee as the regulation refreshments. A plate of fish and a cup of coffee are put outside the door for the spirit to come and feast upon. No one must go outside for some hours after these are put out. When they do go they invariably find the fish and coffee gone. They refuse to believe my explanation that the numerous ownerless dogs that are such a pest in the village have something to do with the disappearance of the food.

August 1. — This is the beginning of a big week for these people. All work is suspended and they will give themselves over to a full week of merry-making and dancing, in celebration of the Emancipation of the Slaves. Rode up to the Creek to-day to see the launching of a new boat. The people danced all day and are still at it now.

September 20. — The longest ride yet. Purchased a fine horse at the Bight and left there Thursday. The boys traveled by boat.

Friday morning pushed on to Gaiter's. Here T——, the local Baptist preacher, put me up for the night. Boat got in long after dark, but T—— gave me a real banquet: pea soup; hot johnnycake, roasted cassava, fried chicken, fresh boiled crabs — the land variety, of which we eat only the delicious red eggs; coffee, and an abundance of fruit. T——, who is very pious, woke me up before dawn reading family prayers before starting for the fields.

Left Gaiter's this morning soon after sunup, and made Roker's by 10 A. M. The scenery along the shore is beautiful, but the road, which is a mere track

through the bush, is terrible. Had some brasiletto tea at Roker's, and made Bennett's Harbor at noon. Here I could only get a bottle of beer, lukewarm, and not at all refreshing. None of these poor homes ever have any reserve supply of food.

September 22. — All packed and awaiting the mail, but there seem to be indications of a hurricane in this vicinity and we may have to wait days for it.

September 23. — Blowing a gale all day, and crops are suffering terribly. The salt spray has blown into our garden and dried up everything as if a fire had swept over it. All my efforts have been wasted.

September 26. — Still no mail, and the wind is increasing. Being cut off like this, we have no means of knowing if there really is a hurricane approaching, but all boats have been hauled up, as the seamen are sure it is coming. If it does, it will mean terrible suffering and dire poverty for these people for a long time to come.

October 2. — Mail came in to-day, and we are now on the way to Nassau. The captain says they were bottled up at Long Island for three days, and he is sure that the tail end of a hurricane passed by us. Left the island with terrible misgivings, as it seems possible that I shall not return. Did not dare to let the people know of my change of plans, as it would have made an awful scene. I believe they are really devoted to me, and I am sure I have lost my heart to all of them — so poor, so ignorant, but so affectionate and generous, probably the happiest and most contented people in the world.

PAGAN VIRTUES AND CHRISTIAN GRACES

BY A. MAUDE ROYDEN

I

Nor long ago a friend of mine, discussing the ethics of Christ, observed that if we took them too seriously we should become despicable. 'A man,' he said, 'who did not defend himself when attacked, who allowed himself to be insulted and injured without making an effort to vindicate himself, would be despicable; and we all know it.' We do all know that point of view and we all realize that there is a great deal in it. And yet, as my friend drew his picture of the insulted, injured, abject victim of ill-usage, I could not help reflecting that the description might, so far as the actual words went, have applied with exactness to Christ before Pilate. Its contrast could be found in Peter, who, desperate and helpless though he was, still drew his sword and struck his blow for the right, and won our everlasting gratitude for doing it.

Which was the greater, Peter or Christ? Lovable, loyal, warm-hearted Peter, who drew his pathetic little sword to defend his Master against a legion of Roman soldiers, or Christ, who took the sword from his hand and, without protest or effort to defend Himself, went to an ignominious trial and a hideous death? We love Saint Peter. No one who has any imagination can fail to love him for his desperate and forlorn attempt to strike one blow in his Master's behalf. We love Saint Peter — but we worship Christ. We do not call ourselves followers of Saint Peter, with his sword. We call ourselves

Christians, and, if we cannot follow the example of our Lord, it must at least be with much heart-searching, and with the confession that, if we cannot follow Him, it is because we are not sufficiently like Him.

How is it that Christ was able to behave in a manner which, in an ordinary way, would seem to us despicable, and yet by that very conduct to command the worship of a world of warring men? What is it that He had which we have not — we who call ourselves Christians? What is it that we have not, which makes it in some instances literally impossible for us to do what our Lord did, because we find that in doing so we achieve the exact opposite of what He wished us to achieve? What qualities are lacking in us that we cannot act as He did? Why is it, in what respect is it, that we are not like Him? What is it that He had which we have not?

It is only part of the answer that I want to suggest here. There are certain virtues which are practised by pagans; our Lord took for granted that every Christian would practise those virtues. 'Except,' He said, 'your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness' of other people. We Christians have been very much inclined to emphasize what we may call the Christian virtues; to seek to practise those virtues which made Christ different from other men. We have forgotten that He took for granted the pagan virtues, and built the soaring

edifice of Christian holiness upon that splendidly laid foundation.

What are the virtues that pagans admire and seek to practise? I use the word 'pagans' to mean non-Christian people; I do not use it in a derogatory sense at all. I mean people who do not call themselves Christians: people perhaps of other faiths, or people of no faith at all. What are the virtues, what are the qualities that they set store by? I suppose courage and honesty and loyalty, and a high spirit; wisdom and justice; what Aristotle called 'magnanimity' — a certain greatness of mind, a magnificence of spirit, that takes wide views and is not irked by little things. That is, roughly, the kind of character that the secular man, the non-Christian man or woman, admires: courage, perhaps, first of all, but also a high sense of honor, and loyalty to one's friends, and independence, and wisdom, and so on. These are great virtues. Without them there is no real virtue at all.

If you examine the teaching of Christ you will find that He took these virtues for granted. There is nowhere in His teaching the dreadful doctrine that has been developed by a certain type of Christian, called 'the total depravity of man.' Christ never suggested that human beings were altogether evil and must be entirely changed if they are to be Christians, but rather assumes that most people are decent people. When He wanted to tell us what God is like, He said that God is like a human father, only greater and better. There are plenty of human fathers who are bad fathers, cruel, unjust, or merely indifferent, but our Lord assumed that most fathers are decent and kind, and said, if they knew how to give good gifts to their children, 'how much more shall your Father which is in heaven?' He did not denounce them. He did not speak as though we

were all wicked and hopeless creatures. He said, in effect, 'You have got a certain distance; you are all, or nearly all, kind to your children. Very well; start with that. Then you will see what God is like to His children.' Or again, in the Sermon on the Mount, — which is, after all, the high-water mark of Christian teaching, the noblest expression of its ethic, — how persistently He assumed that people were, on the whole, decent people. 'Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.' Christ did not go on to say, 'I know that you never keep your vows, and therefore I tell you not to swear at all.' He said: 'You must give up your oaths. Don't you realize that all this casuistry about what constitutes a binding oath and what does not means that your bare word is not enough? In future do not swear at all, by anything, but let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' We Christians ought to be so honest that no one will require us to swear any oaths at all.

'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' That was a very high ideal, and the Jews were by no means always capable of acting on it. As you know, if you have read the Old Testament, they very frequently met an injury by wiping out a whole tribe, putting to the sword all their enemies with their wives and their little ones and their cattle. But the law was that they must not do so; they must not be vindictive; they must be just. If an eye is taken, an eye may be taken; if a tooth is taken, a tooth may be taken — not more. Now our Lord did not speak of the Jews as though they were continually vindictive and unjust. He took them at their highest level. He said: 'This is your tradition — that you are not to be

revengeful. You are only to be just. Now, I say to you, pass beyond human justice to divine love.

'Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.' Our Lord did not say, 'Hateful creatures! You are incapable of loving anybody! You must be completely changed!' He assumed that His hearers really had lived up to that standard, but He said that it was not high enough. They must now learn to love their enemies.

At every step in this great argument, Christ begins with a pagan virtue, and goes on from that to Christianity. Is not some of the disgust that our religious professions and even our religious life have awakened among non-Christian people due to the fact that we seek to practise these amazing virtues, these soaring Christian graces of holiness and sanctity, without having acquired the rudimentary virtues of honesty, courage, loyalty, self-respect?

II

The other day I was among a number of religious people, of whom one spoke rather bitterly of the way in which he had been treated by his fellow theologians. Before I had time to think, I said impulsively, 'I hate religious people.' Immediately he put his hand across the table and said, 'Shake hands! So do I!' Of course I do not really dislike religious people; I love them. A person who is really religious, a person who is truly Christlike, is a person more gracious, more lovely, more adorable, than any pagan character that has ever existed. There is a grace and a loveliness about Saint Francis of Assisi which even a Marcus Aurelius does not share. But what I meant, and what he meant, was that we disliked the kind of person — so terribly common — who seeks to prac-

tise the Christian virtues of humility and self-sacrifice and love and peace before he has got courage or honesty or honor.

Our Lord tells us that unless we take up our cross and follow Him we cannot be His disciples. We interpret that — rightly, I think — to mean that we must be ready to sacrifice ourselves even to the death; yet there are people who do this, who sacrifice themselves up to the last limit of sacrifice, and who only succeed in making the people around them intolerably selfish. Why is it? Is it not perhaps because self-sacrifice cannot rightly be practised by people who have not moral courage? I have sacrificed myself sometimes and have thought I was doing well. When I grew a little older and could look back at what I did from a different experience, I saw plainly enough that, in fact, I had not had the courage to do anything else! To assert myself required, perhaps, courage to face the imputation of selfishness. Perhaps it required that I should seem cruel or self-assertive, and I really 'sacrificed myself' not in the least because I was in love with self-sacrifice, but because I had not the courage to do otherwise. How often one sees that kind of self-sacrifice! It becomes merely abject, unless it is made by a person who could assert himself if he chose. It meets with the response of selfishness instead of the response of unselfishness, because, by an invariable spiritual law, we get from the world what we put into it — not immediately, perhaps, but in the end. If the final result of our unselfishness is to make other people selfish, we should surely examine ourselves very closely. Are we sure that we are not indulging in a luxury of unselfishness? Or is it that we have not the courage to be selfish? Do we desire the world's applause and to have it said, 'What an unselfish wife!' 'What

an unselfish daughter!' (The vice of unselfishness is rather more common among women than among men.) If so, only a bad response can be expected, because, at the heart of it, the appeal is bad. Self-sacrifice cannot be rightly practised except by a person who is perfectly able to assert herself if she chooses.

Christians lay great emphasis, nowadays especially, on such virtues as toleration and courtesy. Is not our toleration also sometimes due to lack of moral courage? When our Lord found a person who illtreated a child, He did not say, 'Let us reflect that this person is probably a badly brought-up person.' He said, 'It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.' When He found real spiritual vileness He denounced it in language that terrifies the modern Christian, although it was generally people of power and position who excited that indignation.

Sometimes — for it is safest, perhaps, to speak of one's own experience — I know that I have practised this 'virtue' of Christian courtesy merely because I had not the moral courage to say what I thought. I remember one occasion, when a committee of 'religious' people, of which I was a member, was considering how to turn the world upside down. We were considering who should write the literature for this great crusade. Among others, the name was suggested of a man whom no one could deny to be a Christian, but whose political views made him at the time very unpopular. Our chairman said, 'I don't think it would be wise to ask him to write for us, because our printing is all going to be done by a certain firm which does religious work, and it naturally would not like to risk offending its subscribers.' I remember my feeling of indignation, and also of despair. How

on earth were we going to have any effect on the world at all if we began by considering the subscribers to a certain firm? But I looked at our chairman and thought, 'After all, he is a very good old man, doubtless a great deal better than I am, and it would be very rude and rough of me to say what I think.' So I did not say it; but I did not say it because I was afraid to say it, not at all because I had any real consideration for his feelings. It is easy for us to persuade ourselves that we have to practise the Christian virtues of gentleness and grace, when our real trouble is that we have not the pagan virtue of courage to begin with!

Over and over again, in a genuine effort to achieve something good, something worth doing, as a member perhaps of some great society whose ends we approve and to which we are proud to belong, something is proposed that we feel to be wrong, and we decide that 'it would not be Christian to judge.' 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' We refrain from 'judging'; we refrain from protesting. It would be so awkward if we did protest! Everybody would be set by the ears, and the work which is at stake would be imperiled. Have we not all laid that flattering unction to our souls many times? But Christ did not care about any of these things, and we try in vain to imitate Him before we have laid the foundations of character. One of the most dishonest things in public life is the dreadful plea that to say or to do the audacious thing — which at a given moment may be the right thing — will do harm to the work or to the society that we belong to.

A little while ago I heard of a woman who had done most valuable work for her society, and who broke down — largely, of course, from overwork. She was dismissed, and those who were responsible for the dismissal told her

that she should in future, for her maintenance and her support, 'put her trust in God.' To disregard the claims of common loyalty to people who have worked for you and served you, and then tell them to put their trust in God, is unctuous, repulsive. If you cannot afford to look after your servants when they break down, at least face the fact as to what you are doing, and do not pretend that it is because you have such trust in God that you can sack anybody and everybody and put them on the street, and if they starve it is their fault, because *they* had not sufficient trust in God! I have found honesty, common honesty, to be the rarest of the virtues practised by religious people. We want the common, decent, pagan virtue of loyalty to other human beings before we begin to talk about trust in God.

Take the question of pacifism. A conscientious objector to war who is afraid of fighting has no right to his objection. He must be braver than the soldier before he has the right to be a pacifist. 'Except your righteousness shall *exceed* the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees!' Even in the height of war, even in the poisoned atmosphere of hate which war engenders, there were, I think, few people who in their hearts despised men like Stephen Hobhouse and Clifford Allen. They might think them mad, but they could not think them despicable, for it was obvious that their position required a courage at least as great as, perhaps greater — indeed, in my heart I think certainly greater — than that required of the soldier. To suppose that their objection to war was based on cowardice would be a senseless denial of the facts. But as our righteousness must exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, so must the courage of those of us who call ourselves pacifists exceed the courage of

the soldier. When I heard of conscientious objectors who, in the hour of danger, desired to be rescued, it seemed to me that there was something wrong with that kind of pacifism. Why, there were many soldiers who had none of the Christian graces, whose lives as private citizens had been marred by many faults, who yet would have scorned to ask to be brought back out of the trenches or sent home to what was called a 'cushy job.' The pacifism of the future must exceed the courage of Saint Peter. Without this courage we cannot really win the world for Christ.

There is something that disgusts in Christian grace on a shoddy foundation. It is like a poor and cheap building which we cover with elaborate ornament. It is like a mean melody supported with interesting harmonies. It is like an ill-cut dress overloaded with embroidery and lace. It is like anything that is false. And the average decent pagan is revolted by its dishonesty.

I often think that the farcical exaggeration which Dickens has given us in Uriah Heep is — like all Dickens's conceptions — true at heart. Humility is loathsome if it is not founded on self-respect: it disgusts. We must have the pagan virtue of self-respect before we dare to have the Christian virtue of humility.

III

Had not Christ just those pagan virtues that so many of us Christians lack? With all His love and gentleness and mercy, how utterly courageous was His denunciation of all that was false and cowardly and bad! The tenderness with which He speaks of the outcast and the sinner is matched by His fierce denunciation of spiritual pride in high places, in places of power and dignity and influence. Those to whom He spoke

with such pitiful compassion could not doubt His power to judge sternly if He chose. That was why His tenderness counted for so much. Had He done as we are so fond of doing with people we love, — sometimes too with people whom we do not love, — pretending that all is right when it is not, shutting our eyes to things that we know are wrong because we love to praise, refusing to see what is blameworthy because it seems cruel to see it, His praise would have been worth as little as ours so often is; His love would have effected nothing. But because men knew that His mercy was justice, because they realized that He was able to see through and through them and love them all the same, because His love rose up on the great foundation of truth and justice and clear-sightedness, it moved the world as nothing else has moved it.

Christ had strength of character, courage of mind and body, great physical courage as well as great moral courage. He had high-mindedness, magnanimity, or 'magnificence,' as our English poet Spenser calls it. If He trusted His disciples, it was not because He did not see how they might fail Him. If He kept Judas with Him, it was not because He did not know that Judas was quite ready to betray Him. His very self-sacrifice was accompanied

by a self-assertion which sometimes horrifies those by whom it is not understood. His gift of Himself to us is accompanied by a demand upon us in return which is relentless. In Him every Christian grace was founded upon the rock of honor and loyalty, courage and justice, a piercing vision, a great strength. It is only the strong who can really be gentle. The gentleness of the feeble has in it something that repels; but the gentleness of strength, whether strength of body or strength of spirit, or both together, as with Christ, is adorable.

When Christ stood before Pilate with no sword in His hand and no protest on His lips, Pilate was afraid of Him. One can see that at every step. Christ was the judge — not Pilate. And the world has been in love with Him and afraid of Him ever since. We Christians have to begin at the beginning, and must not expect any more that the world will be moved, or attracted, or anything but repelled, by grace and beauty sought without strength, by a Christian grace of character which has not common honesty and courage at the heart of it. We have to realize that we Christians often repel the world as much as our Lord attracted it, because at the heart of our mercy there is weakness, at the heart of our self-sacrifice, fear.

A VISION OF THE RIVER

BY OSWALD COULDREY

I

It was that memorable occasion, the first of many such, when I and Padmanabham, and Nagabushana Rao, the rising poet, and his cousin Murahari, the hope of Andhra painting, and young Venugopalan of the first-year class—who was neither a poet nor a painter, and yet perhaps a theme for both—sailed up Godavari to the hills in a borrowed staff-boat, blown by the strong south wind of a bygone April. We set out with all the courage of the Argonauts; and indeed for me, and perhaps also for my young companions and scholars,—for in ancient India, whose ideals it was our study to recapture, ‘such mixture was not held a stain,’—the excursion was fraught with much of the strangeness and romance, and promise of half-divine adventure, with which the imagination surrounds that earlier expedition. My shipmates’ ways of life and thought, in spite of their English words, were hardly less different from mine than Jason’s or Orpheus’s would have been. Our roll call the Western reader will find even more outlandish. Here were the names, at least, of gods to set beside the names of heroes; for it is the custom among the Brahmins of the South to call their sons almost invariably by one or other of the thousand names of God; behind which practice lies a certain tremendous doctrine of their pantheistic faith.

We had planned to start from the bastions of the old fort, now crowned

by the English Club, at four in the afternoon. We had only a short holiday, and were anxious to reach Polavaram, eighteen miles toward the hills, before the upstream wind fell, as we knew it would, at ten o’clock in the night. In India the spicy breezes blow by schedule, and only man is unpunctual. Sure enough, our crew, when we arrived, was nowhere to be seen. We were kept kicking our heels and eating Homeric hearts while a whole sunlit navy of thriftier sails went by at racing speed, and careless terns, as if to beguile our impatience, wrote exquisite arcs and curves on a kindling sky. My good friends of the English Club looked down in glory as from a Biblical city wall and mocked our desperate hope of reaching the gorges and returning in less than a week with sails alone. They forgot that in such an enterprise the adventure may be not less precious than the goal.

The start at last into the windy afterglow more than made up for these preliminary vexations. At once the ample prospects of the river, broad as an arm of the sea; the sudden sense of escape and speed and expectation; the multitudinous rustle and throb of the great waves, delicate and pure and warm as the sapphire twilight that invested them, yet strong enough to shake and lift the hulking staff-boat; these, and the sight and smell of caulked planks and ropes and anchors about us, and other immemorial implements of

heroic travel, filled our hearts with the authentic glory; and sweet were the taste and saltless odor of the spray. Staff-boats may be poled or towed or shoved along as occasion arises. In a strong following wind they may even be sailed, as ours was sailed that night, but they are not handy craft at the best of times. Designed for the quiet canals of the Delta, they are usually lashed to steamers on the open river; it was our failure to provide ourselves with any such sordid escort that excited the skepticism of my English friends. Steamers, however, were not for unofficial mariners like us; nor, if they had been, could any steamer have made the gorges at that season; in any case it would have spoiled all the fun. Even so, there was a considerable danger of shoals. But our *serang* was a trusted pilot, the wind was high, the river unusually full for the time of year, and there seemed every prospect of our reaching Polavaram that night in spite of our late start. Meanwhile we were glad to be alive and afloat. The gallant trim of my friend Bellamy's staff-boat, with its clean decks, and well-appointed cabins, and colored lights on port and starboard (Bellamy had nautical forbears and took a pride in his boat), added not a little to our sense of borrowed but none the less pleasurable importance.

II

The orange light of sunset faded, and the planet *Hesperus*, which the Hindus make the Chaplain of the Demons, having for some time strown with silver a pathway over the waves before us, sank at last behind the palms of the western shore. Our course, which at first had crossed the river, so as to skirt the ragged continent of shoals above the town, now lay upstream due north. The lights of the town had long

been left behind, and even the frequent rockets, which proclaimed the month of marriages, rose and crawled afar off, silent as meteors. We sat in the dark on the foredeck, whiling away the time with talk and singing.

The early April night was warm — on land the season was now fast becoming unpleasantly warm — and our costume, as becomed the river solitudes, was of the scantiest. My young companions appeared in that sane and seemly apparel which was accounted full dress by the culture of their ancestors, but which modern respectability is fain to supplement, except in the purest privacy of Hindu life, with uncomfortable and barbarous European garments. Costume is a part of mood, as well as the heraldry of the ages, and the classic draperies and reasonable nakedness of my companions carried me away to some Platonic region of the mind, and made me feel that we had indeed set sail into a purer tract of time, and left far behind us the vulgarity that grates more harshly in India than elsewhere, because it is more evidently not a part of the picture.

Of songs, which formed the staple fare of our intellectual picnic, there was no dearth. The Hindus are passionately musical, though their brains observe antique scales and measures very difficult for an Englishman to follow. None of our party, except myself, was ever at a loss for a tune, always cast in the same unfamiliar melodic language, the music of an older world; which had this advantage at least of later styles at such a time, that it was in no wise daunted or disabled by the lack of instrumental accompaniment. Our laureate *Bushanam* sang, like *Orpheus*, his own poems. In the East the poet is still a singer, and poetry is always sung, not spoken; a verse without a tune is a boat out of water. *Murahari* was a lover of the

modern drama, which in India is a kind of opera; he chanted long strophes fire-new from Bombay — where he was supposed to be studying art — to fashionable Parsee melodies. Padmanabham, as usual in those days, — he was not yet known as an original singer, — drew upon his inexhaustible store of rustic ballads; while young Venugopalan, the least ready with words, made pleasant variety by playing on a bamboo flute, and that so prettily that we all declared him to be rightly named; for Venugopalan means Piping Cowherd, a name of the Lord Krishna.

Our music was various, but I noticed presently that it was haunted by a single theme, the story of the same Sri Krishna — that 'latest born and loveliest vision far' of all India's not yet faded hierarchy. I do not know what wandering influence or suggestion controlled this preference. Holi, the great spring festival of Krishna, is not observed in those parts, and our holiday was actually in honor of Rama, an earlier avatar; but even the old tale of Rama and Sita in the forest, of which the Indian singer never tires, was for once forgotten. Krishna subduing the King of the Serpents, Krishna stealing the clothes of the bathing neat-herdesses, or keeping a separate love-tryst with a thousand of them at once, or shielding them and all his bucolic fellowship under a mountain uprooted and lifted umbrella-wise against the wrath of Indra — these and all the scenes of that romantic allegory, which is at once the Song of Songs and the New Testament of Hinduism, seemed to be represented in our casual recital.

III

So many and various were the points of interest abroad, and so entirely detached and secluded from the main of

common experience did the situation of our little party seem, that I had almost forgotten the progress and problems of our voyage. We had been perhaps two hours afloat. The wind still blew lustily, the waves ran high, and the heavy staff-boat, clumsy sailer that she was, rode half-beam-on under her inadequate sail, but making rapid headway notwithstanding. Beyond the gleam of our own few lights the rolling waste of waves was dark under the stars, and the far-off banks hung invisible upon the edges of the night. The lights of Polavaram were not in sight, and we believed that the windy void had nothing else to give us, either for our advantage, for our amusement, or for our peril.

Suddenly, while we jested, and praised our young piper for his tunes, a sound of women singing arose as it were out of the waves before us. We abounded in conceits that night, I remember, and had early developed the comparison, which I have already exploited, between ourselves and the Argonauts. We had even amused ourselves by distributing the parts in detail, a refinement with which I will not trouble the reader, except to mention that we called Venugopalan Hylas, because he was young and beautiful. He was afterward to justify the appellation more specifically, but this final felicity passed unnoticed at the time, for reasons that will be obvious. Indeed our original and scholastic similitude had already yielded place in the minds of my companions to another and a dearer figure; and when I now remarked, in the spirit of the former make-believe, that we were apparently approaching the rocks of the Sirens, I was made aware of the change at once.

'Say rather,' said Bushanam, the poet, with the obvious approval of the others, 'that yonder is the song of

the Gopis [neatherdesses] of Brindaban answering the flute of Krishna.'

I still thought my simile the better fooling.

'Do the Gopis float in the air, or ride upon the waves?' I asked. 'For these singers appear to be doing one or the other.'

Padmanabham, the mythologist, came to the rescue of the poet.

'No doubt these are Apsarases [celestial dancers] playing the part of Gopis for the occasion,' he said.

After listening for a moment, 'Anyhow,' I said, 'they sing no better and no worse than your countrywomen sing at their work in the rice-fields. What on earth, or rather what on the water or in the air, can they be doing?'

Most of the others were as much puzzled as I, but Bushanam, whose village home lay hereabouts, laughed at our bewilderment.

'As a matter of fact they are neither Sirens nor Apsarases,' said he, 'but village women returning by boat from the islands and the farther shore. Hundreds of them are sometimes employed there by the Public Works to plant pampas grass to hold the banks together.'

Murahari irreverently complained that 'this poet' had spoiled our marvel for us; but Padmanabham, in whom I had often noticed a streak of realism curious in one so mystically minded, declared that he liked the marvel rather better for understanding it; the explanation, he said, seemed somehow to make it more convincing. I thought I recognized a wayward reminiscence of a recent lecture of my own on Bergson's *Laughter*, while I was vaguely reminded also of Wordsworth. These professional subtleties, however, I kept to myself. There was a gayer comment to the effect that anyhow it was comforting to feel that we were not losing our wits; but our folk-song specialist,

who was listening carefully to the now nearing melody, signed for silence, and almost immediately began to nod, and then to hum, and then to sing in unison with the unseen choir. Apparently the catch was familiar, for the others took it up; and presently our whole party were singing merrily together, while between the lines the lagging cadence of the women's voices answered faintly, like an echo. I thought at first that they were singing an ordinary love-song; but I soon realized that it was intended, for all its human archness, to voice the sentiments of Krishna's sweetheart Radha, whose romance is an image of the relation of the soul to God.

This unpremeditated outburst and its apt occasion were thrilling enough; but we were shortly to experience a series of very different thrills. For now upon the larboard bow a boat became dimly visible, presumably one of those long, narrow, and antique local craft called, in a classic echo, *nawa*. 'Presumably,' because it was not the boat that we described so much as the passengers; the *nawa* seemed to be strangely full.

For some reason our singing faltered and stopped, but we were all so intent upon the music and mystery of our odd encounter that the notion of physical danger did not readily occur to us. Quite suddenly I realized that we were about to run the stranger down. As I sprang to my feet I heard our helmsman, far back upon the roof of the cabins, shout upon the wind. We too shouted, a Homeric shout, but the people in the boat paid no heed. Either the sound of their own singing drowned our voices, or they were too closely crowded and helpless to control the course of their own boat. Only when the red glare of our port light loomed over them, and revealed at the same time to our own horrified eyes

the fantastically overloaded plight of the little craft, did a sense of their fate dawn on them.

The song upon their lips changed with uncanny continuity into a wail of terror, for many of them were still singing when the wail began to rise. Our steersman put his helm hard-a-starboard, but the ponderous ark bore down, broadside-on before the wind, upon the helpless nawa.

As we stumbled across the foredeck someone missed his footing and went overboard with a splash. It was Venugopalan, who thus appropriately, but most inopportunistly, kept his appointment, as Hylas, with the water-nymphs. Knowing that the boy was a good swimmer, I had no fear that the episode would be enacted to its tragic end. I merely shouted to him to keep clear of the crowd, to swim round and scramble up on the other side of the staff-boat. I saw him set off with a will. Then I forgot him suddenly and completely.

The nawa was alongside or under us, and a swarm of people, whimpering with unutterable fear, — a multitude such as one would never have believed a craft of the size could have carried for a moment, — clung to the gunwale like an army of great bats, or a boarding party of marine animals. Our deck rose at an appalling angle, and between the pressure of the wind on the one beam and the weight of the people on the other the staff-boat showed every sign of heeling over.

Calling to the others to do as I did, I seized a woman by the wrists, — a lean old hag she was, like a witch out of the night, — half-dragged, half-carried her across the foredeck, set her down upon the punter's gangway that overhung the starboard gunwale, and rushed back for another. It seemed the only thing to do, and perhaps it saved us. My companions

followed my example. Others we dragged through the cabin windows and hustled out of the opposite windows on to the same gangway. Laboring like giants, and agonizing as men agonize in dreams, — for every moment we expected the staff-boat to come over on us, — we at last had the weather gunwale and the far side of the cabin weighted with an array of wretches sufficient to counterbalance those who were still crawling out of that dreadful nawa and to restore the equilibrium of the staff-boat.

The short breathing space that followed our first frantic spell of rescue was a moment of intense thankfulness, but we were still tingling with horror. The river at that place was unusually deep and wide, and the thought of all those women, the wives and mothers, perhaps, of a whole village, overtaken in that waste of night and crushed through black waves into the abyss, had come too near, seemed still too terribly near to immediate reality, to bear thinking of. We turned with relief to what remained to be done.

We helped the rest of the passengers into the cabin, until the water-logged nawa lay empty in our lee and those whom we had seated along the starboard gunwale could likewise be drawn into the cabin. Then we made the rounds of the ship, peering over the sides to see if there was anyone in the water or clinging to the hull. Padmanabham and I, being the best swimmers of the party, — except perhaps Venugopalan, who had gone to change his wet raiment, — went lightly overboard and swam scouting downstream into the gloom, as much to allay the still persisting impulse to action as in any serious hope of finding possible castaways in that waste of waves. With senses calmed and cooled we got aboard again, donned a dry cloth or so, and joined the others.

IV

Except for the reflected light of a hurricane lantern on the foredeck the cabin was in darkness, but we could see that it was thronged with the refugees. It seemed incredible that such a multitude had ever got into their slender craft. Seated patiently on the floor where we had set them, they were a pitiful company, mostly women; old crones, buxom wenches with bangles on their arms and gold rings in their noses, weary women with babies at the breast; the more part dazed and cowering, but some already talkative, and some feebly hysterical. No one, they said, was lost; hardly anyone was wet, except with tears. They explained that the contractors who hired them to plant reeds made money by providing fewer ferryboats than were charged for in the estimate. They were quite shrewd enough to understand a wrong which they were powerless to prevent.

We lay rocking in mid-river with our dolorous and heavy freight, waiting and calling to the shore for boats to take the women off, and wondering at the strangeness of this sudden invasion of our quiet by the troublesome world. Our careless talk, our music and philosophy, of half an hour before seemed very far away. Suddenly, as suddenly but not so violently as it had been dissipated, that earlier mood of the night came back to us.

While talking of other matters, — some of us were chaffing Venugopalan about certain purples and fine linen in which he had reappeared after his involuntary swim, and which made him look, according to Murahari, 'like a bridegroom,' — I became conscious of a growing excitement among the folk at the far end of the cabin. Presently Padmanabham, who had been moving among them, brought a spark of it across to us. One of the women, he

said, was declaring that she had seen Sri Krishna himself intervene to save us. Startled at this independent recurrence of a theme which had haunted us all the evening, I went over and we spoke to her.

She was a woman of middle age, with an intelligent face, and her story was positive and circumstantial. Barely had she taken her seat on the gangway — she had been placed at the forward end of the row; she pointed at the spot through the window — when the Lord Krishna came up out of the darkness and laid his hands upon the heeling bulwark beside her, and bowed himself over it, and slowly pressed it down, and set his foot upon it, so that the ship righted herself, and the god went upward swiftly into the night. Questioned further, she described him as a beautiful young man, exactly like his picture on the wall of the Tirupati temple; his naked arms and shoulder shone, she said, in the darkness 'as blue [Sri Krishna's color is always blue or green in Indian art] as the sky at noonday.' A young woman at her side also claimed to have seen the vision, and vehemently corroborated her description.

The solemnity and aptness of this marvelous tale, the precision and vividness with which it was told, and the obvious conviction of the tellers, reënforced as they were by the singularity of our situation and the memory of all that went before, profoundly moved us; and our emotion was intensified by the response of the rest of the women, which broke forth like a flame as soon as their prophetess had told her tale in the ear of authority. Their fear, their weariness, their sense of grievance, their awe of their hosts and social betters, were forgotten. They laughed, they wept, they called aloud the many names of Krishna. They recited the story one against another until every

woman believed that she had seen the vision herself. And suddenly — and almost, as it seemed, with one accord — they lifted up their voices and sang again the song of the neatherd women of Brindaban, the song that we had heard them singing from afar before we saw them.

When it was finished they sang other songs, but still Sri Krishna was the theme. It must have been nearly an hour before the boats arrived from the shore to take them away, and all the time, without an appreciable pause, they sang the songs of Krishna. Their store of these seemed to be inexhaustible. Most of them, according to Padmanabham, — who gathered that night a record harvest of new songs and versions, — were choric dancing songs, intended to be sung by dancers in a ring, such as oftenest beguile the long evenings in the villages; but now the women sang them sitting as they were upon the floor. Strange and beautiful must have been the sight and sound of our lonely ark of melody, if any listener, mortal or immortal, were abroad that night upon the windy river. I am reminded how, nearly a week later, as we lay moored for the night beside a sand-bank not far from this very spot, after seeing (for we saw) the wonder of the hills, suddenly, but softly at first, I heard grow up out of the silence of the river, like an auricular mirage, a vast chirping of tree crickets, such as fills every Indian glade at night with a sound as of a thousand tinkling waterfalls. Leaning out of the window in amazement, — since for miles about there was only water and sand, — I discovered that this wandering and elfin forest music arose from a great raft that was slowly drifting by, one of those immense bamboo stages, a hundred yards or more in length, which are constantly floated down from the upland forests, each in charge of a couple

of hillmen, to the urban timber-yards. It appeared that Padmanabham was also awake and listening, for as our indomitable and star-girt serenaders floated out of hearing he asked me — we two had a habit of bandying similitudes — what they reminded me of, citing for his own part the village women singing of Sri Krishna in mid-river there the week before. His epic simile has remained in my memory as if it had been actually a part of the poem that Reality wrote there on the first night of the voyage.

So also the women went quiring from us into the river and the night as they had come, only they came and went alike in a great wind. The manner of their going was not unworthy of the strange occasion. Four boats they filled, each as large as the magic boat that brought them. They say that faith works miracles, but the greed of the contractors seems in this case to have been hardly less potent. The business of reëmbarking was set only to the music of Telugu speech and happy laughter, but as the last boatload pushed clear the singing began again, and this was the prettiest passage of all. I was told that while the women sang in the cabin there was never a repetition, save what the music ordered, but now, like the chorus of a Wagnerian opera, they returned again to the melody which had heralded their first appearance. My companions joined them in a stanza, but soon broke off to listen. The now familiar carol sounded fainter and fainter above the rustle of the waves, until it sank at last into the darkness whence it came.

V

We were alone again, and free to resume our voyage. The wind still called, but we found that our crew had been so much frightened by the accident

that they insisted on remaining where we were for the night, and we were not sorry to acquiesce. We fell to discussing our adventure; but on the subject of the vision, which must have been foremost in the minds of us all, my companions at first said very little. As a man of alien faith I took care to respect their seeming reticence, curious as I was to explore their thought of the matter. My curiosity was not long to remain unsatisfied.

Just as I was preparing to turn in, Padmanabham came to me with rather a mysterious air and said he had 'something beautiful' to show me. I followed him into the cabin and was told not to look round until the word was given. I stood at the far end of the cabin with my back to the door. Padmanabham said, 'Now,' and immediately I heard behind me the sound of a flute, and turned.

Beyond the doorway of the cabin a small porch, supported on two pillars, projected over the three steps that led up to the foredeck. The cabin was still in darkness, but the porch was now lit with a mysterious emerald radiance, and appeared like the shrine of a little temple, of which the cabin formed the nave. Between the pillars of this shrine, softly phosphorescent against the square of outer darkness framed in the doorway, I saw the very form and canonical attitude of the blue-green Cowherd God, standing with crossed legs and playing on his flute. The graceful form, the beautiful face, the glossy Rajput curls I recognized as those of our young scholar Venugopalan, as if he had lent his person as a vehicle to the divinity whose name he borrowed; but what was the meaning of that strange transfiguring radiance, the 'shadowed livery' of the blue-green god himself? For a moment the solemn import and unearthly beauty of the spectacle held me like a spell.

Then, with unconscious equivocation, I addressed the apparition by name, the boy's name and the god's at once. The emerald vision of the avatar was extinguished, and my scholar stood before me in the dark. I strode past him to the door and there I read the explanation, not only of the immediate mystery, but of that night's earlier epiphany as well; for under the eaves of the porch hung a plain green lamp, the starboard lamp of the staff-boat.

Padmanabham was watching me with a look that claimed appreciation, such as he would use in reporting a choice ballad, or indicating some gem of local art. 'Now you see, sir,' said he, 'what the woman saw, only in her case there was no artifice behind it.'

'You mean that she saw Gopal clamber aboard after his ducking at the beginning?' I said.

'Just that. He happened to climb up in front of the green light. You told him to swim round to that side. This woman was one of the first to be taken across, and must have been at the end of the row, just behind the light. Those that followed her were taken through the cabin.'

'Of course!' I said. 'I wonder I did n't think of it before. She naturally did n't suppose that a mere mortal would come up out of the river at such a time. Gopal would have frightened anybody.'

'But what would I not have given, sir, to have seen him with her eyes! Just so did Sri Krishna come up out of the pool where he fought with the Lord of Serpents. Gopal's flute was still in his hand. She did n't mention it, but no doubt it formed part of her impression. And how marvelously every little circumstance conspired to help her interpretation — for misinterpretation I dare not call it. Gopal had difficulty in getting aboard, owing to our heavy list to port, and she read his struggles as

the effort of the god to right the ship. Once aboard, he climbed by way of the roof to the dressing-room —

'But,' I interrupted, 'he was standing within a yard of her in the cabin when she told her story. I suppose she did n't know him in the dark.'

'No, and the crowd; and she was n't expecting to find him there; and besides he had changed his linen waistcloth for that purple silk one, and also put on a Salem scarf.'

'I've no doubt you are right,' I said. 'It was very clever of you to guess it all. I thought the woman might have seen you or me swimming in the water, and dreamed the rest. I quite forgot about Gopal.'

'It was Murahari, painter and opera-goer, who first explained the miracle. He wanted Gopal to stage his little mystery in the porch while the women were still in the cabin, but we would n't allow it. We did n't want to wreck their beautiful belief. Now,' his eyes glowed, 'it will grow into a legend.'

I smiled at his enthusiasm. 'I suppose I ought to be flattered,' I said, 'that you don't class me with those simple souls, but I could almost wish that you had been as careful even of my feebler wisp of illusion. You don't seem to feel at all like that yourself, Padmam. I suppose you find the miracle more "convincing" now that you can account for it, like the voices on the water that began it.'

Padmanabham reflected for a moment. 'Yes, I think I would rather know that something beautiful actually happened than be left in doubt whether the woman did n't imagine everything. But I don't see why this explanation should altogether destroy the spiritual meaning of the vision. I, as you know, am a pantheist. I believe that God works His will, not by breaking in upon the order of events, but in the order itself. Why should not His epiphanies be accomplished in the same way?'

'Such epiphanies,' I said, tempting him, 'would always be liable to be dismissed as accidental illusions.'

'Nothing is really accidental,' replied my young scholar and preceptor, 'and everything, as we perceive it, is illusion. To the sannyasin even the incarnation of Sri Krishna himself is an illusion, justified in the last resort, like the rest of our experience, only by its beauty and helpfulness. It seems to me that our river vision has a measure at least of the same justification.'

This time it was my turn to pause and think.

'The hour is late,' I said at last, 'the matter complicated; and I suspect that you are something of a sophist. I admit that your interpretation is the better poetry, and I claim that mine's the better history. I am still doubtful which is the better religion. But if you believe, and I deny, the right will be with one of us.'

'Or between us,' he said.

JOURNALISM AND MORALITY

BY SILAS BENT

I

FOR the hundredth time, savagely, I rang that doorbell. It was not my first visit, by any means, although there was no hope that the mistress of the household could be seen, for she had eloped several days before with a millionaire manufacturer of cosmetics; and as for her husband, he was under restraint in a private sanitarium. There was a grown daughter who was supposed to be in her mother's confidence, and I hoped to worm out of her the secret of the lovers' whereabouts. The newspaper I was working for was getting uneasy. It had printed the scandal with gusto but without provocation. There had been no court action, no street encounter between the two men; the millionaire had not even been expelled from his clubs. There was no legal privilege of publication. And as time wore on, the other newspapers not daring in the circumstances to say anything about the case, there had come to the office an acute feeling that unless the runaways were found there might be short shrift in a libel suit.

As I turned away from the door a telegraph messenger boy was wearily mounting the steps.

'There's nobody home,' I told him curtly, 'not even a servant.'

'You can sign for this, can't you?' he asked. 'Friend of the family.'

On the open book he held out for my signature was a telegram addressed to the daughter of the house. It must surely be from her mother. I set down

an assumed name, pocketed the message, and waited until the boy was out of sight.

It was evening and I was working for an afternoon newspaper, so I took my booty home. There, with a borrowed and heated hatpin, I opened the telegram — not very expertly, for I tore the flap. The message was dated from Tucson, and was an inquiry from the wife about the condition of the deserted husband. I had found the runaways.

The anxiety behind this telegram did not at all concern me, nor was I concerned at having stolen it. As the child of God-fearing parents I think I may say I had a strict sense of private property rights: I would not have pilfered ten cents or ten dollars. But my conscience was wholly untroubled about the message, because I had done the conventional thing. I was living up to the standards of my fellows. Other reporters would have done as I did, confident of the approval of their superiors; and this was true of nearly all metropolitan newspapers twenty years ago, not merely of those which were denominated yellow. We used to hear of some that did not join in such practices, but they were notoriously stodgy, and suffered correspondingly in revenue. A comparison of the circulation and advertising statistics of the *Boston Transcript* as against the *New York World*, of the *New York Evening Post* of that day as against the *Chicago Tribune*, will illustrate my point.

Newspapers that were successful financially went after news aggressively, and on occasion made news, as my paper had done in the case of this illicit elopement.

I was exultant, not ashamed; and it was with repressed triumph that I laid the telegram on the city editor's desk the next morning, explaining in detail how I had come by it.

He heard me unmoved, gazing out over the 'local room.' Then he said hastily that he must go into the editorial conference, a daily formality, and would see me when he returned. He took the telegram with him. This impressed me as rather odd behavior, but what happened when he came back was really trying.

'You are aware,' he said severely, 'that you have committed a felony?'

I nodded. I was beginning to get angry.

'This newspaper cannot countenance such conduct,' he continued, 'and will make no use whatever of information obtained in that way. If I did not realize that you acted from overzeal I should be compelled to discharge you. As it is, you will be permitted to remain on the staff, on probation. Now, what are you going to do with this telegram?' His gravity relaxed; his manner implied a bantering reproach. 'Rough work,' he said. 'The flap's torn.'

'I'll paste it up,' I replied sullenly, 'and stick it under the door.'

'Don't do that,' he advised. 'Suppose we wait.'

I returned to my desk, and presently the Sunday editor, with a curious smile, handed me a receiving telegraph envelope, properly addressed. As he turned wordlessly away the city editor beckoned me, slipped the message into the fresh envelope, sealed it, and directed me, instead of returning it in person, to employ someone I could trust, and have him telephone me when

the task was safely accomplished. The message was slow in coming. Once, when I emerged from a telephone booth after answering a personal call, the city editor summoned me impatiently. He leaned forward and whispered with the air of a conspirator: 'Have you removed the corpse from the premises?'

Although I was in a state of high moral indignation at the manner in which my lawbreaking was being accepted, I was somewhat mollified at this tacit indication of fellow responsibility. After all, the city editor was a good scout. Presently I learned that the telegram had been put under the right door, and that my messenger, after ringing the bell, had escaped without being questioned, and I so reported. I was made to feel, somehow, that I was in quite good odor at the office.

That afternoon the paper printed on the first page a story from Tucson. The runaways were there, registered under an assumed name at the principal hotel. If 'no use whatever' had been made of the information in the stolen telegram, then some obscure reporter out West must have been blessed suddenly with clairvoyance. The couple, thus discovered, started at once toward home, and I was sent out to meet the train halfway. There was no suit for libel.

II

Thereafter I thought it proper to say nothing of such exploits at the office. I was expected to deliver the goods and no questions asked. There was the time, for instance, when I broke into a house to steal a photograph. We prized pictures highly in those days, although it was fifteen years before the advent of the illustrated tabloid.

I was reporting an unsavory will-case in an Illinois city, and the wife of a Baptist clergyman from a near-by town was disagreeably involved in it. She

and her husband had fled to escape the notoriety, but her affidavit had been taken and was read in court with some letters. Two members of the pastor's church, one of them a deacon (a real-estate man named Taylor), had come to court that day, and they were vocally indignant. They had supposed, from the preacher's loyalty to his wife, that she was innocent. That night, after I had filed my story of the day's proceedings, I took a train for the near-by village, and called on Mr. Taylor. He told me all he knew about the pastor's wife, and rummaged the house in vain for a picture. When I pressed him to search further, hinting that publication would mortify the cuckold clergyman and his wife, the deacon had a sudden inspiration.

'They stored their things in one of my cottages,' he said. 'I'll show you the place.'

He dressed, for it was long past twelve of a brilliant moonlit night, and took me to the cottage, which stood on a corner. Beside it was an unoccupied lot, but there were homes on each corner site, and all the houses were dark. My friend the deacon left me to my own devices.

The adventure seemed to me only mildly exciting. There was no danger that the deacon would prosecute me for housebreaking, and the owners of the personal property within would hardly dare come forward in any event. There was a possibility that some strolling village constable might nab me, or even take a pot shot at me, but it was remote.

In the shadow at the back of the house I discovered a broken window-pane, and effected an entrance without much trouble. I found myself in what seemed to be a narrow pantry, and the door into the adjoining room was not only locked but nailed. There was nothing to do but force it; so I put

my foot against the opposite wall and shoved with all my might.

The door suddenly gave way like the crack o' doom. The noise it made in that empty house, in that silent night, startled and unnerved me. I crawled through the window and crouched fearfully in the black shadow. Nothing happened. After a little bit, reassured, I made my way back into the house and so into a front room, striking matches and shading them with my hands. On the sofa was an old suitcase, unlocked; and when I threw it open I discovered in the jumble some photographs. I took them to the shuttered window, to inspect them in a bar of moonlight which came through, and on top found the snapshot of a woman, astride a horse. Just what I wanted! At this moment of joy I happened to peer through the crack in the shutter, and my heart skipped a beat. The house across the street, which had been dark when I came, was lighted!

It may be that someone in the house had come home late, or was ill, but of course my instant thought was that the crashing of the door had waked the neighbors, and that probably they had telephoned for the police. I thrust the pictures hastily into an inner pocket and bolted through the house again; but after a painful wait I ventured to the railroad station and boarded a train without mishap.

Only one of the pictures was of any use, and I threw the others away. I wrote to the office that I had obtained the snapshot of the lady on horseback 'at considerable trouble'; and after it had gone through the art department, where the fuzziness was painted out, it loomed large on page one. Subsequently, for twenty-five dollars, I obtained from a photographer three posed pictures, as well as the address of the fugitive preacher and his wife. They were a good thousand miles away, in

the Bay View Hotel at Biloxi, Mississippi, but my paper sent me in pursuit.

The Bay View Hotel was really a large boarding-house on the shell road, and it was filled. I took quarters near by. My first ruse, 'a message from Mr. Taylor,' failed. Probably they had heard of the deacon's personal apostasy. I wired my paper that a surprise attack had failed, and that I must settle down to a siege; but after three days of it I resorted to a new expedient — new to me. At the telegraph office I typed, on receiving blanks, a long message to the clergyman's wife, telling her I had come a thousand miles at great expense solely to put her defense before the world, but that now I was out of patience and was going back unless she telephoned me an invitation to interview her. The poor person, who had refused to answer the telephone, who had returned my notes unopened and had even declined to accept a special-delivery letter, could not resist her curiosity about the telegram. She read it; and although it had cost me only a tip to the messenger boy she seemed to think I must have made a lavish outlay on it. She telephoned, and I got the interview.

III

There will be those who think the preacher's wife was entitled to her hard-won and long-defended privacy; but personal privacy was no more sacred to the newspaper man of that day than the Golden Rule to a Hottentot. It is not sacred now, of course, but there is a difference in the motives for invasion, and a difference in the manner. The press has different standards of news, and would not pursue to such a distance persons of station so humble. If the clergyman's wife had been the daughter of a fashionable multimillionaire family, and her husband a celebrated jazz-composer, they could not have escaped.

But the press of that day was merely incited to greater activity by *any* effort at escape; for it was a time when 'beats' were valued disproportionately, and an effort to escape publicity meant that one newspaper might get something which the others would miss. The eagerness for a 'scoop' threw things out of perspective. And then the newspapers had shorter arms for the gathering of material; with a more limited supply they were forced to squeeze what they had more forcibly, and display it more enticingly.

Good reporters in that day were men with initiative and nerve, whose sensibilities were none too keen. The elder Bennett once said that newspapers sometimes required men to do things which a gentleman would n't like to do. It is difficult to know whether he, the pioneer yellow journalist of this country, was in an ironic mood, or merely was not clear in his mind as to what sort of deportment is prescribed for gentlemen. He had a great contempt for all reporters, although by falling in with his acute notions of what was interesting — by which he meant what was sensational — they helped heap up his millions. The financial success of the *New York Herald*, indeed, inspired that costly and spectacular war, more than a quarter of a century ago, in which William Randolph Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer, through the *American* and the *World*, fought for supremacy in fakery and thrills.

This warfare reverberated through the provinces, and affected profoundly the practices of all sizable newspapers there. It so happened that I drifted into reporting (most of the men who went into newspaper work in those days were just drifting; there was not even an opportunity to pause for meditation in a school of journalism) in the early part of this century, when emulation of Hearst-Pulitzer methods was most

marked; and I had hardly begun to get the hang of the work before the paper that was paying me twelve dollars a week imported from New York, as managing editor, a man who knew the tricks of the trade. I was in an Indiana town working on a murder mystery at the time. Correspondents were there from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and so on; the *Indianapolis Star*, I remember, sent a squad of four men. That my paper had assigned a green recruit like myself showed it needed a New York managing editor. I was introduced to him over the long-distance telephone, and was told to whoop it up. There was no limit to my space; above all I must send photographs. More, my stuff was to be signed. The new managing editor assumed apparently that a seasoned man had been sent out on a mystery so compelling; and in New York an emergence from reportorial anonymity had already begun.

Highly stimulated by the importance suddenly attaching to my story, I worked night and day. A pretty school-teacher had been found murdered, and the town had brought two detectives from a Chicago agency to help the local police to solve the mystery. These two, with the mayor and the chief of police, formed a court of inquiry, which examined witnesses endlessly, and gave out enigmatic or misleading statements to the reporters. All the correspondents thought it a futile and ridiculous performance. One of the Hearst men from Chicago sent his paper an interview with the mayor saying that the murderer would be behind the bars within twenty-four hours. It was a fake, and I was moved to competition. I wrote a yarn that a clock, given to the young woman by an admirer, had 'stopped at the fatal hour.' This was reprinted, without credit and without investigation, all over that part of the country.

The facts about the murder make a good story, but there is no space for them here. I believe I was the first to strike the right trail. The girl had been killed by one of the foremost citizens of the town, a professional man of means. My first action when I 'got a line' on this was to procure his photograph and send it to my paper; then I sneaked away from the other correspondents to Terre Haute, struck up an acquaintance with a trained nurse, and got certain corroborative evidence. In every respect I was conducting myself as a private detective, not as a reporter, and in this I was conforming to the pattern of my fellows. When I returned and laid my facts before the mayor, I asked that the man be arrested under conditions which would assure me of a beat. He said he would consult the Chicago detectives. He did, and the detectives consulted the suspect. No arrest was made, or ever has been made, so far as the guilty man is concerned. An innocent man was tried for the murder and acquitted, although the detectives had forced from him a false confession. By this time the newspapers thereabout knew the truth, and I am told it is now an open secret throughout Indiana; but I, vain of my detective work in connection with it, was downcast that we could n't bring the murderer to book. The new managing editor consoled me.

'We'll keep the picture,' he said sagely, 'and if he does n't confess we can print the story when he dies. You can't libel a dead man.'

But when I last heard of the murderer he was still much alive, going about his business in the Indiana town as though nothing had happened. Thus one of my earliest experiences witnessed the failure of the press in a function on which it particularly prided itself. In that day it constituted itself part of the police force of its community, no doubt on the ground that this was a public

service. Great crime mysteries were often solved quite outside the official agencies. Nowadays newspapers take no such arduous interest in them, and it may be that more of them go unsolved.

IV

Not defensively, but that the record may be straight, let me say that I did very little faking, although there was no special prejudice against it, so long as the fake was n't libelous. I was working, remember, not for newspapers in the Hearst chain, but for dailies that held high standing in their communities; and in the office of at least one of them there was an understanding that a man would be fired if he were caught faking. It so fell out that I was caught in the act by that very city editor. He sent me out with explicit instructions to get something new in the case of a man who had died of exposure in a city park, after a winter's night of revelry. I knew what the instructions meant. They meant making a mystery, preferably a murder mystery, out of the death. But at the hospital I could get no aid or encouragement, and the coroner declined firmly to reopen the case. If he had but agreed to it, I should have had all the elbowroom I needed for speculation, about a jealous rival or knock-out drops or what not. I did learn that the dead man had six grown brothers; and since I must have something new I wrote that all of them had gathered round the bier and sworn to their mother that they never again would touch a drop of intoxicants.

This happened in St. Louis, and the population of St. Louis, unfortunately for me, was largely German. If I had said that the brothers had sworn off all but beer, I might possibly have got by with it. I don't know. I do know that what was printed wounded them deeply, and tended to make them ridiculous

in the eyes of their neighbors. All six of them stalked into the office and demanded a retraction from the city editor. He appeased them by killing my story. It had appeared in one edition; it appeared in no other.

The city editor said nothing about it to me. I had but obeyed orders as best I could.

That sort of faking, I believe, has gone quite by the board in the substantial daily press. I am not talking now about the picture papers, which are a law unto themselves, and which are in some ways comparable to the papers which startled a continent during the Hearst-Pulitzer war. It was soon found by the *American*, the *World*, and their imitators that faking did n't pay. For one thing, readers got so they did n't believe what they read. The era of fakery is partly responsible for the common saying that you can't believe what you see in the newspapers. But there was still another argument. Why employ men to cook up such feeble stuff when all over the world men and women were enacting dramas much more moving and convincing? With the multiplication of the agencies of news-gathering the excuse for faking disappeared. The pressure on the news columns became so great that it was a question, not of finding sensational stuff to print, nor of manufacturing it, but of selecting according to certain standards from the mass at hand.

In somewhat the same way the scoop was found not to pay dividends. There is no longer sharp competition between rival newspapers to anticipate one another in the presentation of news, simply because it does n't pay. The triumph as a rule lasts only through one edition, and is forgotten in twenty-four hours. Other factors of much greater importance have entered into circulation, such as superior mechanical equipment, the employment of

'colyumists' and feature writers, prize contests and crossword puzzles. Even crusading, which was justified as a public service, has become passé. The Hearst-Pulitzer papers have come a long way since the days of their vivid competition; the Pulitzer papers — perhaps owing to the fact that they are now administered as an estate for the heirs — a little the farther. Excepting big headlines and a predilection for scandal, they have little in common with yellow journalism as they once exemplified it. They still crusade a little, out of habit, although they must know it is old-fashioned; but they do not fake, or break their necks to beat one another. When any newspaper nowadays deliberately distorts the facts, it is not to produce a sensation, but to serve some ulterior political or financial end. And since that kind of cheating is likely to be detected sooner or later, to the impairment of circulation and advertising, newspapers are chary of it. They depend for their revenue on popular favor, and the processes that make for their success are at least as democratic as the processes by which a man becomes President of these United States.

V

Underlying the changing standards and practices of the press is the mechanizing of the plant and the process of news-distribution. All the processes that go toward reducing the population of this country to an Arrow-collar level have worked their way with the newspaper, and are still at work. We see this in the editorial pages, where forthright expression of opinion has been subordinated to a recital of facts likely to be acceptable to a large circulation. Mechanical improvements have made possible larger circulations, and larger circulations have imposed a greater

common denominator of taste to please. The capital investment is larger, and the policy more conservative. Nowhere is this more evident than in the news columns.

The good reporter in this year of grace differs widely from the good reporter in the first decade of the century. Individual exploits have gone out of journalism as they have gone out of war. Those that I have sketched here as fairly characteristic of the day's work — although, to be sure, some of them are high spots — are obsolescent, perhaps quite obsolete. When the spur to get a scoop ceased to be felt, reporters began to work in groups instead of singly, against one another. If there are several ends of a story to be covered, the work is apportioned among them, and they get together later to share what they have gathered. If a celebrity is to be interviewed, it is done en masse. The technique of reporting is coöperative. There is no special initiative, because there is no real competition, in getting at the facts. And the facts, when written, must be in accord with a rigid formula. Everybody around a newspaper, excepting the sports writers, is pouring stuff into a mould.

The reporter of pugilism, horse-racing, or tennis has a quite exceptional latitude. He is encouraged to express himself in ways little short of bizarre. The inhibitions and restrictions that fetter the news reporter do not affect him except perhaps in rare instances, when sporadic efforts are made to lace the sporting page within the corsets of the formula prevailing elsewhere. I do not know why these efforts have been unsuccessful. It is an interesting question. I do know that in this one department of your paper you will find a free run of slang and a racy expression of personal opinion; and it may be worth noting as something more than a coincidence that our Heywood Brouns

and our Ring Lardners are recruited from the sporting staffs of newspapers. No graduate from the local room may expect, unless he works a near-miracle of self-expression, to receive any training for the kind of writing those fellows do.

There is a crop of writers, the Will Irwins and Samuel Hopkins Adamses and Ray Stannard Bakers, who came out of the news departments, but they emerged before the present rigidity of standardization set in. They are graduates of the old *Sun*, which stimulated reporting with a flavor and a difference, and which has now joined the melancholy array of gravestones in Mr. Munsey's cemetery. It may be set down with a good deal of certitude that present-day news-reporting will never make a good writer of any man or woman. Persons with the making of writers in them may pause for a moment in the local room, not for the training, but for the closer look at life it affords. They do pause there sometimes, but not for long. If they linger, it is at their peril.

Even the Supreme Court of the United States has now recognized that news is a commodity. At its best, news-writing may produce a lower order of literature, but I doubt it. I think that the speed and strict commercialism of the output must prevent that. Where is the 'controlled delirium' of the news room just before edition time, of which Julian Ralph used to tell us? Not even the sinking of a Titanic causes more than a ripple. The day's grist is gathered into the hopper, put through the mill, and comes out a standardized product; and about the process there is the precision, the good craftsmanship, and somewhat the quantity of Ford manufacture. The glamorous excitement and the pride of personal handiwork have gone out of it.

In one respect this is advantageous.

News is graded and valued much more accurately than in the old days. If you will pick up your competing morning newspapers, and glance at their first pages, you will see that — without any prearrangement — they display the same news in their show-windows, with about the same emphasis. Although it is still impossible to define news satisfactorily, it is nevertheless possible to put it into a perspective, at any moment, which trained newspaper men will agree is the right perspective for that time and place. Its worth can be estimated as accurately as horsemen gauge the value of horseflesh.

On the reporter, however, the process of standardization has worked a hardship. I do not mean that he would be happier stealing telegrams and playing private detective, although he might. I do mean that his most valuable attributes, which formerly manifested themselves on occasion in such ways, tend now to atrophy. The establishment of a formula in composition makes him lazy. The lack of competition makes him flabby. He loses initiative, gets so he takes things for granted, ceases to inquire closely. He lacks that effective skepticism which goes to the root of things. He accepts listlessly the statements handed out to him by lawyers, well-meaning propagandists, and publicity agents.

Two instances have come under my observation recently which will serve to illustrate what I mean as regards press agents. The first was a speech by a famous railroad executive, delivered in New York City. In advance of the occasion a publicity bureau, calling itself a 'counselor in public relations,' — for this is the patter of the trade, — sent to the newspapers and to the news agencies a copy of the address, as it had been dictated to a stenographer. But when the railroad man found his audience responsive he departed, after the

first few paragraphs, from the manuscript. He is noted for his sharp tongue, and he has pronounced opinions. The upshot was a much livelier and more interesting speech than he had intended to make. The reporters who were sent as a formality to the meeting, after verifying the fact that the speaker was there and was talking, went on their way with the prepared copy in their pockets; and the next morning no New York newspaper had the real news of the evening, although one of them printed the 'canned' speech in full.

The other instance was a news story about an industrial plant in which several deaths had occurred from poisoning. Rumors of this spread about New York, and one paper sent a man to investigate them. What he did was to apply for information to the publicity department of the plant, and he came back empty-handed, convinced that there was no story to be printed. Later another newspaper sent out a man who, it happened, was 'dated' in his reportorial training. He went first to the plant, and by inquiry on the spot got the facts. When finally he approached the publicity department and the officials of the corporation he had a list of deaths, compiled from the mortuary records, and what he got was a helpless admission that the story was true. It revealed an ugly condition, and it was news — rather than an instance of crusading — because a similar condition as revealed in other plants was the subject of widespread agitation; but the facts about this plant would never

have become public property, in all probability, if the modern tendency in reporting had been followed.

This was a matter of news because it was under investigation by the Federal Government and the officials of two States; but when reports reached New York morning newspapers, during the investigations, of conditions in other plants, no reporter was sent out to investigate them. The conditions were described as similar to those under scrutiny, in that workers were dying, or had died, of poisoning; but they differed in that different poisons, not then under official investigation, were to blame. Why should a newspaper concerned mainly with circulation and advertising go out of its way to stir up this scandal, when it had in hand more scandal than it could print? To have done so would have been to undertake a crusade on its own initiative; and crusading, as we have noted, is *passé*.

Undoubtedly newspapers, in those days when they were quick on the trigger and crusaded on slight provocation, did grave injustice to individuals on many an occasion. They realized their power, and sometimes used it recklessly, sometimes for mere display. The present easy-going attitude is more comfortable for them and for their reporters, and certainly it is more comfortable for certain parts of the public. We have a politer daily journalism. It strives more earnestly to please, is more regardful of our wishes. Its morals are more urbane. Its temper is more flexible. It can see good in nearly anything.

THE BLACK CAT

BY AMORY HARE

I

LIKE mice the black cat languidly allows
To play between her paws, so people live,
Nibbling at crumbs and thinking like a mouse
That crumbs are all that Life to mice will give.
There is not one of us who can obtain
More certainty of life, more surety
Than a cat's after-dinner moods contain
Of mice in prominence or in obscurity.
So, when the creature sleeps with velvet paws,
Make haste to use the stillness in the House
To dance between the breadcrumbs and the claws
And snatch the whole life-cycle of a Mouse
From that small space fanned by the feline breath
Where lies in fitful sleep the Black Cat, Death.

II

Before the Cat wakes and the paw descends
How much each Mouse must do, or never know
The fleeting ecstasy before it ends;
How ceaselessly the little feet must go

Backward and forward for the body's bread;
To meet, to love, to mate, and bring to birth
Other quick feet to patter past the head
Of that great Cat who sleeps upon the earth,
Then wakes and strikes, and roams the windy ways
Of town and country, slipping past the door
Of hut and hostel, like a ghost that preys
On the king's highways or the open moor.
Once when its prowling feet my house defiled
It took my caged bird and it spared my child.

III

Then, being minded healthily, I ran
Out in the sun and tilted up my chin
Till the light healed, as only sunlight can,
All the dark fears that midnight gathered in.
April was busy with her secret mirth
And flinging sentence from a golden sack;
Wherever Death had brought his prey to earth
She grew a lovelier thing behind his back.
So that I caught life to my heart again,
And laid the small bird gently in the ground,
Knowing the Cat had struck at it in vain:
Part of all color, one with all lovely sound
The bird had been, and I myself would be
Woman again though the Cat strike at me.

A SYSTEM FOR THE CONDUCT OF WAR

BY GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

I

ANY Government that hopes to wage war successfully and without undue cost must have established, before arms clash, a well-considered system of conducting war. Lincoln built up such a system under the stress of bitter experience. Davis, starting on his task with a far greater technical equipment than Lincoln possessed, never devised any effective system. It is commonly said by students of the history of the American Civil War that Lincoln was from the first seeking for a man, and that when he had found a man in Grant the rest was easy. Those who take this view are apt to quote Napoleon: 'In war men are nothing; it is the man who is everything. The general is the head, the whole of the army. It was not the Roman army that conquered Gaul, but Cæsar; it was not the Carthaginian army that made Rome tremble in her gates, but Hannibal.'

True enough of armies, but not the complete truth of modern nations at war. Sir William Robertson, who was the responsible adviser of a Government longer than any other soldier in the Great War, has said that the part of the effort of the British Empire for which he was responsible to the Cabinet was but 26 per cent of the whole. There must, then, be someone to direct that whole and to coördinate its parts. It is not sufficient for the statesmen to choose leaders for armies, navies, and air forces, and to say to them, 'Now go

and fight.' I hope to show that that was not Lincoln's attitude to Grant. There must be direction — and constant direction — of strategy, but if direction is not to become mischievous interference the director must know how to direct. Here is the main difficulty which democracy must overcome if it is to be successful in war. Ministers who owe their position to votes have in time of peace more than sufficient to occupy them in meeting the daily needs and demands of voters. But voters in the mass take an interest in preparation for war only spasmodically, when they are alarmed, and then only in the provision of men and material, never in the organization of a system for the conduct of war. Ministers are therefore under no pressure to prepare themselves for a danger which mercifully is exceptional.

On the outbreak of the Great War our fleet and our small army were as well prepared as we can reasonably expect to find them in another like case. The Committee of Imperial Defense had elaborated a War Book which set forth the emergency legislation needed, and the action required of every government department. All this stood well the test of experience. But no one had thought out the most important preparation of all — a system for the conduct of war. The Field Service Regulations, the soldier's bible in war, did make in very general terms a brief statement of the respective

functions of soldier and statesman in war, but I much doubt if they were read by any minister. So we entered upon the war with no system for its conduct, and had to pay the price of neglect, notably in the Dardanelles campaign. More than fifty years after Lincoln we had, like him, to rough out a system as the result of bitter experience and at the cost of vast expenditure of blood and treasure, and it may be questioned if in the end our system was as good as his.

It is this lack of system, as I have said, and not any defect in the British Constitution, which was the cause of the weakness deplored by Lord Salisbury. Von Moltke designed for the autocratic Government of Prussia a method of conducting war which had great merits, but had one vital defect. Democracy can, if it will, devise a better. Modern war demands, not Napoleon's man, but a partnership between the statesman and his military commanders.

I use the term 'military' in its widest sense to include all armed forces. The statesman must be the senior partner, and if the partnership is to be effective its members must have confidence each in the other, must be sufficiently acquainted with the whole business to understand the needs and difficulties of each, and the senior partner must know when and how to leave his fellows to their tasks, how to direct without interference. It requires no great effort to achieve this knowledge. For the statesman it demands no technical study of the details of strategy or of tactics — indeed knowledge of this kind may be, in fact probably will be, positively harmful. But if the partnership is to be effective the statesman must have learned from the experience of others, as recorded in history, what are the essentials of a good system for conducting war, and, having learned that,

must have such a system ready before the time comes to put it to the test. Further, if the partners are to work together, the system must be known to all. Only when that is so can the military partners study their functions and determine their conduct. If the junior partners are to do their business they must know on what principles and by what methods their senior will act.

The difficulties in the past have arisen mainly because of a misconception of what is meant by the conduct of war. This has generally been supposed to mean the direction of armies and navies, and has therefore been regarded as a matter to be left to soldiers and sailors. To-day at least we should be aware that it means the direction for a special purpose of the whole power and resources of the nation. This is clearly not a matter to be left to soldiers or sailors, nor would any responsible soldier or sailor desire it to be so left. But it is a matter which requires preparation and organization as complete and systematic as does the mobilization of armed forces. It is a form of preparation which has the outstanding merit of costing nothing but thought, and of conveying no menace to a possible foe. The only difficulty in the way of getting it set on foot is the difficulty of getting the voters, who supply to ministers the inducement to act, interested in the subject. It is curious that, while most young men who aspire to take a part in public life make some study of social problems and methods of removing the evils from which the community suffers in time of peace, few if any make a study of how to deal with the greatest evil of all — war.

First in importance comes the study of the means of preventing war, but until those means have been found so certainly as to make war impossible, then surely a study of the means of

conducting war with the greatest success and with the least loss must come next. This is a study not without interest, for it brings one into touch with men acting in positions of great responsibility under great stress, and it is certainly a study of national importance.

'The nation in arms' is a term the meaning of which, before 1914, we had but vaguely conceived; we know now that it comprises much more than the men who bear arms. No democracy will consent to hand over to professional sailors, soldiers, and airmen the direction of the whole vast forces which comprise the power of a nation, as Ludendorff has more than once hinted, in his two books, that Germany should have done in the Great War. The instinct which forbids this is wise, for I do not believe that even Napoleon at his zenith could himself have controlled and directed the complex resources of a modern great Power, and at the same time have commanded its armies in the field.

II

It is, then, agreed that the conduct of war must be directed by statesmen, and it is equally agreed that one part of the conduct of war, the handling of armies and navies, must be left to professional experts. How are these two conditions to be fulfilled?

In time of peace statesmen have at their elbows experts to assist them in the work of the departments with which they are charged. It is the statesman's business to inform his experts of the policy to which his Government is committed, and to explain to them his plans for giving effect to that policy. They have then to complete the details of such plans, to point out to the statesman difficulties in the way, and to suggest the best method of overcoming them. When, as sometimes happens, the statesman has no policy, it is the

business of the expert to propose to him measures which his experience has told him are required. The statesman's function is then to tell his adviser how far the public is prepared to accept such measures, whether the political situation is ripe for their introduction. Under such conditions the expert is the servant of the statesman and through him of the State. He is usually anonymous and is unknown to the general public. A Chancellor of the Exchequer is not expected to be an expert financier and economist any more than a civilian statesman is expected to be an expert strategist and tactician. He gets such advice and help as he thinks necessary from financiers and economists, and accepts or rejects as much of that advice as he thinks fit. He makes himself responsible for the final result which he himself presents through Parliament to the nation. Why are not similar methods possible in war? If the statesman is primarily responsible for the conduct of war, why should he not explain his policy and his plans to his soldiers and sailors and get them to prepare the details for him, modify those details himself as seems to him fit, and supervise the execution of the plan as finally prepared?

The reason why this method is not applicable to the conduct of war is that war is neither a science nor a business; it is an art. The economist or the financier can say to his Chancellor, 'Do this, and such and such will be the consequences. You will gain or lose so much revenue.' The Chancellor can check that opinion with a dozen others, and, if he is a judge of men, he knows what value to place on each. Neither soldiers nor sailors, if they know their business, will attempt to prophesy how they will act before they meet their enemy, nor will they foretell what the results will be. They know that in war there are few constants and an

immense number of variants. Like the painter or the sculptor they should be guided automatically by the principles of their art, and should be so steeped in its technique that instinctively and without any conscious process of reasoning they apply the right stroke at the right time. Foch is fond of quoting the question which General Verdy du Vernois asked himself when, in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, he approached the battlefield of Nachod. 'Let history and principles go to the devil. After all, what is the problem?' Which means that it is only the amateur who thinks of principles and technique when it is time to act, only the duffer at golf who murmurs to himself, 'Slow back.'

Here, then, is one vitally important difference between the military experts and those other experts with whom statesmen are normally in contact. But there are others. The soldier or the sailor in command in war is never anonymous. He is a public figure, and the public regards him as directly responsible to it for the employment of the forces committed to his charge — forces in which serve the sons, brothers, sweethearts, and husbands of the nation. The statesman is apt to stress his responsibilities in time of war, and they are heavy, but those of the soldier and sailor are not less heavy. 'Great results in war,' says Foch, 'are due to the commander. History is therefore right in making generals responsible for victories, in which case they are glorified, and for defeats, in which case they are disgraced.' The expert in the government office does not win much glory, but he has little risk of disgrace.

The kind of expert the statesman has to use for the direction of armed forces in time of war is, then, very different from the kind of expert whom he uses in time of peace. The advice of the expert soldier and sailor cannot be

treated like the advice of the expert financier, because it involves action which they alone can take. The statesman can present his budget, and he will rightly receive all the credit or blame for proposals which others may have prepared for him, because the responsibility for action is his, but he cannot lead armies and fleets against the foe, or be held responsible for the manoeuvres of admirals and generals, though he may be called to account for his choice of commanders.

The military chief is, therefore, or should be, in a different relation to the statesman in time of war from that occupied by any of his assistants in time of peace. I have suggested that this relation should be of the nature of a partnership, in which the statesman becomes the senior partner. If that is so, then it is clearly necessary that the conditions of the partnership and the functions of the partners should be determined beforehand. This is the more necessary because, just as the process of mobilization places armies and fleets on a footing very different from that which obtains in peace, so war places government in a new position. But the process of mobilization is well known and its effect is studied beforehand — it is even occasionally practised in time of peace; but we have never, before we went into a war, considered what should be the machinery for its conduct, and those who had to use that machinery have never had an opportunity of examining the mechanism and of considering how it would work.

III

It is the practice in Great Britain and also in the United States — less invariably in other countries with a democratic system of government — to place civilian ministers in charge of the military departments. These ministers are

responsible to Parliament—and through it to the country—for the whole of the administration of the services they direct. Few would, I think, dispute that the definite assertion of civilian control over military force is necessary and desirable. As regards the British army, that control has been established only after a protracted struggle between Crown and Parliament, which ended more recently than most people might imagine. It became finally effective only in 1895 when the Duke of Cambridge resigned his position as Commander-in-Chief.

Speaking from his place in the House of Commons, Mr. (now Lord) Balfour said: 'If the Secretary of State is to take official advice from the Commander-in-Chief alone, it is absolutely impossible that he should be really responsible; in this House he will be no more than the mouthpiece of the Commander-in-Chief.' I have always suspected that it was largely for the purpose of removing the last possibility of this danger that Mr. Balfour, when he became Prime Minister, abolished the office of Commander-in-Chief and created an Army Council. Be that as it may, we have in peace time a civilian minister in complete control of the army, while Mr. Churchill has reminded us in *The World Crisis* that when he entered the Admiralty he found himself 'responsible to Crown and Parliament for all its business.'

I much doubt if Lord Balfour or any other stickler for the control of Parliament ever seriously intended that civilian ministers should prepare plans of campaign or direct the disposition of armies and navies in war. I am convinced that the great mass of voters took it for granted that such matters would be in the hands of military experts. Some reconsideration of the powers and functions of ministers when armies and navies are mobilized, some

definite system for the conduct of war, should then have been prepared before war came upon us. As this was not done we find that naturally enough the ministers in control of the naval and military departments continued in the early part of the Great War to exercise the powers conferred on them for the purpose of administration in time of peace. Mr. Churchill tells us, for instance, that toward the end of July, when the crisis appeared to be imminent, he prepared a list of seventeen points to be attended to, an early presage of the part points were to play in the war and its settlement. These points included the dispositions of fleets from home waters to China. This was in no sense his business. All that it should have been necessary for him to do—and that he should have done when he entered the Admiralty in 1911, not when the crisis came—was to ask his naval advisers for their scheme of mobilization, and satisfy himself that it was complete. Mr. Churchill's points, of which he gives us a facsimile, are evidence of his prescience and foresight, but the matters with which they deal are not such as should be left to the prescience and foresight of any individual, and least of all to the chance of having an energetic and forceful minister in office when war is imminent. I do not suggest that they were so left, but I do suggest that the fact that Mr. Churchill prepared this list and has proudly exhibited it to us is evidence of an absence of system and a confusion of functions, which had, before long, disastrous consequences.

When the preparations for the Dardanelles expedition were under discussion we find that Mr. Churchill's naval advisers, grown accustomed to his domination, were in some uncertainty as to their powers and duties. They appear to have acquiesced in Lord Balfour's opinion—which I have suggested had

only to do with administration in peace time — that the civilian minister was not to be the mere mouthpiece of his experts, but was to express and be responsible for his own opinions, and also to have accepted Mr. Churchill's view that he was 'responsible to Crown and Parliament for all the business of the Admiralty.' They did not conceive it to be their business to inform the War Council of the Cabinet where and why they differed from their civilian chief. The Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the Dardanelles campaign says regarding this: —

We also think that the naval advisers should have expressed their views to the Council, whether asked or not, if they considered that the project which the Council was about to adopt was impracticable from a naval point of view. . . . We are unable to concur in the view put forward by Lord Fisher that it was his duty, if he differed from the chief of his department, to keep silence at the Council or to resign. We think that the adoption of any such principle generally would impair the efficiency of the public service.

If Lord Balfour is right as to the functions of ministers in time of peace and the Royal Commissioners are right as to the functions of military experts in time of war, there is evidently a marked difference in the functions and duties of ministers and military experts in peace and war. In peace the soldiers and sailors have to accept the policy and the means provided for them by their political chiefs or resign. In war they become the advisers, not of their ministers, but of the supreme authority in the State, and the ministers must therefore automatically cease to be responsible for all the business of their departments. There would therefore appear to be as much need for mobilizing a system of government on the eve of war as for mobilizing armies and fleets.

That this is so becomes even more

evident when we come to the administration of the War Office in the early days of the war. A great military administrator was appointed War Secretary, to the delight of the *Daily Mail*, which congratulated itself on appointing a man against whom it was previously leading a campaign of attack. When Lord Kitchener came into the War Office he was lacking in experience in the methods of the administration of government at home, as was Abraham Lincoln when he became President of the United States. His work had lain entirely outside Great Britain. He found no suggestions for a system of conducting war prepared for him and, being at once involved in the huge task of raising and equipping large armies, he had no time to give consideration to that vital matter. It is not true to say, as is sometimes said, that on the outbreak of war the General Staff at the War Office scrambled for places on the Headquarters Staff in France. I was not on either myself at the time, so I can speak freely. A definite plan for the mobilization of a headquarters in the field had been prepared as part of the systematic scheme of mobilization, and most of the appointments to that headquarters were provisionally made before the crisis came. But it is true that in preparing the otherwise admirable scheme for placing our little army on a war footing no thought had been given to the application of a similar measure either to the War Office in particular or to the Government as a whole.

Lord Kitchener, being a man of very strong character with a taste for centralization, in the absence of a considered system became not only Secretary of State for War, but also the chief military adviser of the Government, and to a great extent his own Chief of Staff. It is in most circumstances beyond human capacity to combine

the functions of three offices, and Lord Kitchener, who alone had seen from the first the magnitude of the task which we had undertaken and was endeavoring to provide us with armies adequate for that task, could not possibly perform them in the circumstances of the autumn of 1914. But his military advisers were no more clear than were Mr. Churchill's naval advisers as to their powers and duties, and in fact Lord Kitchener did act as their mouthpiece to the Government. The consequences of this state of affairs in both naval and military departments are described by the Royal Commission in its investigation of the genesis of the Dardanelles campaign:—

Mr. Churchill appears to have advocated the attack by ships alone before the War Council on a certain half-hearted and hesitating expert opinion, which favored a tentative or progressive scheme beginning with an attack on the outer forts. . . . There does not seem to have been direct support or direct opposition from the responsible naval and military advisers, Lord Fisher and Sir James Wolfe Murray, as to the practicability of carrying on the operations approved by the War Council, viz., to bombard and take the Gallipoli Peninsula with Constantinople as its objective. . . . It is impossible to read all the evidence, or to study the voluminous papers which have been submitted to us, without being struck with the atmosphere of vagueness and want of precision which seems to have characterized the proceedings of the War Council.

Vagueness and want of precision are the inevitable consequence of absence of system and of a clear understanding by all concerned in the conduct of war—statesmen, soldiers, and sailors—of their functions and powers. These functions and powers can only be exercised effectively when those called upon to wield them know what they are and have had opportunity of studying them at first hand. In what I have here said

I do not wish to appear to be critical either of Lord Kitchener or of Mr. Churchill. We owe a debt of gratitude we can never repay to Lord Kitchener for foreseeing at once the length of the war, for taking the measure of the effort which we should be required to make, and for having faith in our power to create during the war a great national army, a faith which was shared by very few soldiers in 1914; to Mr. Churchill for the timely mobilization of our fleet and its dispatch to its war stations. We shall be hunting the wrong fox if we seek to attach to individuals the responsibilities which must be shared by statesmen, soldiers, and sailors, and indeed by all who have it in their power to form and guide public opinion. Having no system for the conduct of war, we were fortunate in having men of character and energy in the War Office and Admiralty.

IV

It was not until December 1915 that a definite system for the conduct of war was established in the War Office. It was created by Sir William Robertson, who, when he was offered the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff at home, wrote to Lord Kitchener:—

1. There should be a supreme directing authority whose function is to formulate policy, to decide on the theatres in which military operations are to be conducted, and to determine the relative importance of those theatres. This authority must also exercise a general supervision over the conduct of the war, and must select the men who are to execute the policy on which it has decided. Its constitution must be such that it is able to come to quick decisions, and therefore as regards the conduct of the war it must be absolute. The War Council should be capable of performing the functions of this supreme authority, provided it is relieved of responsibility to the Cabinet as a whole as regards the conduct of military operations, and that it has real executive

power, and is not merely an advisory committee.

The War Council will frequently find itself in a position similar to that of a commander in the field — that is, it will have to come to a decision when the situation is obscure, when information is deficient, and when the wishes and the powers of our Allies are uncertain. Whatever those difficulties may be, if and when a decision is required, it must be made. If it is deferred success cannot be expected, the commander concerned will have a grossly unfair burden placed upon him — in fact the absence of a decision may be little less than criminal, because of the loss of life which may be entailed.

2. In order that the War Council may be able to come to timely decisions on the questions with which it has to deal, it is essential that it should receive all advice on matters concerning military operations through one authoritative channel only. With us that channel must be the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. It is his function as regards military operations to present to the War Council his reasoned opinion as to the military effects of the policy which they propose, and as to the means of putting that approved policy into execution. The War Council is therefore to accept or reject the reasoned advice so offered.

Advice regarding military operations emanating from members of the Cabinet or of the War Council in their individual capacity, or from any other individual, should be sifted, examined, and presented, if necessary with reasoned conclusions, to the War Council by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff before it is accepted by the War Council.

3. All military operations required to put into execution the policy approved by the War Council should be issued and signed by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, under the authority of the Secretary of State for War, *not* under that of the War Council. Similarly all communications from general officers commanding regarding military operations should be addressed to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. In fact the same procedure is required in London as obtains in the field, the War Council being in the position of the commander

of the whole of the Imperial Land Forces and, with the War Office Staff, constituting the Great General Headquarters of the Empire.

Then follow proposals for placing the organization of the War Office on a war footing.

There is in this document no suggestion of military domination. The War Council, which was to be 'in the position of the commander of the whole of the Imperial Land Forces,' comprised civilian ministers exclusively. What Sir William Robertson's proposals did do was to define clearly the respective functions of ministers and soldiers in war, — to set forth the terms of the partnership, — and they made a drastic change in the peace-time functions of the ministers who had charge of the army and navy. They were no longer entirely responsible to Crown and Parliament for all the business of their departments.

The effect of these proposals was to bring about an immediate improvement in the business of conducting the war. One gentleman who had been during a long life in intimate touch with the management of public affairs told me a short time after the new system had been at work that he never remembered so remarkable a change from scurry and confusion to order and method. Such difficulties as subsequently arose were in part due to a clash of personalities, which no system can prevent, and in part due to the unwillingness of certain ministers to apply a system with which they were unfamiliar and which they did not entirely understand. That difficulty is avoidable if the system is prepared and known beforehand.

When Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister in December 1916, he improved the organization for the conduct of the war by abolishing the existing Cabinet with its War Council or

Committee and substituting a small War Cabinet of five ministers.¹ 'From a military standpoint,' says Sir William Robertson, who had longer experience of the War Cabinet than any other soldier or sailor, 'and leaving out of account the constitutional aspect of the question, — about which I express no opinion, — the change was welcome, if only for the reason that six men could be trusted to give a decision in less time than a score would, but my experience leads me to add that the War Cabinet did not by any means provide a complete remedy for the evils from which its predecessor had suffered. Most of its members were ministers without portfolios, and, having little if any first-hand knowledge of the questions with which they had to deal, were necessarily dependent upon those ministers who had it. Consequently the Secretary of State for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Foreign Secretary, none of whom was a member of the War Cabinet, usually had to attend once a day when meetings were held, while other ministers, such as the Secretary of State for India, the Shipping Controller, the Minister of Labor, the Minister of Air, and the Ministry of Munitions, had also frequently to be summoned. The result was that the total number present was often not much less than, and was sometimes more than, under the old system, and it is difficult to see how this could have been prevented; for, whether the heads of the various state departments do or do not permanently belong to the body charged with the supreme direction of a war, they must be called in when important questions concerning their departments are being considered. The fact is that in a great war such as that of 1914–18 the ramifications of the numerous problems which arise are so widespread that the

rapid dispatch of business must always be exceedingly difficult to achieve.' There was a further difficulty which Sir William Robertson does not mention. The War Cabinet naturally required the daily attendance at its meetings of its chief military and naval advisers. This took up a great deal of valuable time, and usually kept these high functionaries from their offices for the greater part of the morning.

V

Now Sir William Robertson's system, established after fifteen months of the war, at a time when grievous experience showed that there was something vitally wrong with our methods of conducting war, was — save in one respect — very similar to that established by Abraham Lincoln in March 1864. Then Halleck became Lincoln's Chief of Staff, and communicated the views of the administration in Washington to Grant, the commander in the field, and with Halleck Grant, save very exceptionally, corresponded. The one important difference was that Lincoln was his own War Cabinet. The Constitution of the United States permits this. Is there anything in our Constitution which prevents us from adopting a similar procedure? We have seen that the experience of war caused us to modify very materially the constitutional powers of the Secretary of State for War, and of the First Lord of the Admiralty, as they existed in peace and were used in the early days of the struggle. We have seen that Mr. Lloyd George formed a Cabinet of a kind strange to our constitutional practice. What is there to prevent us from going a step further?

The practice of Rome and of the United States should assure us that there is nothing undemocratic in establishing a temporary dictatorship in time

¹ A sixth — General Smuts — was subsequently added.

of national emergency. We must, in a great war, have a supreme authority to direct all the armed forces of the Empire. That authority must be civil, and it is far better that it should be vested in a man than in a committee. That man with us must be the Prime Minister. I suggest that we should be well advised, whenever such a danger arises as calls for the mobilization of the whole of our forces, to place in the hands of the Prime Minister authority to nominate and remove his military advisers and the commanders of armies and fleets, and to conduct in consultation with these advisers the naval, military, and air operations of the war. The Order in Council, or other instrument which confers this power on the Prime Minister, should at the same time define exactly the powers and functions and responsibilities of his military advisers. The initial policy of the Government in the war, relations with friendly or neutral States, the raising and distribution of man power, the conservation and development of the resources of the State and the means of adding to them, the regulation of home affairs — all these are matters which can well be discussed in Cabinet or committee, but the whole history of war shows us plainly that a committee is not a suitable body to direct military operations.

It is more than two hundred years since the Duke of Marlborough expressed his opinion of War Cabinets. On August 2, 1705, he wrote to the Pensioner of Holland: —

I am very uneasy in my own mind to see how everything here is like to go notwithstanding the superiority and the goodness of our troops, which ought to make us not doubt of success. However, it is certain that, if affairs continue in the same policy they now are, it will be impossible to attempt anything considerable with advantage, since councils of war must be called upon

every occasion, which entirely destroys the secrecy and dispatch upon which all great undertakings depend, and has unavoidably another very unhappy effect, for, the private animosities between so many persons as have to be assembled being so great, and their inclinations and interests so different as always to make one party oppose what the other advises, they consequently never agree.

I do not say this because I have the honor of being at the head of the army, but it is absolutely necessary that such power be lodged with the general as may enable him to act as he thinks proper, according to the best of his judgment, without being obliged ever to communicate what he intends further than he thinks convenient.

We may consider ourselves to be reasonably secure against private animosities of the kind that vexed Marlborough, but 'the secrecy and dispatch upon which all great undertakings depend' are more likely to be obtained if military advisers have to deal with one man instead of a committee. It is also far more likely that those relations of intimacy and mutual confidence which are one of the essential factors of success will be more successfully established if the military advisers are brought into direct contact with the Prime Minister than if they have to deal with a Cabinet, limited though it be in numbers.

There are few questions more difficult for those charged with the direction of armies and navies than that upon which Marlborough touches in the second paragraph of his letter: How much and how little of military plans should be disclosed to ministers? There are certain matters, as I have pointed out, upon which they have an undeniable right to information. They must be assured that the plans proposed are within the means of the nation; they must equally be assured that the vitals of the nation are to be sufficiently protected. They are entitled to receive

every scrap of information about operations which are completed, that they may be able to judge of the capacity of their commanders; but the minister who seeks information beforehand as to when and how a battle will be fought, and what its result will be, is ignorant of his business. He should recall Lincoln's interview with Grant. A committee is usually more inquisitive than an individual, and if the military advisers have to do with one minister instead of with half a dozen it will be the easier to hold the balance between the advantages of secrecy and the disadvantages of failing to satisfy that minister's legitimate anxieties.

On all these grounds, then, I believe that the supreme directing authority over all the forces of the Empire in time of war should be one man, and that man the Prime Minister, just as in the United States of America the supreme authority is the President. We have of recent years taken one very satisfactory measure for the establishment of such a system of conducting war. In 1923 the Prime Minister appointed a committee to inquire into national and imperial defense. This committee recommended among other measures that 'in addition to the functions of the Chiefs of the Staff as

advisers on questions of sea, land, or air policy, respectively, to their own Board or Council, each of the three Chiefs of the Staff will have an individual and collective responsibility for advising on defense policy as a whole, the three constituting as it were a super-chief of a War Staff in Commission. In carrying out this function they will meet together for the discussion of questions which affect their joint responsibilities.'

This is a great step forward in the coördination of the three services. Let us complete it by arranging for the coördination of policy and strategy. 'A super-chief of a War Staff in Commission' connotes yet another chief whom these three are to serve. Let that chief be created and let his functions be defined. If the conferring of so much power on one man be too much for our Constitutionalsists to swallow, then let there be a War Cabinet as small as possible, and, just as soldiers and sailors know what their positions and functions will be on mobilization, and are prepared to step into them at a moment's notice, let ministers also know theirs. There will then be some prospect that they will study their duties and be ready to learn something of what the history of war has to teach.

OUR MORTAL FOE

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

SOME rather surprising experiences of the effects of fear on certain so-called lower animals suggest a psychology of the subject that has scarcely been considered by the philosophers. A strange analogy permeates nature. Even if we care to study nothing but man, 'the proper study of mankind,' we cannot afford to disregard the beast of the field. It is certain that some of the more prurient analysts of the soul or psyche of man would have fathered a more wholesome philosophy if they had widened their view and considered the lower as well as the higher animals.

The most essential influence of fear on a good many animals is that it prevents or limits breeding. It hurts the very source of life. Examples even on a large scale are not infrequent. One wide paddock on a Queensland sheep station that I visited was much littered with fallen trunks considerably overgrown. It had been wired off, but the rabbits swarmed. A few pairs had bred freely, and we all know what happens when arithmetical progression has a clean slate. The country was remarkable for the number of birds of the predatory species, especially such hawks as the whistling eagle, but it was very rare for them to find a victim in the littered paddock. The farmer could discover no way of killing off the rabbits, but as a preliminary he collected the fallen timber, burned it, and more or less cleared the paddock of the rougher cover. His direct campaign against the rabbits was for various reasons postponed. Nevertheless, as he soon

began to notice, they grew fewer and fewer. The holes remained, but whenever the animals came out to feed they were subject to all sorts of fears, especially because of the watchful hawks that abounded. The actual victims were few, but the families grew rare instead of frequent. By close and particular inspection he satisfied himself that some does did not breed at all, and that others, instead of breeding five or six times a year, had no more than one litter. The litters too were smaller. He was able to corroborate his observations from other Australian experiences, and came to the conclusion that fear was at any rate the chief cause of the fewness and smallness of families. Lack of good nurseries and direct casualties were less important.

Much the same effect has been noticed in other branches of natural history in other countries. Rats in Britain breed much less freely where weasels are found, and mice where cats are found. The number of actual victims is a small thing in the reduction of population compared with the influence of fear on reproduction. In a herd of deer, as we all know, the strongest and most courageous becomes the sire — and so the fittest survive. He fights and drives off inferior males. But there is more in their defeat than their dismissal. Good reasons exist for supposing that their fears of the master buck rob them of capacity.

In his discussion of the principle of the survival of the fittest Darwin said rather too little about the results of

combined courage and strength. A number of small but curious effects of the psychology continually present themselves to the field naturalist. The European — not the American — robin drives off his own adult young as well as any other competitor from his favorite breeding place and, in my experience, always wins the battle till his vitality wanes. A robin that may be described as a personal friend nested year after year in an artist's studio near London, and each year fought furious battles, generally against the young cocks of his own family. He was entirely successful till the fourth year, when he was killed by a rival on the studio floor. Like the robin, many other small birds insist that their private nesting neighborhood shall be free from intruders; and it is almost invariable — indeed I know no exception — that the cock in possession wins the battle. His passion is more and therefore his courage more. The victory is not to the strong, but to the brave, at any rate until the difference in strength becomes wide, owing to age or accident. It is better to breed a courageous race than a powerful race; and it is not a far-fetched idea, if the multitude of little illustrations be considered, that the most plucky are the most capable of producing the best citizens.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.

It was not, perhaps, only to finish his *Alcaic* line that Horace added the last two words.

The psychology of courage and its absence, fear, among those we call the lower animals is seen positively as well as negatively. Natural selection depends principally, not on the strength, but on the courage of the male, though the two happily are often correlated; and he is not necessarily a mystic who finds reason to believe that the more

courageous bear the better children. One of the commonplaces of statistics is that the average height of the French fell by some two inches after the Napoleonic wars; and the most mortal injury inflicted on society by war is that the bravest die and the least brave live. War, in spite of many Teutonic arguments to the contrary, substitutes the survival of the unfittest and of those least likely to produce better children.

The first effect of strong fears on the human being is to reduce vitality, in general and in particular. It is unnecessary to touch the purely medical side of the question. The fact is obvious to anyone who has been about the world and knows what fear is. Incidentally it may be said that one of the worst effects of a too sheltered civilization is that half the population do not know whether they themselves or their neighbors possess or do not possess the gift of courage. Some few years ago a party of tourists was caught on Helvellyn by a thick mist; two of them were separated from the rest and were forced to spend the night on the mountain. It was not very cold. There was little real danger; but by the morning one of the two was dead. He was said to have died of exposure. He did die of fear, and nothing else. Perhaps most deaths from exposure are due to the same cause. Gregarious man hates to be in danger alone; and for some reason nothing so completely frightens even courageous persons as being lost. They will upon occasion run about in vain arcs and circles, like a rabbit frightened to death by the pursuit of a stoat. The beats of the heart are lowered, less blood goes to the brain, the temperature falls.

Of course fear, like everything in nature, has its uses. The person who faints from horror at the sight of his wound automatically arrests the bleeding by reducing the power of the heart-

beat. Temporary loss of vitality is of service. Among wild animals fear sometimes saves life because the greater fear banishes the lesser. The writer has come upon examples of this among English hares pursued by greyhounds; but none so remarkable as the experience of a friend. Hunting in the northern district of Quebec, he came in sight of a hare pursued by an ermine. The pursuer gained ground and the pursued grew faint. The end seemed certain, when the hare at the last gasp caught sight of the hunter, made straight for him, and crouched between his legs. There she stopped, motionless, till the ermine, after circling round, made off. Then, recovering strength, she ambled off quietly.

Certainly fear has its uses, just as excessive vitality has its drawbacks. Who is more to be pitied than the insensate person whose nerves and intellect do not allow the approach of fear even as they fend off the touch of sympathy? Fear, nevertheless, in its perverted manifestations, is the greatest of all depressants of vitality, is perhaps the king of evils.

In nature fear often has a less numbing (though sometimes more hysteric) effect on woman than on man. The mother, throughout the animal kingdom, is very nearly above fear at certain crises. She is stimulated to the highest pitch of vitality to defend the young life. Her attitude toward life and death — and therefore her fear of death — is more elemental than in the male. The doe rabbit will have power to beat off a stoat when she is defending her brood. A swallow will mob a cat, and a partridge charge and even actually buffet a dog, if her young are in danger. That else timorous beast, the black bear, will face a dozen men in defense of her young. A hedge sparrow will peck at an adder. I quote chiefly personal experiences, but they are not

exceptional. They are all a commonplace of a naturalist's observation.

Just because woman's courage, especially in regard to her young, is general and beneficent, therefore the malady is most mortal when the women become cowards, intellectual or other. The sequel is race suicide. Here is a little parable of which all the facts are accurate. In the town of Arras, during the war, lived a Frenchwoman who was famous for her calmness under shell-fire and her uncanny knowledge of shells. She knew by the note the exact calibre of every shell that was fired. She would tell frightened soldiers, thanks to her observation of German methods, on which side the next shell would fall. Physically her courage was supreme. But like many — perhaps the majority — of the women of her country, she was afflicted with a form of intellectual fear that must result in race suicide. She had seen many victims of the shells. She was looking on, like a spectator at a bull fight, when two horses and three men were killed near the railway bridge one summer morning of 1916. 'No more children for us,' she said with a sort of angry shiver. 'We are not going to breed babies for cannon fodder.' She spoke like a prophetess on behalf of her country and sex; and not once or twice I heard the same determination. Various forms of intellectual fear have been long leading to the same end in France, especially fear of poverty and, in the upper classes, fear of public opinion if more children are born than can be provided with a dowry.

All this is a mere incidental external result of fear, important socially but not intrinsic to the feeling. The same results might follow from mere selfishness. Yet there are social and semi-social cowardices that go to the very root of character and temperament.

The psychoanalysts, in spite of their exaggerations, perversions, and stupid overemphasis of sex, unquestionably touch a primal influence in their insistence on the repression complex. If they had studied fear more and sex less they would have built a wider base for their theories, if for no other reason than because the two are closely related, as we see in the case of animals. When children are frightened, whether by the bogey stories of their nurse or the thunders of their father or the satiric cruelty of either parent or tutor, the natural processes of life are arrested and any sort of malgrowth, physical or mental or moral, may ensue, because of the close correlation of fear and vitality. Wordsworth, whose philosophy often went deep even when his poetic inspiration waned, writes of 'the deep power of joy'; and we all know how mere pleasure adds to mental and physical capacity. If joy is the generation of power, fear and its concomitant misery are the parents of impotence. A study of innumerable 'cases' of the psychoanalyst reveals ninety per cent of examples of the damage wrought by fear to ten due to any other cause whatever. What is called obstinacy, in children as in animals, is nine times out of ten the expression of fright. The child starts by being inarticulate; and a frightened child is like an actor suffering from stage fright: his memory fails, he loses all ability to pull himself together, he cannot do the thing he would, however strong the wish. The inhibition of fear is upon his mind, upon his vocal cords; and the more he is overawed or threatened the deeper the obstinacy, because the deeper the incompetence of the will. When obstinacy is broken by violent treatment, it is broken because the blow releases fear into indignation. My own feeling is that Freud and other psychoanalysts were

decoyed into their mania for explaining every mental malady by sex-repression because this thing fear is in its effects essentially antisexual or repressive of mind sexuality. The frightened child suffers later from sex inhibitions, but these are due, not to direct repression of primal instincts about to be developed, but rather to the loss of vitality, resulting from fear; and this loss of vitality is expressed first and most obviously in the affair of reproductive capacity. The fact is known and attested by numerous experiences of every doctor, indefinitely multiplied in the war. Under stress of terror the very form of a man underwent change.

We can all give our own examples from childhood, and many of us from experiences either in the war or in respect of those who suffered in the war. It is perhaps worth giving two for the sake of the moral. A small girl, very happy and healthy, was told a tale of a burning house and shown a picture of two girls leaning out of a top window, while the lower stories were in flames. The picture made so deep an impression on her mind that she was in perpetual fear that her own house would catch fire. She would wake up at night and get out of bed to feel if the wall was hot. This she kept to herself, as children will, until the evening of her ninth birthday party. The entertaining, the big fires in unwonted rooms, accentuated her fear that fire was inevitable, and at the conclusion she went to bed in a misery of panic. The burden was such that she broke down when her father came to say good-night; and she told him the truth. From that moment her obsession went. She could not afterward remember what her father said; but the confession and the absolution, whatever it was, were sovereign. Her fears vanished. Life was 'glad confident morning again.'

That same girl after the war did service in an office concerned with the medical side of soldiers' pensions. Not one, but many, of the men whom she received dared not cross the middle of the room. They crept miserably close to the walls, victims of what the doctors call agoraphobia, — fear of the open, — bred by life in the trenches, where to show yourself was death. They reminded her of her own childish habit of feeling round the walls for the heat of incendiary flames. She could not but wonder whether they would not forget their fears and misery if they could share the feeling with some sympathetic soul. And they would.

One of the most successful dealers with shell-shock cases in France was a university professor of psychology. His whole endeavor was to persuade his patients to be articulate; and scarcely without exception those who would talk were cured. He had some mesmeric power, and in the early part of the war had considerable success with the British regular soldier. When the man was in some sort of mesmeric trance, he would issue a short, sharp order, as from a superior officer, and in most cases the man would instantly obey. Later in the war, when he was dealing with civilian soldiers, not brought up in an atmosphere of discipline, the abrupt command increased the mental obstinacy of the silence. He was compelled to a gracious, sympathetic, even wheedling, politeness. But the essence of his problem was the same: to make the invalid tell. How the silence and repressive fear were correlated with physical impotence is too medical a theme to discuss here. It is enough that the correlation often existed.

Now the power to utter at all — much more to tell an intimate secret — is itself oddly affected by nerves. One of the most daring of the big-game

hunters in Africa in the earlier days told me this tale of himself. He had wounded a buffalo which pursued him round and round a little clump of trees. The natives, after their manner, had fled and he was left wholly to his own resources. The chase continued for what seemed an interminable time; but at last the beast fell dead and the natives returned. Then the hunter tried to give them their orders; but not a syllable would proceed from his mouth. The power of speech had wholly left him. He did not recover it till he had walked and rested by the side of the road for an hour or more.

It may be concluded that fear is inarticulate and mortal. Its close associates are silence and impotence. It is among the worst enemies of the race of animals. Vast numbers of people die of the progressive loss of vitality due to fear. Some die directly and quickly from fear, as in cases of exposure or the hearing of ill news suddenly. Occasionally with men and other animals fear drives them to direct suicide, when you discover this incredible contradiction: that fear of death persuades its victim to embrace death, as in Walter Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth* or the behavior of horses in a fire.

Almost or quite the greatest happiness possible to the human mind follows the sudden casting-off of fear or the discovery of the possession of courage. It may literally and actually rejuvenate — change the very physical form. Not a few of the bravest acts recorded in the war were done by men who had been almost paralyzed by fear a few moments earlier. They experienced very much what the shell-shocked patient experiences when he has unloaded the burden of his dread and straightened his moral backbone. Action was to the one what speech was to the other. I have told several

such tales in a book (*A Traveller in News*), but came upon many more instances than are there recorded. Here is one.

'The man's a coward. Take my word for it, he'll be missing one of these days.' So said one officer. The other was of much the same opinion, but he added, 'All the same, I've seen those nervy fellows turn up trumps.' The man they spoke of was one of the obvious cowards, because he was a self-conscious coward, always thinking of his own cowardice. He kept saying to himself, 'If I make the others funk I had better be away,' and daily, against his will, schemes of escape of the wildest sort waltzed round his brain, but brought no decision. At last this rage of indecisive misery reached a pitch that became intolerable. The night was moonless but clear, and from the pit of the trench the stars seemed to look down with a pitiless scrutiny, which added to his wretchedness more than any sane and solid mind could well understand. Before he knew what he was doing the coward slipped over the parapet and began to make his tremulous way toward the German trenches in order to surrender, to desert. Further fears now seized him and he sidled off to the left, afraid to surrender, afraid to return. So for a while he wandered, an insane vagrant, through the purgatory of No Man's Land, beneath the accusing stars.

He could not remember afterward how he came to see so suddenly the thing in front of him, but his belief, from a muddled recollection, was that he had fallen flat upon his face on seeing the explosion of a star shell. At any rate, there within a yard or so of his eyes was the muzzle of a machine-gun hidden with devilish cunning in a pit well outside the German lines.

He heard a gruff whisper and the

muzzle moved. With as little reasoned thought as when he fled from his trench, he jumped past the muzzle, pulled aside a mud-covered plank over the hole, and when real sanity returned to him he found himself in a spacious enough room with two — he thought two — dead Germans lying in front of him. At any rate the machine-gunners were dead, and he had killed them.

In his excitement he was conscious, he said, of a sense of being born again. He had meant to call 'Kamerad!' to the first Germans who approached. He had rehearsed all sorts of forms of surrender, but somehow, instead of obeying reason, he had attacked the Germans as a ferret attacks a rabbit, and had killed them dead — stone-dead. His brain and will were clear.

Quickly and silently he cut the shoulder straps from the dead Germans, then released the machine-gun, dragged it out of the hole, took it on his back, and returned to his trench, helped by the light of the now kindly stars and a faint hint of dawn.

The next day, much against his will, he was sent into hospital with a very severe strain in the back and a flesh wound in the calf, got somehow in the struggle. While he lay there he longed, as not one in a hundred longs, to go back to the trenches, that he might exercise this new possession of his, this strange thing called courage.

Illustrations of the meaning of fear to the organism are legion, and not all come within any theory; but it is clear enough that the weight of fears may be acquired like a weight of sin and exert as powerful an influence in destroying the use and happiness of life. It is scarcely questionable that confession — with which, in its ecclesiastical form, the writer himself has no sympathy — is a very real method of meeting one of the essential troubles

of life. It would be a disaster to universalize the practice of confession to the members of a religious fraternity; but in the guidance of life a plan for dealing with dread is hardly less necessary to an educational system, especially in the home, than a plan for dealing with sins or crimes. There is a technique for imparting courage. How very many soldiers banished fear by cultivating a sort of intellectual fatalism. One man put it this way: 'If I take every precaution and tease myself every minute by taking thought for my safety, I shall not increase the chances by one-

half per cent. Let me then cast off such encouragements to dread and proceed like the Happy Warrior, "as a man inspired.'" I quote this, not to suggest that a fatalist creed is commendable, but to indicate how a definite intellectual argument may establish courage and confidence. Any good psychologist could make out a syllabus of instruction by which parent or teacher could effectually deal with these repressive fears that are the worst evil of childhood and lead to strange and terrible perversions of the moral and even physical being in after-life.

THE OLD WOMAN

BY ISABEL HOPESTILL CARTER

YOUNG Caroline trod majestically into the sunny parlor, balancing on her head a round brown box. This was a scheme to attract the attention of old Caroline and lead up naturally to the matter of suggesting the charming box as a token of esteem from the old to the young. However, old Caroline was both unseeing and, in the main, unseen, for two veiny hands held outspread before her the *Bath Daily Times*; her feet, bony and jointy in those thin leather shoes that old women manage to buy somewhere, rested flatly on a red wooden footstool that served her comfort when she sat at the window in the high-backed rocker; her lean old legs were draped in a cotton gown printed with red forget-me-nots. The light, striking through a single thickness of paper, revealed the fact that she studied the inside of the back page, devoted to news of Boothbay, Popham, Winne-

gance, Woolwich, Wiscasset, and Dresden. The breeze from the Kennebec rustled the curtain against the paper; there was no other sound.

Baffled, young Caroline flung herself on the old sofa, resting her neck on the back and stretching long legs out into the middle of the hideous carpet. Idly she polished the flat box on her thigh and contemplated the familiar Bailey gods. The carpet; on the opposite wall the oil painting, not so bad as some, of the ship *Mary Spaulding*, and a print, in a chipped green frame, of the bark *Arethusa*; a cut-velvet picture and a little mirror in a mahogany frame with an intricately cut outline; a round framed photograph of Winchester Cathedral and another of an Indian temple. On the white mantel there were two beautiful Chinese vases and, in sociable juxtaposition, a large and sinfully ugly red-pottery pig which held

a mass of goldenglow; an old fat Bud-dha sat there, too, beside a sandglass. Above young Caroline's dark head hung a gilt-framed mirror with a colored farm scene at its top, a mirror known to be capable of performing wonders in the way of distorting even the most symmetrical features. The chairs were old and severe, and thoroughly disapproved of a black-and-silver lacquered table that gleamed wanton from a corner.

Somewhere a clock in a great hurry banged six times in bursts of two. Old Caroline began a struggle to get the paper to collapse into its creases; the accursed single sheet in the middle seized the opportunity to slide out and skid across the floor, only to be captured and returned to the fold by young Caroline. Old Caroline vented small irritated sounds while she strove with the frenzied *Times*, but, at last subduing it with some well-placed blows, she laid it on the arm of the sofa and folded her hands on her beflowered stomach. She became aware of young Caroline alert in the offing.

'Oh!' she said. 'Where's Joel?'

'He's out on the porch. Look, Aunt Caroline, may I have this box? I found it in that bureau in my room. It has n't anything in it but some old hat-trimming.' She crushed it to her breast, wrenching off the tight cover. 'Those were pretty little birds. Look, auntie.' Old Caroline, stretching a shaky hand, took the box into her lap. There were three dried skins of birds, with heads iridescent and gorgeous; one imagined them rushing brilliantly from flower to flower in a tropic forest. She smoothed their shining crowns, the two that were splendidly green and the one that was brown with a golden cap.

'Did you have them on one of those absurd hats people used to wear?' inquired young Caroline. 'They look like real birds, don't they? I don't see

how anyone could put them on a hat.'

'Hat!' Old Caroline's voice was faintly surprised. Her eyes grew dreamy. 'No, I never had them on a hat—' A long silence fell. She sat very still in the tall black rocker with the little long-dead birds in her old hand and the round brown box in her lap. She was old and serene; her thin gray hair was neatly disposed to cover, as far as possible, the pink scalp; her absent eyes were a faded blue, beset by a million wrinkles. Her life, one felt, had been placidly happy.

Old Caroline was young Caroline in that far time, and she had been married a year and three days. Hot and miserable and uncomfortable she lay on her back in the wide built-in bed with the thick posts reaching to the ceiling of the cabin; the light in the outer room dimly illumined the stateroom, and it gleamed on the brass rim of the compass bolted to the ceiling over the bed; the compass card bobbed and bobbed with the weary plunge of the ship. She could not read the compass and the light was faint, but it seemed to her that the card flopped back and forth and back and forth across the vertical black line that was the ship—back and forth, back and forth. With every aimless lunge in the swell she heard the lifeless flap of canvas and the jerk of heavy yards. On the poop deck just above her head the wheel creaked unceasingly, and the mate's soft footfalls padded across the deck and back, across and back, across and back; from time to time he stopped and she knew he leaned his elbows on the house and stared at the stars and the dangling telltale and the lazy sails; then he began again his endless pacing. For an eternity she had heard these same noises.

The mate jogged down the starboard side. The man at the wheel began to

sing softly — it must be Mads. Only yesterday morning when she went on deck she had found Mads at the wheel and had said to him, 'Just a few days more, Mads!' He had looked quickly at her, and cast his vigilant blue eyes down at the compass, murmuring, 'Yasss, ma'am.' Rise and fall, creak and groan, flap, flap. Even if they were a week later than Joel had estimated at the beginning as the very limit of a long passage, there would still be time for her. At dinner Mr. Adams and Joel no longer bothered to exchange their figures on the day's run, which was encouraging. But dinner itself was tiresome with the flour almost gone, the butter and sugar all gone, and beans their staple diet; Joel fumed like an old woman over the food. Well, it probably was n't so good for the baby, but they would be arriving soon.

She rolled hotly over on her side and stared at Joel sitting under the hanging lamp. Every night he read like that. After they had finished reading aloud from the sea-worn green Shakespeare and she had gone to bed, he still sat out there and read. Now he leaned back, gazing across the cabin with knitted brows. As she watched he half-closed the book to feel in a pocket for a pipe, and she recognized the tan leather cover of the book. Old Bowditch! Why, he must know old Bowditch by heart!

'Oh, Joel!' she called softly. He started. 'What are you doing?'

'Reading.'

'What are you reading?'

'Oh — *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*,' he responded. She was on the point of remarking in her surprise that the Shakespeare was green, but it hardly seemed worth while. It was doubtless some joke of Joel's.

'Will you get me a drink, Joel? I'm so hot.' He rose instantly, laying the book on the wide arm of the chair,

unconscious of her observation. Why, that was n't old Bowditch, either; old Bowditch had a broken back sewed up with string. What was that book? She rolled back into her own corner as Joel stepped back from the forward cabin with the water. She had seen it somewhere, a thick tan book with a wide red name-piece on the back binding. She drank the warmish water gratefully. Joel was a good boy to her, but if she had known that a bridal trip around the world would end in discomfort like this —

That was the medicine book! That was what he read every night with such grimness.

It explained everything. Over on the chart table the chart, which used to be held open all the time with the parallel rulers and the dividers and the corner of the chronometer, lay curled up tight in the provoking way of charts, discouraging to investigation. So Joel thought it was going to happen at sea. She was frightened. . . .

Old Caroline rubbed the box. 'The comprador gave it to me in Shanghai,' she said. 'On my wedding trip. It had a beautiful silk embroidered handkerchief in it. A big silk handkerchief, a yard square, I guess, embroidered in flowers, soft and lovely. I kept Joel's father's watch in it, which Joel prized. He never used it at sea, of course. It was n't much good, anyway.'

It turned out to be a rather good baby, not very big, but very slippery. Caroline found herself constantly snatching him just in the nick of time by a fat leg or an arm; but he was perfectly good-natured about that and about almost everything except his meals. Joel became a very clever nurse in a short time, and exhibited his son to the mate and the second mate. The steward begged permission to take him

out to show to the men, and as he claimed to be an adept in the dandling of babies, — one pictured him as juggling three or four babies at once, keeping them constantly in motion in the air without the least slip, — the favor was granted and he withdrew, carrying the little red pig in a comfortably professional manner. He returned in triumph, bearing gifts and compliments and promises of more gifts. Ben had almost completed a particularly neat Turk's head. Old Bill had presented an Alaskan salmon-spear, five feet long. The carpenter had begun forthwith on a labyrinthine rattle; Tom was doing some wood-carving, and very mysterious he was about it, too — the steward thought, sniffing, that it was going to be a doll. The bo's'n, ready for any occasion, presented a very useful walrus tusk. A pair of ivory dice, loaded, had been rejected by the steward, in his official capacity, as an unsuitable gift for a moral infant.

Joel set the baby down in the log-book with the utmost exactness as to latitude and longitude. He marked a red star in the margin opposite the entry.

In a few days Joel calmed down after his ordeal and Caroline began to recover somewhat from hers. Then, for no apparent reason, everyone got into a state of nerves. Caroline, not greatly interested, suspected that some old wretch of a seaman in a bad temper had said babies on a ship brought mean weather, and so all the silly sailors were wrought up over that. Certainly the sails still slatted and pounded, the ship lumbered about, and, though they were far beyond the equator, it grew hotter day by day. Caroline could not sleep much for the heat and the requirements of her offspring, and Joel seemed not to sleep at all. Repeatedly at night he went on deck 'to get a breath of air.'

One day Caroline took a short walk. It had been excessively hot in the cabin, but nevertheless she felt rather well, as she had not suffered any nervous shocks that day from having her little greased pig try to elude her and dash his ten-day-old brains on the deck. So she wobbled along through the forward cabin to the high doorsill that kept the bad-weather seas from rolling across the main deck and making themselves unwelcome in the cabin. This obstacle she awkwardly surmounted, stepping across the grating outside on to the deck. It was like a griddle; the black stuff between the planks oozed up soft and gummy and stuck to her shoes. The broiling sun menaced her, and her legs unhappily turned to macaroni. Her dazzled eyes were caught by a group of men on the fo'c'sle doing some extraordinary thing with the big boat — painting it, perhaps. As she turned to flee from the glare to the dimness of the cabin she saw in the mizzen rigging a long string of limp gay flags — there was probably a ship in sight. Possibly they were going to borrow some potatoes or something. She reached the haven of the big chair just as Joel's deliberate steps sounded on the companionway stairs.

'I went on deck, Joel,' she volunteered, much elated. 'But it was so hot I did n't stay.' He filled a pipe, sitting down on the ugly red divan. His glance at her as he sucked the flame of the match down to the bowl of the pipe was very gentle.

'Is there a ship near?' she pursued. Joel might sit there for a year and not think to tell her! 'I saw the flags. Are you speaking her?'

'No,' he answered slowly. 'It's only a signal. The ship is on fire, Caroline.'

It came like a blow; for a moment it seemed impossible that those quiet words had actually been uttered. Her eyes grew to be huge blue spots on the

pallor of her face — staring blue spots. 'Don't be frightened, dear,' he murmured. (Her pride, indignant, administered a sharp prod to her courage. 'Anybody who can have babies at sea can be shipwrecked creditably,' it admonished. She must say some bold words.)

'Shall — shall we have to leave the ship?' she quavered. ('Now, could there be a more idiotic question?' remonstrated pride. 'Everyone will think you are a fool and a coward besides.')

'The hatches are battened down,' he replied. She did not know what that meant. 'But I think we'll have to abandon the ship to-night or to-morrow. You'd better get a few things together. This is n't what I would have chosen for a wedding trip for you, Caroline!' The cry broke unexpectedly through his teeth, and he dropped his head in his big brown hands. His pipe fell and scattered embers about. 'I am so sorry,' he muttered, struggling to regain his admirable calm.

'There, there, Joel,' she comforted. 'I don't mind.' ('Now that sounds better,' remarked her pride to her courage; 'shipwrecks are nothing to babies.')

So she gathered a few things. She arrayed herself in her best black silk, made for her wedding outfit, according to the traditional New England custom. She took the round wooden box containing Joel's father's watch carefully folded in the rich silk handkerchief. She collected a few meagre supplies for the baby, some vaseline and what not. Then a brown cashmere shawl, and she was ready — tremendously composed, she flattered herself, with her hands and knees trembling and her heart pounding her to bits. Joel was making some leisurely preparations, too; he put together in a neat pile his sextant, some instruments, a chart, a few bottles from the medicine chest, the green Shakespeare and old

Bowditch, a big new oilskin coat from the slop chest, the ship's papers, the logbook.

'What do you take the Shakespeare for?' babbled Caroline.

'Why, I take it everywhere!' responded faithful old Joel.

All the afternoon Caroline listened to strange sounds of preparations, holding her fat pig in her arms for fear she might abandon ship and forget him, not having had him so long as Joel had had that old green book. The steward came and went in the pantry, and Joel conversed briefly with him in low tones about condensed milk and hard-tack. There were unusual creakings and thumpings outside the forward cabin windows, which Caroline, very erect and ready, opined to be related to the boat davits. She wondered how they'd get the big boat down off the fo'c'sle. She would like to know how near the land they were, but she hesitated to ask lest Joel think her frightened; she was just as calm as anybody, she was sure. Calmer.

In the morning they took the final steps. Caroline sat for the last time on the poop in the barrel chair, with her baby and her bundle, like an immigrant woman, and watched everything. Three boats there were — Joel said that any one of them was as big, almost, as Christopher Columbus's ship, but Caroline knew better than to believe that. The second mate was the first to go; he came up, with the ship's cat under his arm, to say good-bye and to shake hands with Caroline. Joel gave him some sailing directions for the mainland.

'You can't miss it,' he said. 'Of course, it's farther than Juan Fernandez, but you can't navigate. You've got the younger men in your boat — you may have to push them some unless you get picked up. Mr. Adams and I will make for Juan Fernandez.'

They shook hands, and presently the boat floated off from the side of the ship. Wisps and ribbons of smoke were coming through the deck near the main hatch. How far from land could they be, thought Caroline.

Men were dropping into the second boat. Mr. Adams shook hands with Caroline and the baby and with Joel. He had Joel's own chronometer in his hand, and he uttered a parting protest.

'The ship's is all right,' responded Joel. 'You will have to push your crew a little with your provisions. You may get picked up. If not, we'll see you later. Good luck!' The mate's old brown felt hat vanished. They must be a long, long way from land.

Two or three sailors got into the third boat. Joel took Caroline's bundle and the baby, and shortly she saw the bundle disappear over the rail. Joel gave the baby to Mads, and Caroline in a sudden frenzy of anxiety hastened to the side; but Mads managed the baby as if climbing up and down the tall sides of burning ships with slippery babies were the regular work of an able seaman. 'The sailors ran up and down like monkeys. Then it was Caroline's turn; she hated those up-and-down wiggly ladders.

She crouched on the rail, clinging to Joel's hand on one side and to a tarred black rope on the other, and peered outward and downward at a diminutive boat bouncing below and at the white specks that were the faces of seamen gazing up. At Joel's command one of these began to mount the ladder.

'Turn around, Caroline.' That was the pinch — to let go of the things you had hold of and turn around quickly enough to snatch at them again with the other hand, and to go down that ladder backward with your face to the black ship, like a woodpecker — terrifying. 'Turn around, Caroline.' She turned. She was successful; she

clutched Joel with her right hand now, and stretched her foot down, down. Where was it going? Why did n't it light on something? Oh, there! 'Take hold of the ropes. There — step down.' This was an endless ladder. She tried to look down between the ladder and her body to find the next step, but her skirt caught up on every step and she had to keep taking one hand off to brush it down decently. Why, she had put her black silk dress on over her gray one — how could she have done that? 'Keep hold of the rope!'

The places for her feet were farther apart every time. Joel said something, but not to her. She lifted her face and saw him miles above her. 'Go on, Caroline. Step down.' She put her blind foot down, down — oh! A hand caught the feeling foot, pulled gently, and placed it on a step. A big red hand covered with shiny hair appeared below her own on the rope, and a gentle surrounding pressure told her that she did not have to finish her acrobatic feats alone — a red hand always beside her and an unseen hand that found a place for her nervous feet. If she ever went to sea again she would practise on ladders first. Another step, another, and her foot touched something hard that yet sank sickeningly under her — that was the boat. She turned enormous blue eyes over her shoulder, and many hands reached to steady her, and many grins greeted her from seamen who in their remarkable way seemed to be holding the boat to the ship's side by the palms of their hands.

Now she sat down in the stern of the boat, exhausted in mind and body. The baby, wrapped in the brown shawl, lay screaming energetically on the deck boards. There were five sailors. Why did n't Joel come? Where was he? An uncle of Caroline's had gone down with his ship. Joel could n't mean to stay on board! He had said once — But it was

all right, after all. There were still some men on board. Everywhere she looked now she saw little whiffs of smoke, just like a firecracker about to explode. Someone dropped an umbrella like a harpoon into the boat, and the sailors laughed gruffly. Four more sailors came down, monkeylike, and then they waited, waited. Then two more. After an interminable time Joel descended the dangling ladder, as casually as he might a staircase, with some papers in one hand and a bundle under his arm.

‘Shove off,’ he said.

The ship very soon was leaking gray mist all over like a smoky stove, and anon it leaped into flame, fire running up the tarred rigging, chasing the colored flags that were not needed any longer to tell that the ship *Mary Spaulding* was in peril by fire. Wood and rope and canvas, pitch and tar and oil — they make a gallant conflagration! Thick black smoke and orange flame! Suddenly Caroline wept. The poor ship! It was so small and forlorn, sitting there on the flat sea and burning up; and, even though it had behaved in a most untrustworthy way, a boat, just a plain boat with no cover, was in comparison utterly contemptible.

This boat had a mast and a small sail, but for a day or two there was no wind, only sun, and Joel made the men take turns laboring with four heavy oars. They were far from skillful at first, but after a little practice they managed very well, though not, to be sure, like a racing crew. They grunted a good deal, and during the day they became simply impossibly red in the face; but so did Caroline. Mads was a sort of officer and took turns with Joel sitting in the stern and steering. The boat barely moved. It rested on the light-blue hot water like a double boiler, and she and Joel and Mads and the fat pig and all the sailors were being steamed in it like

rice; and swelling, too, like rice. The sky was the bright blue cover of the boiler, and the sun made one red-hot spot on the cover. When the wind at last came, it dried up everybody’s face and hands, and the sun and wind together burned and cracked the skin like a paper put over a cake in the oven.

The first two or three days nothing happened. And after that nothing happened but the wind; however, Caroline had only fragmentary recollections of the later days. For a long time, for hours, she sat on the hard seat till she ached in every bone. Then she stood up; but it was difficult to keep her balance and it made her feel like *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, and tired her, too, and she sat down, laughing foolishly. No one else ever laughed. The sailors who were not rowing lolled about red and sweating; those who rowed waved back and forth and back and forth and gave out more gusts of heat to the already hot air. Caroline sat beneath her umbrella and peeped out at them surreptitiously and occasionally intercepted a returning stare. There was nothing to do. Time could scarcely be said to pass at all. It was hard to sit still so long on the wooden seat. Everyone edged about imperceptibly. Caroline shifted now to this position and now to another, and always a board or seam or edge began to dig into some soft piece of flesh until she simply had to move again. She tried sitting in the bottom of the boat, and all the hard places came most heavenly in different spots, so that she dozed against the edge of the seat until that hurt her back; and then she tried the seat once more. Oh, oh! Joel was the only one who had any change — except Mads and the baby and the sailors who rowed the boat. Joel stood up and took the sun in the glare of noonday; he sat down and figured and looked at the chronometer and the

chart, and he penciled a point on the chart and measured with the long-legged brass dividers and the parallel rulers; he scowled over the bright white paper. Mads steered and watched Joel, who hunched above the chart and pondered or else napped a little — the heat made one drowsy and the boards kept one awake. He talked in low tones to Mads, whose answers were all alike monotonous. 'Yass, sir, a little.' 'Yass, sir, iss far.' 'Yass, sir, I tink sso, ssir.' Only a thousand times he said 'Yassssir,' and the *s*'s hissed like a wet finger on a flatiron. It made her sleepy.

After she had been nodding and waking and changing her position, dozing and waking, for hours, the sun was still high in the sky. Under the protection of the umbrella she fed the baby, giggling hysterically with that shelter toward the supposedly baffled company. It felt Mother Goose-ish; but, try as she would, the exact verses dealing with the woman who lived under an umbrella eluded her, though she recollected other surprising situations which had been ably recorded. She appealed to Joel. Joel, however, murmured that once when he was a wild young man, the second mate of the Orion, he had been in a Black Sea port, and he and another wild young second mate from another ship had gone on a jaunt to a neighboring beach to discover the truth of the rumor that men and women went in bathing together stark naked. Yes, they did. It was true. Very sensible and matter-of-course. For forty years Caroline remembered Joel sitting before her, brown and serious, with his old hat pulled low, staring at her and the fat pig and telling them that tale.

The tedium of heat and aches was broken at last by sunset and a repast of hard-tack with a meagre dose of water. Joel bullied her to drink some condensed milk; just a little bit, he urged,

because it was good for her and the baby. Why was it good for her to drink something she loathed? He was n't a doctor. She would not; and then she did. The awful bluish sweetness that made her so thirsty — *gulp, gul-lup* — two choking spoonfuls. Ugh! She gnawed on the hard-tack like a dog on a bone; she kept a bit in her lap and crunched it from time to time. In the middle of the night she chewed on it and tried to sleep. She could not get comfortable lying down on the boards, for they were not the right shape, and she was not comfortable either when she sat up and leaned against the seat; she could not be comfortable anywhere because her bones and her figure were always in the way. It was terribly public, too, and what good was an umbrella that bounded out of one's hand if one dozed off when one sat and was quite inadequate when one lay? Joel slept and Mads sat at the tiller and crooned to the baby, who was trying to cry. Mads went away and Joel sat at the tiller. A hundred times in the night the wild animal that she had borne screamed for food, — he was n't just a pig, but a ravening wolf, — and she hid herself with him in the brown cashmere shawl and was thankful for the darkness.

A hot dawn and no wind. All day raged the struggle about the condensed milk. She threw a can overboard, which angered Joel, who called her a savage and a pig; so, contrite, she consumed three large nauseating spoonfuls, even to lapping the spoon, and fell to on her hard-tack to take away the vile taste.

She dozed and waked and held the baby, glistening with vaseline, on her lap under the umbrella in the fierce sunshine. The baby clamored to eat every living instant, so finally Joel held him, or Mads. Peering out from time to time from the shade of the

shawl under which she sat on the bottom of the boat, she viewed an un-nautical tableau: either Mads or Joel seated under an umbrella at the tiller ropes, cleverly balancing on his knees a disagreeable red infant that Joel strove to soothe with 'Camp Town Races' and to which Mads crooned, in the ribs and trucks of a once melodious voice, his repertoire of sad Scandinavian tunes. Whenever, after napping for an age, she wakened because the boards were so merciless and her legs had gone to sleep, she found the sun still standing overhead. Sometimes Joel whispered commands to the men, and behind her she heard their hoarse answering whispers. It was fantastic. Usually when Joel wanted something done he spoke firmly to the mate or to the second mate, and they at once sped roaring up and down the deck and the men ran and shouted, 'Aye, aye, sir,' and 'A-all fast!' and there was no secrecy or whispering whatever, and one realized with a thrill how powerful Joel was. Maybe it might be silly for Joel to bellow like a bull to the men in such a small boat, but at the same time it would make the boat seem bigger, particularly if one did not look over one's shoulder. However, it might wake the baby. He lay for the moment on the brown shawl beside her while Joel scratched in the log; he was like a chicken ready to roast, with his poor fat legs cramped up. In a burst of pity for his discomfort Caroline bent over and straightened his legs, but as soon as she removed her hand they doubled up again; moreover, the touch of her hand seemed to remind him of something and he began to whimper.

The days were hard to tell apart.

Again and again she roused from a heavy dream in a panic of fear that she had somehow lost Joel; frantic, she popped her head from the enshrouding shawl, opening her eyes suddenly in the

light. But always he was there, an awful spectacle indeed, cheering her with a grimace of a grin. He looked the master, silent, sure; he was burned and haggard, his lips were parched, a scraggly beard flourished exceedingly upon his countenance, but his red narrowed eyes restlessly searched the horizon, watched the sail, squinted over the dazzling chart. All was yet well. Then, blinded either by the sun or by Joel's shining presence, she slipped back into the shadows.

Nothing was continuous. She wakened — a picture flashed on the screen and was gone. Rarely she spoke.

Once she saw Joel leaning toward Mads, who held the baby on his lap and a condensed-milk can in one hand, and tried to dribble a little milky substance into the pink, yelling mouth of that wild animal, who flourished tiny hands and kicked his red legs in a temper monumental for his size. Two, or perhaps more, sailors hovered just behind her, watching.

'He ain't like it,' commented Mads hoarsely. His conclusion seemed completely accurate. Joel grunted.

'I don't like it either,' whispered Caroline in an effort to justify her son's peculiarities. 'I hate it, too.' Several pairs of eyes turned to her, red-rimmed eyes in hairy faces.

'It's all there is, Caroline,' she heard Joel reply as the picture faded away.

Another time she saw almost the same scene save that the baby was sucking voraciously on a wisp of grayish rag dabbled frequently into the glittering can.

'I don't believe it's good for him,' muttered Joel.

'He ain't got the teeth for hard-tack, sir,' submitted a remote voice which resembled that of the donor of the Alaskan salmon-spear.

Again, in the passage of days, Caroline came to herself, an anxious parent,

and whispered an inquiry of Joel as to whether someone had attended to her child's diapers.

'We got 'em trailing on the end of a line,' reported that reliable sea dog and, straining, she glimpsed indeed a patch of white leaping in the wavering path of the boat.

'Salt water,' she protested. 'I think it will hurt his poor legs.' But Joel patted her hand and she drifted off again to where her mother was making gingerbread in the breezy kitchen in Wiscasset.

Days and days and days. . . .

She dreamed that she was sitting on the splintery yellow kitchen floor in the bright warm oblong beside the screen door, and a big bad fly was on the outside, buzzing and buzzing, and pushing to get in — no, a hand was pressing on her shoulder and a familiar croak called to her.

'Caroline! Caroline! An island!' She was still in the boat. She opened her heavy eyes and blinked, but there was no island to be seen. No island. None at all. She put her head down once more, but the inexorable voice went on and on — a voice with a hint of authority.

'Caroline! Wake up! It's an island — for you and the baby and everybody.' For the baby. Oh yes, for the baby. She had almost forgotten him. He had cried all day and all night and had been as bad as beans, but he was good now; he had heard about the island. 'Where?' she moved her stiff lips soundlessly.

'Starboard bow,' said Joel's voice, quite close. Was starboard right or left? And if one looked toward the back of the boat, where was it then? She raised her head and peered at the dazzling tin-can sea with a strip of paper unrolling along it. There was no island. Joel was crazy. But he was so persistent.

'It's Juan Fernandez!' His husky whisper slid away from her, but his hand was inescapably tight on her bony shoulder. 'Robinson Crusoe's island. Listen, dear, we can get to Valparaiso and take a steamer home to Bath.' Robinson Crusoe was in a bright blue book with gilt letters, on the top shelf; he was the man who was cast away on a desert island with savages and goats. He tamed the goats and milked the savages — on Friday. No, he milked the savages and tamed the goats on Friday. He made him a coat of an old nanny-goat, and what do you s'pose made him do so? The baby might like goat's milk better than condensed milk in a shiny can with a blue cow on the label, — he was so unreasonable, — but if there were milk only on Friday and he wanted milk every minute —

Joel mumbled on and on and pinched her shoulder.

'Look forward!' He turned her reluctant chin. There it was! It was a vision of mountain tops and green trees rising from a shining sea, cool trees and bushes. Shade and a desert island — a better place for women to live in than the seclusion of an umbrella in an open boat with many men. She remembered the piece of hard-tack in her hot hand and lifted it to her lips, grinding it feebly with her teeth; it hurt her face to open her mouth even a little. For a while she stared at a delightful dark spot in a bright universe; it was at her right, a short distance off. Presently she made it out to be the umbrella, under which sat a fearful reddish giant covered with golden hair, with her own amiable little pig on his knee. A maternal jealousy stirred her.

'I want to hold him,' she whispered. Joel's hand bit into her shoulder, and he did not answer.

'He iss assleep now, ma'am,' Mads hissed at her. 'If I moof him, he cries, maybe.'

‘He does n’t like me!’ she lamented. ‘He’s a bad boy.’

‘Sssh, sssh!’ reproved Joel. ‘He’s been a good boy, and we are taking him to Robinson Crusoe’s island. A feller should be older when he goes to sea.’ He achieved a ragged, gasping laugh.

‘When he grows up —’ began Caroline; but she was tired of talking and forgot what she had had in mind to say.

Juan Fernandez was a pleasant place to rest. She had a canvas hammock made from the lifeboat’s sail stretched under the trees that smelled like sandalwood. She lay in the shade and was contented. The wind blew on her steadily, and the sun shone only in little patches through the leaves. The pretty sunshine. There were millions and millions of goats and quantities of strong milk and coarse meat and fish and fruit; there were a few curious people who seemed eager to get her what she wanted, though really all she wanted was to lie in the shade and watch the flowers and the birds. There were innumerable humming birds, as swift and bright as fireflies; some were bright brown with gold heads, and others, more beautiful still, were royally green, and their heads shone with a greenish-golden crown. They were prettier than any of the birds in Bath. She lay in her hammock or sat in the heavenly shade and reached out unsuccessfully to pat the swift things when they flew near.

When she came away, an old woman of the island, expecting to please, gave her the dried skins of three of those little birds. The poor dead pretties. . . .

‘You have n’t told me a thing!’ complained young Caroline. ‘Not one thing! You said there was a handkerchief in the box! Where did the birds come from? And where’s the handkerchief and Uncle Joel’s father’s watch?’

‘He was only a little baby, you know,’ murmured old Caroline, faded eyes fixed on the past; ‘and Joel wrapped him in the handkerchief — to bury him.’

In the old parlor the curtains blew in and out, and the pattern of the many-paned windows lay bright on the heathenish carpet. Old Caroline dreamed of her wedding trip, and young Caroline beat her restless feet on a stupid rug and was fiercely discontented with the present.

‘How old were you then?’ she burst out, hoping against hope.

‘Why, I was twenty-four, I guess. No, maybe I was twenty-five,’ old Caroline replied, frowning and calculating. Young Caroline snorted bitterly.

‘I’m *thirty-two*! I’ve never been anywhere except to New York and Boston and Philadelphia! There are n’t any sea captains for *me* to marry and I’ll never have enough money to go anywhere — *anywhere*!’

‘It is n’t anything much to go places,’ said old Caroline remotely.

CLEAR EVENING

BY SARA TEASDALE

THE crescent moon is large enough to linger
A little while after the twilight goes;
This moist midsummer night the garden perfumes
Are earth and apple, dewy pine and rose.

Over my head four new-cut stars are glinting,
And the inevitable night draws on;
I am alone, the old terror takes me,
Evenings will come like this when I am gone.

Evenings and evenings years on years forever —
Be taut, my senses, close upon and keep
The scent, the growing chill, the gliding firefly,
A poem learned before I fall asleep.

GLANDULAR ACTIVITY AND FEMININE TALENT

A REPLY TO DR. LEUBA

BY FAITH FAIRFIELD

THE question of woman's capabilities seems never to be settled. She must ever be analyzed and explained — her intellect or logic or emotional stability endlessly measured against man's as a standard. And always she is told that the results prove her inferior, and prove also that this inferiority is due to some inborn lack which cannot be overcome or successfully ignored. Therefore woman is assured that she may never expect to rise to the same heights which are possible to man. The certainty of inferiority is never questioned, but the lacking quality varies as the reliability of the proof is discredited.

The progress of man has never been impeded by preconceived ideas regarding his abilities, his proper interests, and his appropriate activities. Woman has always been so hampered. For generations her existence was narrowly prescribed because she was considered an inferior creature lacking a soul and possessing but a rudimentary intellect. As time passed, the existence of the soul took on less vital concern in the affairs of daily life. Then only was it conceded that it might be possible for woman to possess one, as it seemed improbable that she could thereby materially disturb the existing social and economic conditions. Equal intellectual capacity, on the other hand, was acknowledged only after positive experimental proofs, the results of which could not be disputed. Through

the ages woman has been biologically handicapped in exerting her intellectual powers and establishing her own equality. By minimizing this handicap through a civilization less wasteful of human life, woman is beginning to enjoy greater economic and social freedom, and thereby hopes to have an opportunity to test her powers. To discourage these aspirations, there seems to be a tendency among a few men of learning to search for new obstacles to her success. She is repeatedly reminded that the greatest scientists, musicians, and artists have never been numbered among her sex. Therefore she presumably must suffer from some deficiency which earlier investigations have failed to reveal. She is encouraged to believe that her humble place among the geniuses has no relation to repression, but is due to an unknown factor in her physiologic construction. She is reminded of the comparatively greater variability exhibited among males, as evidenced by the larger number of male geniuses — and also inmates of institutions for the feeble-minded. She is not told that the proof of this sex difference has never been established conclusively, and that some scientists believe the difference is in favor of the female. Possibly they reach this conclusion because they consider greater variability a doubtful advantage.

Through the ages there has always

been one particular organ or part of the body held in reverence as controlling the highest emotions and actions of the individual. We know, for example, that at one time it was believed that the dead heroes might return to earth only if the sacrum, a bone at the lower end of the spine, were preserved intact. Incidentally this is a particularly fragile bone, crumbling rapidly after death, and making the safe return of the hero through its integrity most precarious. The attention has gone in turn to various other centres, — the heart, the liver, or the brain, — as the quality attributed to each organ was most cherished. When the soul was most highly revered, woman had none. As the intellect became more important, woman lacked. And now, as ductless glands are considered the factors influencing character and the quality of intellectual and emotional activity, most assuredly woman possesses inferior, inadequate secretions.

Internal secretions are sometimes spoken of as the romance of modern medicine. Like romance, consideration of the scope of their activity stimulates the imagination. Their physiology is still in a somewhat indefinite and unsettled state because of the difficulty of determining the exact function of each gland. Apparently they are closely interrelated, so that dysfunction of one results in changed activity of others. Animal experimentation does not differentiate the activity of each gland conclusively, because the removal of one produces a compensatory hyperactivity in certain others. However, experimentation does reveal definite characteristic changes following the removal of each gland or part of a gland. The scientist undertakes the interpretation of these results cautiously, with the understanding that he is venturing in a field in which there is as yet little actual proof, and

realizing that his conclusions are but hypotheses which later investigations may prove unwarranted and utterly false. Undoubtedly hormones are the factors determining metabolism rate and therefore energy; but because their functions are not clearly outlined they have served also as an alibi to the credulous for many disputed causes. By claiming their dysfunction, the unscrupulous psychiatrist obtains the release of a condemned criminal, the quack collects his dishonest gains, the aged fools himself into a pseudo-youth; and now, because of sex-varying secretions, woman is offered a release from her newly discovered disorder, the inferiority complex. And why should not woman admit her inferiority frankly if it does indeed exist? If she lacks sufficient energy to accomplish any great work, if her talents must ever be hormone-inhibited, let her face the matter squarely. As a student of history and of human nature, she obviously has a right, before she will even consider the subject, to ask to have this physiologic deficiency proved to her with methods and results which she too may test and verify. No one disputes the comparative dearth, through the ages, of women of great accomplishments. But why endlessly close one's eyes to present-day factors of environment and training which have an overwhelmingly inhibitory effect on feminine ambitions?

It is said that impressions obtained before the age of seven are sufficient to determine the course of action in adult life. If so, by the time she is seven it is definitely established that the little girl will never attempt to break through convention to make over society more to her liking. She will always endeavor to live up to man-made standards of her conduct, and will eventually become a well-disciplined housewife, subordinating

her intellect and desire to those of her husband. However, the training of the little girl continues after the age of seven, impressing on her in numberless ways the greater importance of her father and brother to society than that of her mother and herself. She is too immature and inexperienced to realize that these distinctions are arbitrary and symbolic of a crude past, rather than actual premeditated discriminations. Naturally, then, she may develop an inferiority complex, and credit is due her if she can overcome this handicap of training and environment and accomplish what her abilities warrant without compensatory bravado or undue meekness.

Lack of energy to accomplish great things may well be due not to internal inertia but to lack of external incentive. One may consider himself fatigued by his labors merely because he does not like the type of work and wishes to stop. It is common experience that labor is less fatiguing when one is pleased with his conditions of life. This pleasure may be associated with pride in the quality of the work accomplished, or merely with anticipation of emotional or intellectual satisfactions made possible by the products of labor. Often one tires because the reward does not seem to justify the price paid for it, in comparison with the reward someone else gains with equivalent or less labor. No one can deny that the man scientist's life, with his comfortable home and wife and family, is more to be desired than that of the woman scientist. His home life is a constant satisfaction and a spur to his ambitions. If the woman scientist marries, either her work or her home life must to some extent be subordinated, and either or both will suffer. Moreover, she will lack the economic urge of a dependent family whose social position is determined by the financial

success of her endeavors. If she is single she may try to interest herself exclusively in her work. Experience has shown that devoting one's life to a particular cause with the exclusion of the satisfactions of all normal instincts and desires is unproductive of creative labor, and dangerous to the well-being and especially the mental health of the individual. The desire for a mate is normal. Because of the present social conditions, or, if one is ultramodern, because of the imperfections of science, making necessary the physiologic handicap of childbirth and infant care, the average woman must still choose between domesticity and a career. If she chooses the latter she may be forced to let it serve as mate, home, and offspring to her. She may decide to follow the conventional pattern of housewife, but devote part of her time and energy to outside work. If she does this the work will inevitably lack in quantity or quality, and cannot be expected to compete with that produced by uninterrupted labor. Moreover, her home may be in such a location that she cannot possibly continue her work. If her husband has the same profession it will probably be convenient for both to gratify their ambitions. But if he has a different occupation a location favorable to his advancement may actually prevent her from accomplishing any work outside her home. In exceptional cases a woman continues her work without interruption after marriage, her home life being as subordinated to her career as a man's would be. The work these women accomplish is often exceptionally valuable, perhaps because they are emotionally as well as intellectually satisfied. This solution of the modern social problem is undoubtedly not ideal, but is probably most efficacious in giving woman an opportunity to develop her possibilities.

The young woman who becomes fatigued after a few hours of practising may be reacting to a subconscious desire to stop playing because she does not believe a career can give her the fullest, most satisfactory life. Perhaps her abilities, in spite of years of practice, will never be sufficiently brilliant to grant her more than second-rate opportunities and insufficient salary to make her surroundings comfortable. Being dissatisfied with her life, she will remember that instead of striving for a career she might have married. Marriage is considered a desirable and at present an adequate career for women, and does not require any unusual abilities. Unfortunately, by the time the student of music can consider it, choice of mates will have become very limited, and it will be doubtful if she can find a congenial husband. Perhaps she makes a brilliant success of her music, and sometime during her career marries. An intellectual man may be married to a low-grade moron with the sanction of society, but the husband of a woman of unusual ability is considered an object for pity or merriment unless his accomplishments equal or excel hers.

The financial situation should also be considered. A man may wear ragged clothing and defy conventions in his living quarters and the type of his work to support himself through years of preparation. As a young lawyer or interne, he may take the opportunity to finance his office equipment and himself through the first few difficult years of his practice by marrying a wealthy girl. The distinction of his professional title and her father's money are considered an even barter. Society justifies a mating determined by financial advantages rather than by

intellectual and temperamental compatibility, all other factors being equal. The woman student with equally slender means must live according to the more expensive standards of convention and has considerable difficulty finding appropriate work for her support. Her years of beginning practice are more difficult because she has to contend against a certain amount of sex prejudice still prevalent. She cannot expect a marriage which in return for her professional title will release her from financial worries and allow her complete freedom for her career. She is not to be blamed if she gives up her ambitions during her training and marries. Her defeat may not be due to lack of energy to accomplish the usual task of preparing for a profession, but to conflicting desires within her and a realization of the unequal competition before her if she continues studying.

The average college girl, in the same way, has less incentive to keep her interested in her work than the average college man. The latter anticipates a business or profession to which college is a stepping-stone. The average girl has no similar expectations, and must strive to make a success of her work inspired only by abstract reasons. A definitely increasing number of college girls, however, are planning to have some vocation. Of these, many will be able to continue their profession after marriage, without seriously subordinating it to their home lives. This means a fairer test of woman's intellectual possibilities if they must again be analyzed. At present the greater wonder is why the numberless external factors so materially affecting woman's ambitions and available activities are so studiously avoided, and the elusive hormone blamed for it all.

RUBBER

THE INQUIRY AND THE FACTS

BY GEORGE O. MAY

THE recent inquiry by the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce into foreign controls of raw materials raised a number of interesting issues. It inevitably brought up the question whether a country which was enforcing a highly protective flexible tariff could with any grace criticize control of raw materials by countries whose prosperity was dependent on exports of raw materials rather than on manufacture; equally inevitably the committee divided on this point on strictly party lines.

It raised such questions as whether control of production or export might in any circumstances be economically wise, and, if so, whether it was wise in the cases presented to the committee; what the effect of restriction on supplies and prices had been in the past and might be expected to be in the future; and what could be done to avoid or minimize injurious effects of such restriction.

Finally, it brought out clearly the fact that, in the absence of any material change in conditions, the time when the demand for rubber would exceed the supply could not be far distant.

Because of these facts, and because they make probable a renewal of controversy, it has seemed worth while to examine the record of the committee's hearings and its report with some care. Freedom of raw materials from governmental control is an attractive

platform, but doubts may well be entertained whether the recent inquiry was calculated to further its adoption.

I

In presenting the subject to the committee the Secretary of Commerce mentioned a number of commodities in connection with which he suggested that objectionable methods of control had been, or were being, employed.

The committee, endorsing the complaints of the Secretary, found as a fact that control of either production or export had been instituted over rubber, coffee, nitrates, iodine, potash, Egyptian long-staple cotton, sisal, camphor, and 'at times' Japanese silk. It described these controls as having certain common characteristics, such as that they were confined to commodities the consumption of which was mainly outside the countries imposing the control, and that all of them had brought about prices highly profitable to producers and some of them had advanced prices to exorbitant levels.

An examination of the published reports of the hearings shows that these conclusions are in some cases quite unsupported, or even contradicted, by the testimony presented on behalf of the Department of Commerce. For instance, in the case of nitrates the evidence negatives any suggestion of restricted output or unreasonable profits.

The only apparent cause of complaint is the Chilean export tax, but both this and the current prices of the product are stated to be substantially the same as before the war. In any case, the whole burden of the export tax that falls on the United States is given as only \$11,000,000 a year.

In the case of Egyptian long-staple cotton, the testimony was somewhat incoherent and quite unconvincing, the only point clearly brought out being that the United States took a relatively unimportant part — 10 to 15 per cent — of the production. It is difficult to see on what basis the committee reached its conclusions, and it was doubtless wise in refraining from any detailed discussion of the subject.

In the case of Japanese silk, the only evidence of control given by the departmental witnesses, or mentioned by the committee, was that on a single occasion in 1920, when the price of silk broke sensationally from eighteen dollars to six dollars, the Japanese Government made substantial advances to a silk corporation to avoid a complete demoralization of the market.

Rubber was, however, the main subject of inquiry; it is upon the validity of the Secretary's charges and the committee's conclusions regarding rubber (the committee accepted so completely the rôle of an echo that it is unnecessary to distinguish between the two) that judgment on the inquiry must turn.

Upon the subject of rubber, the oral testimony given to the committee was perhaps less important than the documentary evidence; in particular, a report by the Department of Commerce in April 1925 on *Plantation Rubber in the East Indies* would appear to be of exceptional value. It bears evidence of careful and apparently impartial investigation by the representatives of the department; it is of recent date and yet, being published before the late rapid

rise in prices, was not influenced by the controversies which that rise occasioned. While this report was referred to and quoted to the committee by the Secretary, it may be questioned whether it was studied with the care which it deserved. One cannot but feel that, had the information which it contains been more carefully examined, many of the conclusions of the committee would have been substantially modified.

The East Indian plantations on which the world now depends for its supply of rubber are a development of the last twenty years. It was in 1908 that the planted acreage for the first time passed the half-million mark; the first million mark was passed in 1910; the second in 1913, the third in 1917, and the fourth in 1920. Since 1920 the increase has been only about 8 per cent, or less than 2 per cent per annum, and the acreage at the end of 1925 is estimated at 4,396,000 acres.

Rubber trees do not come into production until from four to six years after they are planted, and do not attain their full production for from eight to ten years. Consequently the effects on the potential annual supply of the steady increase in the planted area prior to 1920 will continue to be felt for some years, and the effects of the practical cessation of new planting during the last five years lie almost wholly in the future.

The great increase in the demand for rubber has, of course, arisen in connection with the automotive industry and has therefore been most marked in the United States. Nevertheless, with the single exception of a substantial investment by one American rubber manufacturing company, the development of plantations has been carried out almost entirely by foreign — and particularly British — capital, first in British colonies and protectorates, and later in the Dutch East Indies and elsewhere.

The fact that only a negligible amount of American capital has flowed into an industry in which this country is so largely concerned would seem to be of great significance in any adequate study of the rubber situation, but it does not appear to have been extensively considered, nor is it explained by the committee.

In 1921 and 1922, as a result of the constant increase of supplies and the industrial reaction of 1921, the level of rubber prices fell close to, or below, cost of production. With new acreage constantly coming into production there was apprehension among the growers that production would continue to exceed consumption and there was demand for action to restore the industry to a profitable basis. An inquiry was initiated by the British Colonial Office and resulted in the adoption of what is commonly known as the Stevenson scheme of restriction. This scheme established a system of standard production in Malaya and Ceylon — which together were then producing about 70 per cent of the plantation rubber — and provided for a limitation of export according to a sliding scale of percentages of production to be applied as the price of rubber rose or fell. Export in excess of the authorized percentage was effectively prevented by a prohibitive export tax.

Whether the action taken was wise in the light of conditions then existing is an arguable question. Business men and economists would agree that the presumptions are against interference with the natural operation of the laws of supply and demand, but there is today a greater readiness than before the war to admit that the presumptions may be overcome, and that steps may in some cases be desirable to modify the harshness with which these laws at times operate. The committee responsible for restriction frankly described

it as a temporary palliative which they recommended only because its consequences seemed likely to be less injurious than the alternatives which presented themselves. The fact that the scheme was approved by the Government of a country which has for generations stood on the principles of free trade and a minimum of governmental interference with commerce might have been deemed to lend credence to these statements.

The evidence taken by the committee on the question of the economic wisdom of the policy in the light of conditions existing in 1922 included no testimony on behalf of the growers, nor even that of impartial economists, but was mainly partisan and wholly inadequate. The members of the committee apparently gave scant consideration to this question and contented themselves with dogmatically asserting that such controls 'violate economic law and produce disastrous economic results both to producer and consumer.' It is by no means clear that the detailed findings bear out this sweeping statement.

II

In opening the case before the committee the Secretary of Commerce said: 'The object of these controls is universally asserted to be to stabilize prices to both producer and consumers at fair rates, and we would probably not be considering the question to-day if all these combinations had been content with fair returns, no matter how much we might object to them in principle.'

The committee's findings regarding the practical results of restriction may be summarized as follows: —

First, that, while restriction has stimulated supplies from nonrestricted areas which have in part offset the loss of production in the restricted areas, the net effect has been to diminish the

available supply of rubber, and that the scheme continues to restrict the supply; the net loss of production for the three years to October 31, 1925, is estimated at 146,000 tons. Second, that restriction has forced prices to figures which are three times the fair price, the comparison being between a market price of \$1.09 and a 'fair price' of thirty-six cents, the fair average cost being stated to be about eighteen cents.

No exception need be taken to the findings of the committee in regard to past effects of restriction upon supply. If, however, the committee is right in estimating the new production stimulated in nonrestricted areas at about 70,000 tons a year, it would seem that a continuance of this supply after the removal of restriction would quickly offset the net loss of production due to past restriction, estimated by it at 146,000 tons. Under present conditions such a continuance may reasonably be assumed, and the fair inference from the findings would therefore seem to be that, unless restriction is to be continued, the effects of the scheme on supply will prove to have been relatively unimportant and perhaps ultimately helpful.

From February 1, 1926, exportation of 100 per cent of standard production has been authorized. The departmental evidence regarding the effect of this action is contradictory. The Secretary, in opening the case, submitted estimates of potential output without restriction which were contained in the report above mentioned and were there said to be 'generous.' For 1925 this potential output was only some 80,000 tons in excess of the actual exports, as estimated by the committee, and on the committee's findings 100 per cent of standard production would have exceeded the permitted exports by about 110,000 tons. This evidence points clearly to the conclusion that 100 per

cent is more than is immediately attainable. When, however, it was suggested to the Secretary that the raising of the standard of export to 100 per cent in effect removed all restriction, he characterized the statement as 'simply propaganda' and 'misleading,' and said, 'The general calculation is that it would require 115 per cent to 120 per cent to obtain the full potential production.' This would mean that the potential production must be from 50,000 to 100,000 tons above the department's previous estimate. The Secretary offered no evidence in support of the higher estimate, and it is noteworthy that later, in answer to questions regarding 1926, he again put forward the department's lower estimates of potential production, and that witnesses for the Rubber Association of America accepted the lower estimates as correct. Moreover, such authorities as the London *Economist* and the London and Cambridge Economic Service take the view that the only uncertainty is whether as much as 100 per cent can be exported.

The committee has adopted in its report both the lower departmental estimate and the Secretary's statement that potential output is 15 to 20 per cent in excess of standard, being apparently quite unconscious of any inconsistency between the two.

The question at once arises why the control authorities did not make the removal of restriction complete in form if it was to be complete, or practically complete, in substance. It may, however, well be that none of the interests concerned desired such a step. In any case the authorities, through failing to lift the restriction earlier, had received a large — possibly too large — share of the blame for the subsequent rise in prices; they may well have shrunk from the prospect of incurring further blame for a sudden deflation. In this view the weakness of their position to-day may

be regarded as the natural result of an initial error in allowing restriction to continue after prices had passed all reasonable permanent levels.

It is more difficult to understand how the Secretary could have failed to recognize the inconsistencies between the different parts of his testimony on a question which goes to the very root of the real problem, and on which he was moreover making a charge of misleading propaganda. Whether potential output with restriction completely removed — as it surely must be in the near future if it has not been already — is 100,000 tons more or less is a crucial question in considering the rubber outlook. That the Secretary should put forward seriously conflicting statements on this question without attempting to reconcile them greatly detracts from the value of his efforts to enlighten the people of the United States in regard to this very important problem.

In view of the committee's findings concerning the effect of restriction on supply, it is difficult to accept its conclusions as to the effect of restriction on price. The loss of production found to have occurred is clearly a wholly inadequate explanation of the rise in price from $14\frac{1}{2}$ cents in the first quarter of restriction to the figure of \$1.09 which the committee uses. Nor is the acceptance of this finding made easier by the facts that the price has since fallen to sixty cents or lower, and that the committee attributes this fall to the action of the Secretary in calling on our people to economize in the use of rubber and to use substitutes. The obvious retort would be to say that, if the committee is right regarding the decline, the rise must be attributable mainly to our failure to economize earlier, notwithstanding that a shortage of rubber could be foreseen.

The extreme rise, like the earlier rise to \$1.21 in July 1925, was unwarranted,

but may be regarded as one of the ordinary incidents of a sensitive market, which in turn was attributable to the unexpectedly great and sustained demand for motor cars and hence for rubber in America, coupled with an increased demand from the rest of the world. The point may be illustrated by reference to a report on the prospective demand made, as recently as the spring of 1924, for the Rubber Association of America by a statistician of high repute. As a rough check of results reached by more detailed methods, he used the assumption that the demand would be increased by twenty tons for every thousand cars added to the registration. In making his computation he assumed that the registration would increase by eight millions in seven years; and of the resulting increase in annual consumption of rubber of 160,000 tons which he allowed for he assigned 52,000 tons to the first two years. Actually the increase of registration in two years is nearly five millions, implying an increase of 100,000 tons in the annual consumption of rubber.

Those responsible for rubber control can scarcely be blamed for failing to foresee these developments when control was instituted in 1922. It would, however, seem to be a fair criticism that by the middle of last year it had become apparent that restriction was no longer necessary to maintain rubber at the levels contemplated by the scheme and that therefore it would have been the part of wisdom to remove restrictions when a runaway market began to develop in July. Such action would not have affected the rubber situation adversely and would have greatly strengthened the position of the rubber control. It would have obviated any possibility of complaints, such as have since been freely and not unjustly made, that the control has not been conducted in accord with the spirit of

the scheme and the explanations of its purpose to consumers.

III

The findings in regard to the cost and the fair price of rubber are of twofold importance, since they bear, not only on the reasonableness of the attitude of the growers in the past, but also on the attractiveness of the industry to American capital in the future.

The departmental report, in a paragraph quoted to the committee by the Secretary, mentioned a cost of sixteen to seventeen cents per pound for rubber landed in America, and this may be the basis for the committee's figure of eighteen cents. That report, however, indicated that this estimate, first, was based on a production of 400 pounds per acre, the average production being, as indicated by the report, about 320 pounds; secondly, was exclusive of bonuses to the managers — which the report elsewhere said were practically a necessity — and certain taxes; and, thirdly, was based on exchange at \$4.30 to the pound, so that the figure must be increased by about 13 per cent with exchange practically at parity.

In another place the report, speaking of a group of companies which was 'one of the best guides to present-day costs,' pointed out that 'despite the drastic economies effected' the cost per pound in 1922 was 11.9 pence, which is equivalent at present rates to just about twenty-four cents.

The president of the one American company which has large plantations estimates the cost per pound (excluding transportation) at twenty-five cents, and said he believed this figure would be a fair figure for the large British companies.

It is difficult to see how, in the face of this evidence, the committee could place cost much below twenty-five

cents, if cost was intended to include all expenditures which have to be met before there is a profit available for return on investment.

The committee supports its finding that thirty-six cents a pound is a fair price to cover both cost and return on capital by two arguments: first, that the hearings showed such a price would yield an annual return to the rubber growers of 15 to 25 per cent on invested capital, even in the case of plantations with higher production costs; second, that the growers admitted it was a fair price and that it was the objective of the Stevenson plan.

The first question is: What does the committee (and the Secretary, whom it follows closely) mean by an annual return? Does it contemplate a return during the necessary years of growth, which will be added to the investment on which the return is to be computed when production begins? If not, then a return of 15 per cent in productive years is grossly inadequate. Experience shows that established profit-earning businesses are constantly being sold in the United States on a basis which gives an immediate profit of 15 per cent per annum on the purchase price. Certainly a lower return could not be said to be adequate for a hazardous business carried on thousands of miles away in a tropical country scourged by malaria.

Yet on the evidence of the department's own report,¹ showing £70 (say, 340 dollars) spread over six years as the average present-day cost of bringing land into bearing, and adding as a part of the investment a return at 15 per cent during that six years on the amount from time to time expended, we find that the sum needed to give in any real sense an annual return of 15 per cent is about eighty-five dollars per

¹ See *The Plantation Rubber Industry in the Middle East*, p. 52

acre per annum, which on an average yield of, say, 320 tons means over twenty-six cents per pound. Thus, the price which would yield even 15 per cent to an average-cost plantation with an average production would, upon the evidence, be in the neighborhood of fifty cents. The low-cost plantations could earn 15 per cent with a substantially lower price, but if the yield were raised to the 25 per cent mentioned by the committee, or the case of the high-cost plantation considered, the figure would be much higher. It is safe to say that over the period of restriction the growers received a lower average price per pound than any American judicial tribunal would, upon the evidence, have felt justified in fixing as a 'fair price.'

Incidentally, this analysis of the evidence affords an explanation of the fact that American capital has played so small a part in the development of the rubber supply. While the only testimony on the subject of return on investment outside the rubber-growing industry was that of Mr. Firestone in regard to the profits of his company, the conclusion to be drawn from his testimony is no doubt the correct one: that over a period of years it has been more profitable to employ capital in converting purchased raw materials into tires and other rubber goods than to invest it in developing rubber plantations. Up to the present time our manufacturers and consumers have been benefiting from the readiness of British capital — particularly before the war — to flow to any part of the earth for rewards which were less than our capital expects and can secure at home. It is indeed a question whether even to-day rubber growing is likely to appeal strongly to American capital. The ten million dollars reported to have been raised recently for the purpose among the consuming indus-

tries would be but a drop in the bucket.

There remains the argument that thirty-six cents was put forward as the objective of the Stevenson scheme and that assurances were given that it would not be exceeded. Undoubtedly the committee spoke of eighteen pence (the equivalent of thirty-six cents) as a price which would leave a satisfactory margin over the cost for return on capital, but surely a 'fair price' fixed for the purposes of a scheme, as the limit beyond which a further increase should not be induced by restriction, should in principle be well below the fair price beyond which any increase would be unfair to consumers. The point on which the Secretary and the committee lay a curious stress seems to rest on some confusion of thought.

American consumers can hardly complain that a price is unfair unless it is clearly above the level at which production would be an attractive opportunity for American capital, and on the evidence thirty-six cents is far below that level.

Again, one regrets that the restrictions were not lifted when prices of rubber went far beyond the thirty-six-cent limit in the spring of 1925. But, while strong criticisms of this error of judgment might be justified, it hardly forms a basis on which charges of bad faith against the growers can be maintained. It is scarcely conceivable that individual growers, or a small group of growers, should, without receiving any consideration, have undertaken to give assurances that for an indefinite period of time the price of rubber would not be allowed to go higher than thirty-six cents per pound, or that our manufacturers would be content to rely on such assurances. Evidently, however, there was loose talk on the point, and doubtless genuine misunderstandings in some minds resulted from it.

IV

Summing up the impression one derives from an examination of the report and the evidence, the Secretary was evidently keenly alive to the fact that a rubber shortage was impending, and to the desirability of bringing to the attention of the American people, in a striking way, the need of some action to forestall this condition. This he has undoubtedly done.

If in doing so he has advanced theories and contentions which upon the evidence of his department seem incapable of being sustained, this merely confirms what some of the most ardent admirers of his ability and achievements have reluctantly concluded: that his undeniably great gifts lie rather in the fields of organization of effort and of public opinion than in the fields of economics and the dispassionate analysis of controversial facts. His plea for a policy of freedom of raw materials from governmental control suffers from a too strongly nationalistic approach, from an overstatement of the case in specific instances, and from a failure to anticipate the obvious retort upon our own protectionist policies and to set forth the economic grounds upon which he distinguishes between the two policies and bases his appeal.

The evidence fails to demonstrate that the restriction scheme was either very beneficial to growers or highly injurious to consumers. It rather raises doubt whether the benefits to those whom it was intended to help were sufficient to justify its adoption.

The continuance of control after the rise of last summer may legitimately be

criticized, but nothing in the nature of a serious grievance against the growers seems to be established. They have, of course, conducted their operations with a view to gain, and not from altruistic motives; but, viewing the whole subject in perspective, and taking one year with another, it is evident that they have provided the raw materials upon which a major development of our industry and comfort is based, at prices which would not have been attractive to our own capital.

The problem of rubber supply is a serious one and may be said to have entered into a new phase during 1925. It is fortunate that the change should have come at a time of prosperity so that its effects were not of serious consequence to our manufacturers or to our consumers.

Our people have a genius for economy in production, and our national vice is extravagance in consumption. Stimulation of the one and a slight curb on the other should suffice to bring about a satisfactory relation between demand and supply during the years immediately ahead, in which no great increase of production can be expected. The rise in prices will afford such a stimulation and such a check, and should at the same time encourage the plantation of new areas which will in the course of years provide for the natural expansion of demand.

If Americans find in the field an attractive opportunity for the employment of some of the country's abundant supply of capital, well and good; the record certainly establishes no case for our entering the field on an uncommercial basis.

'IS THERE ANY MAIL?'

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

If you would know how much the human race perennially wants to get a letter, be its postman when you can. You need not be officially appointed by the civil service, nor yet officiously appointed by yourself. For in the normal course of events in a busy life, if you are light of foot and lucky, the chance will naturally come.

Casting back over a varied career as informal letter carrier myself, I recall most vividly two of my favorite routes. One was urban, one was rural, and it would be hard to tell which of these parishes was more eager for its mail.

My urban route led over the staircases of a beetling apartment building in one of the tallest and most crowded cities in the world — this in the days before elevators were in such common use as now. I lived that year within the summit of the highest crag, and at the postman's early morning bell down along the zigzag stairways I would spin. And as I went doors would open along those high, impersonal halls, and faces would look out, and pleasant voices would call after me the magic words of the unofficial postman's license to perform: 'If you are going down anyway, will you please bring mine?'

Eugene Field, it is said, used to get acquainted with his city neighbors by dropping into their flats without notice and requesting a bit of pie. My method, I must admit, was less convivial, but pleasant in its way. It was well worth the trouble of peeling out the letters from behind those tight-fitting metal mail-box doors purely

for the pleasure of seeing, on my way back, the expressions of that highly conventionalized population come to life. Anticipating a letter, the human soul peeps out.

Once and forever I learned, that year, that it is not sheer bulk of correspondence, but the particular letter, that counts. There was, for instance, a certain beautiful dowager-duchess type of lady who counted that week lost when there was no letter from her son. Not that I ever scrutinized the envelopes in my charge, but as time went on I could not help learning to recognize the penmanship of that young man. And if the eighth day went by with handfuls of letters for this lady, yet not one addressed in the unmistakable square-cut fist, I felt at fault. On a grander scale, but similarly, I suppose the Angel Gabriel feels regretful when somewhere on his cosmic rounds he finds that he has among his messages no answer to a prayer.

At least, I never got over the feeling of triumph when I saw that I had fetched the one and only letter to my clients, or the sensation that I should really have done something about it when I did not. If there was nothing for one of my patrons except a paltry advertising card, I felt apologetic as I doled it out, remembering James Barrie's famous postman of the glen, 'whose bitter topic was the unreasonableness of humanity, which treated him graciously when he had a letter for it, but scowled at him when he had

none, "aye implying that I hae a letter, but keep it back."

My favorite rural route was on an island far out in the Bay of Fundy, where the wee post office flew the flag of the British, and all the stamps bore the image of good King George. The mail boat arrived three times in the week, and, at the proper interval after 'she blew,' every fisherman's house on the island had its courier at North Head, waiting for the letters to be put out. My sister and I, by virtue of our pleasure in walking, were the delegates from the tiny seaside inn. The boat usually came in toward twilight, and we would hurry down and take our places in the waiting line, which, like the rush queue at the Boston Symphony, would stretch far out of the box-office door and go curving down along the road. When our turn at the window came at last, one of us would seize the letters, the other the accumulated newspapers of three days, and we would go posting back, past the boat-landing, past the 'Customs 'Us,' past the long-stemmed wharves perched spindling up fantastically far above the water at Fundy's lowest tide.

We never loitered in the half darkness to sort the mail, for we knew our friends were perishing. Up along the narrow road between fishermen's gardens filled with sweet peas and monkshood and shadowy poppies we would sprint, until we reached the little inn on the ledge near the harbor light. And there our friends would rush from all directions to greet us, by virtue of the cargo that we had. We always gave it to our leading lady, or to the leading man, to sort out under the lamp, and they would toss it rapidly into piles, like bridge fiends playing cards. We were a civilized group, — no snatching, no pouncing, — but with our souls popping out of our eyes we stood intent. Two or three days of famine

between mails whets the appetite. I think that with us that summer it mattered less what particular letters we got on any particular day. We still had our preferences, but we were starving. Anything made out of ink and paper with an actual flapped envelope to it was plenty good enough for us.

Probably at the opposite pole from this extreme there is such a thing as being spoiled by too much and too frequent mail. The man of affairs who has to answer a bushel of it three times a day may conceivably lose the thrill; but even he draws a distinction between his inside pocket and his files.

In a certain public-spirited household where each member has quantities of miscellaneous mail, it is the custom for the tribe to flock from all quarters at the postman's ring. The one who first reaches the door assort the letters, and as he hands them around the others ask him quaintly, 'Was there anything?' to which he perhaps answers morosely, still parceling it out in bulk, 'No, not a thing.' To a guest this sounds like sarcasm, or a reflection on the value of individual friends. But to the initiated it simply means that on this particular morning there happens to be no letter from the member of the family who is away from home. And when that looked-for family letter does come the rest of the mail remains unsorted, and everyone perches to listen on the stairs; if anyone is still wandering about the house at large the rest shout to him, 'There *was* something!' — and to the entire avid congregation the letter is read aloud. If a far-away member of that clan wishes to write anything in confidence to his mother, he encloses it under the flap of the envelope in a little secret note. He knows that an actual letter from him coming into the house of an early morning and not to be shared with all would be too much of a tax on the

curiosity of his kin. For he has learned from experience that until his letter arrives the family will consider that there has been positively 'nothing' in the mail.

Some such emphasis upon home letters is characteristic of every united house. When my brother Geoffrey, at the age of nine, was spending a few weeks at a summer camp for boys, he wrote a letter to our mother which she has held up to us ever since as a model of correspondence for absent sons and daughters who are too busy to write long letters home. Geoffrey, in those days, was at the height of the cave-man stage, and he felt that his parents would be relieved if in any way he rose above the average in things genteel. His letter ran:—

DEAR MOTHER,—

It is a pleasant day. I am all rite. I hope you are all rite.

Tell papa I do not eat with my knife.

I would like you to send me some more cash, if you are not busted yourself.

With love,
G.

Within this modest compass, our mother pointed out, three virtues of a filial letter are achieved. In the first place, the anxious parent could read between the lines that up to the date of mailing, at least, no imagined calamities had come true; the writer had not been poisoned by camp cooking or pinned under a capsized canoe. If he could write that letter, he must, in general, be feeling pretty much 'all rite.' In the second place, it was gratifying to learn that in resisting complete collapse into the savage state he was making every effort to keep up the family pride. In the third place, there was remarkable insight in that proviso which Geoffrey thoughtfully appended to his appeal for funds.

In the years that have passed since the arrival of that letter, our mother

has often had occasion to assure us that we need not wait until we have time to write a long letter, or what we consider a 'good' letter, before sending some message home. This business of putting off the act of writing until one has time to do the matter justice is the cause of prolonged lapses and temporary blockade. A good letter waiting to be written puts an effectual embargo on casual notes that might otherwise go forward without delay; and the longer the long letter waits, the more the material for it multiplies, until the human reason staggers in contemplation of the task. Over and over our mother has explained to us that the veriest scrap torn from a memorandum pad arriving *on time* is worlds better than the painstaking work of art that arrives ten days late.

She impressed this upon Geoffrey so strongly in his student days that, when hard pressed for time, he would drop into the post office, buy several postcards, and write his home letter upon them, going smoothly from one card to the next without a break. The only flaw in this arrangement was the little circumstance that very often the cards, though mailed all at once, would be delivered at different times. Sometimes the middle of his letter would arrive first, a card without beginning and without end, which, like all good serials, would break off in the midst of its most interesting part, the conclusion of which would arrive by some later post. Our parents were so glad of any word of any kind that they did not mind waiting over a mail or two to patch the letter up. But our sister Barbara disapproved the method, and planned revenge. She bought two postcards of her own, and started a letter to Geoffrey, in which she reported some remarks that several girls had made to her about him in his absence. She very carefully timed her

material so as to reach the end of the first card just as she mentioned the name of the only girl whose opinion of him would disturb him much: 'Then this noon,' the first card concluded, 'I saw Priscilla on the street, and she —' Here ended the card. Obviously the rest of the sentence would be continued on the next. Barbara posted the first installment at once, retaining card number two for mailing on the following day. She estimated that this would give our brother at least twenty-four good hours to watch for the postman and to worry about what Priscilla might have said. Finally Barbara posted the second card, the top line of which went on, 'did not happen to see me, as I was going into the bank and she was just taking a car.'

If our mother had known about this plan in time, Barbara's postcards would never have been sent, for she could not have allowed us to disarrange Geoffrey's writing habits in any way. She had been at too great pains to teach him that any word from him was welcome — no method too patchy or informal, no detail too trivial, no generality too flat, to afford unfailing interest to relatives left at home.

Knowing my mother's ideas on this subject, and knowing too how well I liked to hear minor details myself, I used to fill my letters home with all those odds and ends of fact that go to make up what psychologists not altogether admiringly name 'total recall.' Geoffrey, to whom my letters were always forwarded, used to be immensely tickled at the style of document that the family considered 'one of Margaret's best.' On one occasion he resolved to emulate the manner, and wrote a masterpiece that he sent home on condition that it should not be forwarded to me. His effort was dated at the campus library, and it began, 'When we came down to breakfast this

morning, we found a rasher of bacon neatly served on a crockery plate, a knife, fork, and spoon at each cover, coffee served in a white cup accurately balanced on a saucer to match, with or without sugar and top-milk. After breakfast I walked with Spider Babcock up to the Hill, along Cosine Avenue, and arrived at my class in descriptive geometry, wearing my dark-blue serge with the hair-line stripe, my navy-blue tie with the black sprig, and my gray socks with the neat darn in the centre of the foot.' The letter went on to tell just what Spider Babcock said in class to Piggy Robbins, and what Piggy then replied, and how they all prospered in the subsequent appointments of the day — all as nearly as possible in my own conscientious vein. He expected a storm of derision from the family, and he got it from Barbara, who replied at once in kind. But our mother assured him that of all his letters this was the one that gave her the most animated notion of his academic day.

As a family scatters and grows older, it becomes more and more difficult to decide which letters shall be forwarded to the other members away from home. Sometimes in the most confidential clan one may wish to write a letter that will not bear circulation among all the brothers and sisters and all of their in-laws. Geoffrey and Priscilla, after their marriage, hit upon a simple device. If a letter of theirs was to be shown to the whole family connection, they marked it 'P. R. S. V. P.' This, Geoffrey explained to us, meant 'Pass round, s'il vous plaît.' Documents of a more incriminating or special nature were marked '*Don't* P. R. S. V. P!' with now and then a dado of skulls and crossbones to make the meaning clear. Some such device as this should be adopted by great men, to indicate which of their letters should and which

should not be printed in their 'Lives.' If only Jane Welsh Carlyle had marked her most neuralgic letters 'Don't P. R. S. V. P.,' Froude might possibly have stayed his hand.

With the branching-off of new families, there arises another question. How fully shall one share with the parent stock the news of untoward happenings and anxious times? There is a canny shrewdness in the old adage, 'What you don't know won't hurt you.' This may apply to some situations, and to those who are subject to hysteria and heart failure; but for sound persons of lively imagination and broad experience there is more truth in the reverse. Whatever they definitely know won't hurt them — it is uncertainty that kills. By means of their wits and their philosophy they have learned to cope with all tangible affairs. They cannot be stampeded by the actual. The thing that turns them gray before their time is the suspicion that they are being kept in the dark, considerably given only a partial knowledge of a situation, while letters become more and more noncommittal and infrequent, lest the facts should 'worry the family at home.' An unexplained interval between letters of this kind is the eternal camping ground for lawless fears. No actual emergency, no matter what a cataclysm, can compare with the conjuring powers of the experienced imagination not fully kept informed.

Shakespeare has given us many a model letter, but not one, I should say, more thoroughgoing than that letter of disaster in *The Merchant of Venice*, in which the facts are so adequately set forth: —

'Sweet Bassanio,' writes Antonio, 'my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit. . . . It is impossible I should live.'

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Receiving a letter that begins like this, at least you know the worst. Your mind is stirred up, to be sure, but you are not mystified. It is to some purpose that you can think. You may cut short your wedding feast, empty out your coffers, instruct your servants, consult Bellario, and get you to the ferry which trades to Venice, with imagined speed. All this you may do for Antonio if you wish. But you need not shrivel your good nerve cells with wild and worried conjectures as to just how Antonio's business stands. You know.

And if the experienced imagination is kept within bounds by complete and limiting facts in all calamitous affairs, it is proportionately stimulated by even the briefest items of good luck and happy circumstance. In the years when Geoffrey and Priscilla went to distant parts and made their home far from everyone in the two tribes, Priscilla managed to spare time from her busy days to send bulletins about their little son. The items about him were scarcely more than a sentence long, but they were definite, especially in the days when he was very young. For instance, there was this kind of item about the first exquisite dawning of a baby's conscious mind: 'He discovered his own hand this morning, and lay turning it to gaze at in the sun.' Not a long or labored letter, but a heavenly gift for a daughter-in-law to send to her mother-in-law, whose expert imagination would instantly re-create in a flash all the sweetness of the moment, — sunlight, first glimpses, attentive motherhood, the miracle of all sensitive eternal things, — from that one delicate wisp of fact reconstructing the total charming *mise en scène*.

But, though short letters can be so adequate and such a source of fellowship and cheer, they are hard to write when we get to owing them. After a

certain time has elapsed, we feel that nothing short of an Epistle to the Colossians will do. How shall we explain ourselves, we who have no explanation, and how shall we pick up the threads? In my possession I cherish a sample of the grand manner in this line, the most disarming apology in the world for a protracted gap in correspondence. It was written by a white-haired fragile lady of the graceful old-time school, and she opened her letter with these words: 'I know, my dear, how well you understand these inevitable, and inexcusable, delays.' The inevitable and the inexcusable! How perfectly most letter writers understand them, because they are the sins that most copiously we commit. Oh, those letters that we wish we had written, — and a few that we wish we had n't, — omissions and commissions the very hint of which can make the heart go down in its socket with a thud. If only some wonderland through-the-looking-glass King could stand under the Queen's rose trees and mutter to us as to Alice and the gardeners, 'You are all pardoned' — how our circulations would pick up! And how we worship that friend who, forgiving all our iniquities, writes to us out of turn whenever he feels like it, as if nothing had gone amiss, thus breaking up the jam in our mental logging stream. Rupert Brooke was an expert at this, taking up an irregular correspondence without recapitulation, but with a swiftly managed impression that he was still remembering old times and gasping for details. For example: —

I finish this tourist's effusion at 2 o' the morning, sitting up in bed, with my army blanket round me. My feet, infinitely disconnected, and southward, inform me that to-night it is freezing again. . . .

Oh, I sometimes make a picture of Conduit Head, with Jacques in a corner, and Gwen on other cushions, and Justin on his

back, and Ka on a footstool, and Francis smoking, and Frances in the chair to the right (facing the fire). . . . It stands out against the marble of the Luitpold Café and then fades. . . . But say it's true!

Even with an enormous stomach and a beard and in Munich. — Yours, RUPERT

Such a note creates, once and for all, both going and coming, the beloved human scene. One of the most winning moments in the letters of Ambassador Page is the passage where he assures his wife that he can hardly live through the seven and a half days that must elapse before he meets her in London — if it were seven and three quarters, he would have to hurry off at once and leave everything, and take a train.

Once upon a time, far out on a rugged New England coast line, a group of us went down to 'letter-box corner' to see if we had any mail. All the small mail boxes were clustered there, surmounting their stout poles at different heights and angles, like mushrooms on their stems. From a long distance away we could tell if there were letters, for each post box was equipped with a brilliant red tin flag, which was set upright by the postman whenever he left letters in the box. On this particular evening our luck was running well, and all the little crimson flags were stuck aloft, like an uprising of the Reds. We fished out our letters and sat down at once to read them on a rocky slope beside the road. As we finished, we were joined by the oldest inhabitant of those regions, a hale and successful real-estate expert of eighty-three, who had watched all the summer cottagers move in, and had sold most of them their land. He drew some business letters out of his box, and as he sat down on a boulder near us he remarked, not plaintively, but in the tone of one who mentions a matter of fact, 'Do you realize that I can never have a letter from any of my

relatives again? I have to depend upon a medium for that.'

'Do very satisfactory messages ever come to you in that way?' we asked.

'No, not what I should call very satisfactory,' said he regretfully. 'I suppose I am not mediumistic enough myself for that. But,' thoughtfully, 'I am sitting for development.'

'Sitting for development'—we meditated on this for a moment as we watched the slender tip of the new moon going down beyond the bayberry pastures in the west. 'I used to be a great skeptic about such things,'

mused the old gentleman at last, folding his business documents away. 'And I still am, to a certain degree. But when all your family and all your friends of your own age have gone, you don't know how you get to wishing for just a word.'

No — probably we do not know, but we can quite sufficiently imagine, we whose relatives and friends are still going briskly hither and thither somewhere upon the planet Earth. Quick, Ariel, the ink bottle! We have just time to get a short note written and into the evening mail!

CHILD DRAMA

BY ANNIE WEBSTER NOEL

I

CHILD drama differs from adult drama in having no audience. Everyone who is not allowed to take part immediately goes away. This is expected, and is provided for in the nature of the drama. If, for instance, several children want to stage a play, but are at the same time supposed to take care of the baby, a part is invented for the baby. An extra robin, or, if preferred, an elephant can always be introduced. A squirrel is always a welcome addition. A squirrel is so beloved that he is not felt to be out of place in any play. If the baby is bothering everyone, the rôle of a squirrel is assigned him, and he just runs around in the play, without any other connection with the plot. But he must be a squirrel, and not a baby, and anyone bumping into him must say, 'Excuse me, Squirrel.' A robin can be

introduced into almost any play if someone comes along unexpectedly. A robin who just stands around and hops or sings occasionally is an addition to any plot, even if not originally indicated.

A dancing part is always available. Dancing is a help in any situation. 'What shall I do while the baby is being buried?' I heard a sorrowing but restless mother of six ask the manager, who had just announced the death of the last child in the family, from scarlet fever. 'You can dance,' was the reply. Anyone coming in after the play has started may dance. And he can often simply duplicate a part. If, for instance, there is a villain who is a really good villain, why not two? Or, if there are already five children in the family, surely one more would only

improve the situation. There are a great many group parts in child drama. Additional firemen; rescuers from sinking ships; dying children or parents; multitudes of fairies; unexpected but always welcome babies, who can be fed, spanked, and put to bed handily, whenever the plot lags a bit — all these parts help to make an audience entirely superfluous, and whoever does not like the play goes away. If someone in a leading part, such as Father, Mother, or Fairy Godmother, has to go home, or gets hungry all of a sudden and leaves, this does not disturb the plot, for the person who has been taking the part, say, of Mother simply says: 'Now I'm the Fairy Godmother for a while, and Lucy can be the Mother.'

A great help in this adjustment of the cast to the plot is the usual lack of costuming. Children, when left to their own dramatic instincts, need no material aids. 'This,' I heard one small girl say impressively to another, as she pointed toward an empty space on the porch, 'is your rocking-chair. Sit down on it and hold the Baby, while I go and get Tommy, to be run over by an automobile. It's the only thing he'll do. Here's the Baby. Now don't drop her, and don't sing too loud.' And for fully ten minutes the patient mother sat on a perfectly imaginary chair, with her arms around nothing at all, singing softly. 'The Baby's grown up while you were away,' she announced to the manager of the play, at last returning with the starring Tommy. 'She's two years old now and she wants an apple.' 'All right,' agreed the manager and author, glad of any assistance, — for one other difference between child drama and adult drama is that the former is always made up as it goes along, — and she made a gesture through the air, as of one handing out an apple.

And here the play went to pieces — or it would have done so without adult intervention. For at the age of seven the one inflexible rule of the drama is that a thing to eat must be something to eat. It need not be the thing mentioned in the play, but it must be something that can be eaten. The author of this essay herself rescued this particular production from failure. She appeared suddenly, silently laid three cookies on the table, and with a profoundly dramatic wave of her apron disappeared. So the play went on. 'This is cake and ice cream,' remarked the author and producer, arranging the cookies, 'and since the Baby is two it must be her birthday.'

'And I'm the Baby's Brother,' announced Bill, putting down his saw and coming over to the stage end of the porch at the sight of the three cookies.

II

No arduous analysis of child drama is needed to show that action, rather than speech, is its instinctive quality. Gesture is everywhere present. The Robin hops, and his hopping is far more important in the characterization than his speech, for it is his hopping rather than what he says which distinguishes him from the Squirrel, who quite evidently does not hop. What the Robin says might quite well be said by any Squirrel, or even by an Elephant, or by a Fairy Godmother. Gesture supplies the call for stage properties of any kind except something to eat. In a child dramatization of Cinderella, overheard by the writer, Cinderella was changed from a distinctly dowdy person in ashes to a radiant princess in cloth-of-gold with silver slippers by a few simple gestures of the hands of another seven-year-old; and, 'as she stood flushing with joy under the admiring eyes of her playmates, another

of the cast stepped up to her, and saying, 'Now there is a great, big, lovely red rose in your hair,' with the touch of a forefinger added this last charm. It could not have been done without the gesture. Gesture will distinguish a rocking-chair from a plain chair, as it is quite evident that, if the person in it is rocking back and forth, the chair must be a rocking-chair. Gesture and position, far more than speech, will distinguish the Engine from the Baggage Car, although here, to be sure, the size of the actors plays a part, the smallest usually having to take the rôle of Baggage Car.

Speech is, of course, used in indicating stage properties. 'You must put that back,' the writer was assured earnestly one day, as she presumed to take a pillow from the living-room sofa for her own use on the porch. 'That's the Baby.' As she hesitated, some vague reminiscence of talks on discipline wandering over her consciousness, another of the cast stepped firmly up to her. 'You'd better put the Baby back quickly. She's got ammonia and you might catch it.' But gesture triumphed here, in the end, for presently one of the cast came out on the porch with the pillow. 'You can have it now,' said the actor. 'When it came to dying, Susie said she'd be the Baby. Don't you want to see her?' Susie lay stretched out on the floor, a triumphant smile on her face, her eyes tightly closed and her two small arms held rigidly in the air, while her fellow actors, converted by sheer force of her genius into spectators, stood around in awed silence.

Gesture helps out in the interchangeability of the rôles, which is so necessary a feature in a drama that is constantly being interfered with. There is a certain simplicity about it, compared with the speaking parts of adult drama. If, for instance, the baby, who has been

running around the stage in the purely companionable rôle of Squirrel, suddenly goes to sleep, he becomes merely a sleeping baby, and the play goes on. If Percival Junior has to go home to a ridiculously early supper, a gesture will change the sex of Susie, and, by clothing her in the appropriate garments, enable her to take the rôle of Father, and the play goes on. Speech is, of course, also used in indicating rôles, but generally in its simplest form, as, 'Now, Mary, you have to be the Maid a minute, and let me be the Mother'; or, 'You need n't think you can be Fairy Godmother in this play all the time. Everyone is going to have a turn.'

It will be seen that speech here takes the part of suggestion outside the play, rather than the true dramatic characterization of gesture within the play, in the profoundly necessary differentiation of rôles. The real proof, however, of the instinctive necessity of gesture lies in the different use of singing and dancing. Singing, although almost a reflex action, has nevertheless the association of spoken words and can be employed only under certain circumstances. Dancing, a pure gesture, on the other hand, may be introduced anywhere. Plays open with dancing, and plays as appropriately close with dancing. Any actor who has nothing to do for a while can be held to the cast by permitting him to dance while waiting. This does not interfere in any way with the movement of the play, and indeed the actor, if merely sitting still, drifts out of the drama altogether, and sometimes cannot be found when needed. It is only recently that adult art has discovered the real need of dancing, but in child drama dancing may always accompany the expression of emotion, and is often added to what would otherwise appear scanty expression, as, 'Yes, Mother' (the child dances round and round while

speaking), or, 'I'll do it, Mother' (the child here dances also). 'If you can't think of anything to say, dance!' is the oft-heard direction of irritable stage managers, desirous of maintaining as large a cast as possible.

As the bird flies, as the squirrel runs, and as, without these characteristic movements, no speech on their part seems complete, so the child accompanies his speech with dancing.

Occasionally there will be someone present who, though determined to take part, will not dance and does n't know 'anything to say.' It is almost superfluous to indicate that this person is usually of the 'opposite' sex. He can, of course, be run over by something — a very important rôle in which only the most primitive forms of speech — like groans and yells — are needed. Nevertheless in the ever-present drama of family life a place must be made for him. Again the need of plenty of movement helps out. 'You can spank the Baby,' announced a small mother of seven, with ten children on her hands and, so far, no father in the cast. It was a difficult rôle, as it turned out. There were long intervals when the play went on without him. He had to spank the Baby enough and yet not too much. But some kind of father seemed needed. He was retained only by far more than his share of the seeded raisins with which the drama had been temporarily endowed.

Although spanking is primarily a gesture, and hence in itself important in the drama, it is a highly sophisticated action. The question of who is to be spanked arises, and it must be solved or the play cannot proceed. The person above mentioned was not really gifted for his rôle, or he would not have had to be detained by means of frequent refreshment. As a matter of fact, although the youngest and smallest of the cast is obliged, by very reason

of his size, to be the person spanked, a profound sense of justice — and the fact that, though small, he can, even at that, run away — often assigns the larger part of whatever there may be to eat to the person who is spanked. 'We'll give you a whole little cake if you'll be naughty and let us spank you,' I once heard a whole cast telling an obdurate three-year-old, who was insisting on being good.

I wish to say here that, although corporal punishment is fast being discredited in adult reality, its hold on child drama is unshaken. To anyone who objects to spanking in the drama, I can reply only by leaving it to his own imagination to find an adequate substitute, and get it accepted by the actors. I have observed many remarkable instances of its use. I have seen a Mother spank a day-old Baby three times in ten minutes. I have seen a Father Kitty spank all his children, one after another, for apparently no reason at all. Spanking is one of the gestures of that rarest of persons in the child world, the actor with a sense of comedy. I was witness of a play of school life, enacted again and again and again in what was supposed to be the profound secrecy of a stage under the apple tree, whose whole charm lay in the sudden spanking of a grade teacher by the principal. Spanking in the drama has no basis in cruelty. One very sweet and earnest little girl, after a long summer afternoon spent in the profound recreation of dramatic production, went home and implored her mother to get a baby. 'Then I can take care of him,' she added, 'and spank him.' And this although spanking was unknown in any branch of the family.

I believe, myself, that the popularity of corporal punishment in the drama is due to a profound and troubling doubt in the heart of the average person of seven as to his or her place in the world.

To be able, even in the drama, to inflict even imaginary punishment on someone else is reassuring, just as, at the age of six, one of the profoundest pleasures of life is looking back on one's childhood. The introduction of a Baby into a play — a Baby doing all sorts of excessively foolish things, an absurd person, a helpless person; one who cannot speak (imagine it!) or walk — establishes definitely in the hearts of the rest of the cast the fact (otherwise somewhat clouded) that six and eight and ten are big — truly big. And only a large and strong and, above all else, an important person can inflict punishment on another. To anyone observing child drama this becomes evident in many ways. One small boy of four, with a very aggressive personality, was lured into taking the part of the spanked by the sight of a large cupcake with chocolate frosting. Having eaten the cake in the early part of the play, he began to make his rôle so unusual and interesting by the introduction of new grimaces and an entirely 'new vocalization of the conventional yells let out by the person spanked that the entire cast stood around him, carried away by admiration, and the person spanking threw away her ruler and, as manager of the play and owner of all the refreshments, demanded the part for herself.

III

Child drama needs no material aids. One adult mother, preparing at top speed for company, and hindered at every step by her two youngsters, finally locked them for an hour in an entirely empty room in the third story. Carried away by her own work, she forgot them completely for far more than the allotted time, and rushed repentantly to the stairs, calling to them. 'We'll be down as soon as we can,'

called back a little voice, sweetly, 'but the Baby's got a terrible cold. You might let us know,' added the voice anxiously, 'when it stops snowing downstairs.' It was a lovely June day. Although only two children had been locked in, there were apparently at least three persons in the cast. The whole thing had the air of being highly imaginative. Yet when one comes to analyze child drama it will be found that its distinction from adult drama lies not so much in imaginative power as in the power to accept known facts and experiences in an unusual juxtaposition. This is brought about by an unconscious but simple and unvarying trick of technique. The experiences and facts of the drama are those of life, but the transitions known to the adult world are all omitted. The Baby is born, grows up, has a birthday, is married and has a Baby of her own. The Mother is poor; the children have no breakfast; they go to school, and on coming home they find a thousand dollar bill on the front porch. How simple, how natural! And then if, on going out with the thousand dollars to get something to eat for dinner, you get run over by an automobile, this too is one of the things that are constantly happening; and you are fortunate in having the thousand dollars along to give half of it to a poor old man who is standing on the street corner as you come out of the hospital, after having had ten bones set; and when you get home, why, there is a new Baby sitting in the high chair by the table, eating apple sauce.

To anyone who could object, we can only retort by a counter-question. Babies do sit in high chairs, don't they? They do eat apple sauce, don't they? Well?

The material of child drama is highly realistic. Children in their plays use all the simple material of the lives they

see around them. The marrying and giving in marriage; the sicknesses, and accidents, and bereavements; the going to business, riding in trains and trolleys and automobiles; the cooking, and sweeping, and entertaining, within the walls of the home — all these are the material of drama. But the child who is one day to be grown-up does not fail to divine something behind the facts of life. Unhesitatingly he transfers it to his play. 'Why, this is cake now!' ejaculates the Father in the play, on whom his daily office trip is palling. 'It was bread a minute ago.' And no actor is so dull that he or she cannot take the cue. 'Yes,' is the simple reply, 'the Fairy was here and turned all our bread to cake.' In every play the Fairy comes and goes whenever needed. The Fairy leaves a million dollars on the top step of the porch of the Poor Woman, so that she finds it when she comes out to sweep. How exactly what one would expect from a Fairy!

This is one of the most desired of rôles, not only because of the Fairy's social position, but because of the simple directness and ease of all her gestures. She speaks little or not at all. She never stays long. The essence of her character is in the act of her appearance. The proof of her worth and her reality is that she goes. But she leaves a Baby in the empty crib. Of course. Any Fairy would. Where else would she put it? She waves her wand, and the four walls within which the children play, and which are just beginning to get tiresome, part and let them into deep, winding, underground caves, where they can most delightfully shudder; or out upon the deck of a ship, plunging through most dangerous waves. Then she disappears. 'Here comes your mother,' I heard an annoyed voice say once as, with the best of intentions, I approached the stage

under the apple tree, with a plate of sandwiches in my hand. Silently I set the refreshments down, and quickly I withdrew. 'She's a Fairy,' I heard judgment pronounced as I disappeared; and I drew a breath of relief, for I had work of my own to do. From certain noises among the cast I knew they were getting hungry, and I wanted the play to go on a while longer. It was the most successful rôle that I have ever played on this stage called life; but once having played it, — having, as it were, committed myself, — I had to concede the one unvarying rule of child drama.

Even the smallest and the weakest, even the ones that play the part of being spanked and of being the Baggage Car, cannot be disqualified from playing the rôle of Fairy. 'He's been bad all morning,' I heard one little girl defend her small brother from injustice. 'Now he ought to be the Fairy.'

Child drama admits of no spectators. Everyone must get in on the cast or go away. But if you are gardening in the neighborhood of the stage under the apple tree, or if you are deeply absorbed in your sewing at the porch window, who can prevent your overhearing something? And what is the harm of overhearing children? They will never tell you anything directly. You are supposed to know. To them you are a child, grown tall and strong and strangely in the possession of authority. They do not know that manhood and womanhood mean the death of childhood — a strange and sorrowful death, hidden in the heart of each 'grown' person. They do not know that we do not know. They know we teach them; they know we study them; they know we sorrow over them. They do not know that to overhear them, as we work, is to us what the Fairy in their play is to them.

EUROPE'S BURSTING BUBBLE OF DEMOCRACY

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

IN the United States, 'democracy' has been a sacred word, its meaning high and holy: it was an ideal, typical of the land of the free and the home of the brave. Like many unquestioned words, it was not only vaguely sublime, but sublimely vague. In Europe it never reached its apotheosis; it was, in fact, always under suspicion, and often boldly used as a term of disrespect. In England it had a sort of social stigma: it suggested the politics of the grocer, and not seldom of the grocer whose honesty depended entirely on that being his best policy. To well-bred English ears the great word had a nasty, sneaky sort of sound. It meant the rule of the mass; and people in good society thought of the mass as smelly, unclean, threatening, stupid, and generally low. But gradually liberal politicians began to use it, and in 1910 a certain majority of the electors of England supported the Liberal leader — Mr. Asquith as he was then; to-day he is better known in England as the husband of Lady Oxford, a lady not with a past, as he has, but with an autobiography. Now his plea was that the will of the people must prevail; so bold a contention did not disdain to be 'democratic.'

While Lord Oxford was still Prime Minister the war began, and the war depended very much on President Wilson. President Wilson was never thought of as anything but a Democrat; he felt nothing but satisfaction in

the name of the party of which he was the head. He associated democracy with his great scheme of moral reform for Europe, so eloquently recommended by America's financial and military resources. Those who welcomed one welcomed the other. The word became popular; it began to shine in Europe with the cloudy brilliance which had haloed it in America. The war was won to make the world safe for democracy.

But no sooner was that done than another great adventure absorbed the energies of Europe: it was to make democracy safe for the world. A word so vague, and not long ago so menacing, might still contain a latent peril. Would it not be as well to make the world not only safe for but safe *from* democracy? Gentle meanings were suggested for it, and massive platitudes blunted its sharper edge. 'The will of the people must prevail' and 'Good government is no substitute for self-government' were found not to be its exact principles. It did not really mean that the voice of the people was the voice of God, for now even Tories were democrats.

A clever young Oxford don actually wrote a whole book describing his faith in the words 'Tory Democracy,' which, being interpreted by his opponents, were found to mean prayer and tariff reform. Democracy meant for him preferential duties and an Established Church. To this book Lord Birkenhead wrote a preface.

Others said that it meant that the 'people should choose their own rulers'; but in practice it means, at most, that they choose parliamentary representatives — a very different thing. Others said that it meant 'government by consent of the governed' — surely a phrase that might be applied to any government not actually overturned by an election or a revolution. Others accepted it in exchange for that well-worn shibboleth, 'the greatest good of the greatest number.' It was the triumph of sovereigns to be 'democratic'; and then it meant smiling amiably at cheering crowds instead of doing what no sovereign ever could either have done or want to do — passing acclamation by in haughty nonchalance. To be simple, tactful, shrewd, amusing, or sympathetic was to be democratic; and there would have been, in fact, an almost perfect example of democracy in the tone of this account of it. Leviathan was no longer the fearsome monster of the deep; it took its pastime innocently in shallow waters. The tiger had become a pet as playful as a kitten. Yet was there not a limerick about a tamed tiger?

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who went for a ride on a tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

After that the dear animal was locked up in a cage. The present occupation of Europe is the taming of democracy. Occasionally it roars, and is fed.

II

Before the war, Europe was controlled by six great nations: Russia, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Italy, France, and Great Britain. Some of these were supposed to be democratic, some were not. Russia, for example, was not. It showed the figure of

absolute monarchy; in reality it was a bureaucracy, controlled by a privileged caste. Austria-Hungary and Germany were much the same, but the bureaucracy was perhaps more benevolent and certainly more efficient. It was violently nationalist, and that nationalism overreached itself. But did Germany become democratic because it became republican? The German people were unable to control themselves, and they had found it out. 'Two things the German people will never understand,' said Ludendorff, 'and never long endure: parliamentary government and voluntary service.' Ludendorff, of course, is an extremist, but he represents a great body of German opinion, which showed remarkable ability to govern. If occasional theorists like Naumann or Thomas Mann are hopeful of democracy, the body of German intellectuals are more than skeptical. 'Our parliamentarism is a caricature,' says Oswald Spengler, the author of the most famous and most popular book produced in Germany since the war, *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*. 'The parliamentary age,' he asserts, 'is irrevocably ended. A people has only one right — to be well governed; and since the mass cannot undertake the task, it must be performed by individuals. The supreme need is the strengthening of the governing power with high responsibility.'

Professor Dibelius is not a politician of the Ludendorff school, but he believes that English parliamentarism is impossible in Germany, and that the German attempt at it is a sham. 'The German imitation,' he wrote, in his book, *England* (published in 1923), 'drags to the ballot box, every year or two, people with only a fitful interest in politics, and compels the elector to vote for a list of unknown names. The German parliamentarism is a manufactured import, which the mass of the

people regards with something like indifference.'

But the last word is spoken by a great English liberal, Dr. Gooch, the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, in a book which the critics accepted as an absolute authority. 'There is something overwhelming about Dr. Gooch's knowledge,' said Mr. H. W. Massingham. And what is the opinion of this great liberal whose knowledge of Germany is overwhelming? That 'the cause of reaction has been strengthened by the conviction, not confined to lifelong monarchists, that parliamentary self-government requires a background of historical experience which Germany does not possess. . . . The test of the constitution is to be found, not in its conformity to ideal standards or foreign models, but in its capacity to secure the services of the ablest of its citizens, and to produce stable and efficient government.' In other words, Germany finds democracy impossible. So much for the great Teutonic nation.

The great Slav nation never even attempted parliamentary self-government. The fact is that Bolshevism is only Tsarism under another name, and now with another set of capitalists. Its system of bureaucracy under absolute masters was a paternal despotism, and a paternal despotism the Soviet still remains. In its philosophy it lays perhaps more emphasis on the community, less on the individual; it is hostile to religion, and especially to orthodox Christianity; but in government it is a system of absolute authority, supported by violence. In other words, the paternal hand is heavier. There never was any suggestion of democracy in Russia, and there never will be. It would be too palpable an absurdity. So much for the great Slav nation.

Austria-Hungary united the Teuton and the Slav, and with them the

Magyar and the Czech, the Italian and the Turk. When that great Empire, perhaps the best governed and happiest in Europe, attempted democracy, it was — with the help of President Wilson — smashed to smithereens, as French politicians, before a shot was fired, had planned it should be. There is now very little democracy in its constituent parts. They look back with longing to the days before they ever played with that toy. The severest, because the deepest, cut ever made at that system has been made since the war by Professor Spann, the brilliant professor of political economy at the University of Vienna.

Everyone knows what has happened to democracy in Italy. The march on Rome was, in fact, a revolution against parliamentary self-government, and Italy's attempt at it is now admitted to have been a failure. Is it necessary to recall the origins, the intrigues, the instability, or the final failure of parliamentary government in Italy? Is there any need to point out what carries the Fascist Government through every crisis — the fact that its worst mistakes are better than the successes of the old system? Fascism has indeed chastised with whips, but parliaments chastised with scorpions, the scorpions of fraud and faction, stinging and poisoning the country's whole administrative, judicial, and financial system. The nation of Italy arose and threw off the yoke of democracy with a sense of exaltation, regardless of consequences. And no matter how little some Italians may like the Mussolini Government, there is one alternative they know it is quite useless to suggest — parliamentary self-government.

What had proved a success in Italy was next tried in Spain, a nation with not much more than half the population of Italy and France, and less

than half their wealth or power. But it was a field sufficient to prove the futility of government founded on the vote. There was a law in Spain that voters must vote; the fine for abstention from the polls was considerable. But it could not give the ministers a sense that they were really responsible to the people, who never worried about them, or occupy the administration with effective tasks. The King, who knew that his own position depended on some efficiency in the government, grew desperate. Justice and administration had both failed; the secret societies, with the weapons of strike and murder, had terrified the ministry. At last the King spoke out, in Cordoba, in 1922, the year before the Directorate came into power. 'The Crown is no longer endowed with responsibility,' he said, 'and — it is a very hard thing to say but very true — the parliament is endowed with the capacity of failing to perform its functions, the capacity of so acting that well-devised schemes to improve the condition of the country get no further. There is a lot of talking, but none of it shows any sign of a desire to do better. On the contrary, what is shown is an intention to wreck the schemes at the instance of political leaders. What is the end of it all? The Government that initiates the scheme falls; another comes into power; the same project is submitted anew to the Parliament by the new Government, and is wrecked by the very party that at first approved it.'

But if Spain was incapable of parliamentary government, what of France? France has a high culture, an economic tradition, and a sentiment of order. Napoleon established in France a social system well suited to the people, a system which encouraged also intensive agriculture. To this Napoleon III, after the revolution of 1848, added the franchise, independent

of qualification. From a commercial point of view, France is flourishing. The low franc enables her to undersell her neighbors, and she finds employment for nearly three million foreign workmen. But her parliament is unworthy of her national traditions. Her financial system has been undermined by the unwillingness of her people to pay in taxes for the liabilities they have incurred; her ministries have been not infrequently in the hands of rascals; the mixture of parties makes politics a matter of endless accommodation; and so little sense of order rules in the Chamber of Deputies that in May 1925 a series of free fights took place in the big Chamber, between shouting and screaming members. That scene showed whether or not parliamentary government suited the most cultured of nations. But parliament, we are told, is an institution which the Latin nations have never understood. It is, as we have seen, an institution that no one has ever suggested for the great Slav nation; it is an institution intolerable to the temper of the Teutonic nation. In a remarkable interview with the *Dane*, Bogholm, published in the *Matin* of Paris, January 7, Prince Charles of Rumania rejects it as a failure there, and says that his contempt for it explains his abdication.

There remains one European country which has gloried in it — Great Britain. But why has parliamentary government been considered a glory in Great Britain? Because it did not really involve democracy; because, in a word, there never was parliamentary government. Parliament originated in a council of advisers to the king. It became an arrangement by which the owners of property were able to give administration the benefit of their instinct. It was the link between the government and the business man. It was only during the nineteenth

century that it even began to represent the owners of really small property, or to be in fact anything other than an accommodation between gentlemen. For in England the successful business man, as long as he does not mention his success, has always been accepted as a gentleman. The elected Parliament was, until 1832, under the absolute control of the representative owners of large property — the House of Lords. It was not until the reign of Victoria that the practical prerogatives of the Crown came to be nothing more than the machinery of arranged elections. It was not until 1911 that the Lords' veto was abolished; and there is still a property qualification.

But what is it that enables Parliament to work as well as it does in England? The fact that a governing class still survives; that it retains control of the political machines, including the bureaucracy; that the English social system gives an immediate recognition to success in any sphere; and that the whole greatness of England is built up on her trade and finance, which have given the country an enormous reserve of wealth. Until very recently parliaments and governments left this alone.

England exhibits, not the triumph of democracy, but an oblivion of it. Its parliamentary battles were those between two sets of commercial interests, or between a set of commercial interests and a body of soldiers or administrators — between capital in one form and capital invested in another. The glorious British Constitution was the free development of capital and enterprise on the simple principle of comparatively honest trade. Democracy, as one began by saying, was not a word on which Great Britain set much store; and when Great Britain began to use it,

it began to face a series of crises.

This hurried glance over the great nations of Europe shows at once that democracy, in the sense of parliamentary self-government, never had any solid existence. It was a bubble, a fabric of fluid, soft soap, and wind. Fluid thought, trying to find a level surface; the soft soap of flattery; the wind of shibboleth and phrase — these were the fabric of the bubble of democracy. Politicians blew it out into a rainbow globe of racing colors, in which, in odd, unnatural broadenings and elongations, their own appearances took on a not unrecognizable reflection. It escaped from them as their cheeks were bursting, and coursed skyward with the breezes. Naïve admirers were delighted by its soarings, and fancied it arriving in the courts of heaven; but, as it began to move more or less idly on or up, it disappeared and dropped on the earth or in their faces, its sunrise glories shrunk to a drop of unsavory dew.

III

Where did the idea of democracy arise? It got little respect from those two foundations of the *philosophia perennis*, Plato and Aristotle. In the ninth book of the *Republic*, Plato refers to it as a want of government, which, like equality, offered great rewards to very unequal work. How many a deed of shame, he said, has man performed, and called it freedom! Aristotle thought likewise that democracy meant that any man could do as he liked if he called it freedom and equality. His *Politics* gives the first and final criticisms of democracy when he says that its equality is based on proportions of numbers, and not on proportions of worth and good.

That was the attitude of the philosophers. Christianity did not show itself more favorable. The idea of Saint

Augustine and of Saint Thomas Aquinas was to restore the Kingdom of God by virtue and moral guidance, by spiritual authority — not by trusting to the instinct of the crowd. The conflict of the Middle Ages was an attempt to adjust the spiritual with the temporal authority. The social system was based on the idea of function — that is to say, on the corporation, not on the vote.

It was the Renaissance that turned back to classical humanism and out of it evolved what the first great age of humanism had never known — the idea of the individual. Hobbes spoke of the individual as a brute. Rousseau, a hundred years later, rhapsodized over him as an angel. 'Man is born free,' said Rousseau, at the beginning of his most famous book, 'but everywhere he is in chains.' It was this apotheosis, not of man, but of men, which led to the French Revolution. It based its whole philosophy on the individual, and aimed at making society a contract between individuals. It spoke of liberty, but not in relation to the real foundations of liberty, which are truth and law. It spoke of equality, meaning not 'la carrière ouverte aux talents,' as Napoleon afterward defined it, but the refusal of privilege to talents. It spoke of fraternity, meaning not beneficence and social solidarity, but that men, whether or not they perform men's duties, have rights to the same things. It implies what democracy implies, an hypothesis which is absolutely false: that men, by the mere fact of growing up into men, are competent to decide about their government; that they are all born with judgment and power; and that they have rights, irrespective of their duties.

It is a fundamental mistake, as Prince Charles of Rumania said, to try to make anything of a creature devoid of natural talents, or to ignore the real

difference between one man and another. A babe owes his existence, in the first place, not to himself, but to his parents; he owes his bringing up to them, to class, to school, to the whole system of education. He owes his importance to the work he does; and it is probably as part of an industry or a profession that he performs his duty to the State. It seems hardly logical that as a voter he should be treated as if he were simply an individual, and yet so treated that, though nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-eight individuals vote with him, and yet a majority of one in twenty thousand is against them, their voices count for nothing.

But the fact is that, with the possible exception of Switzerland, there is no country in Europe where his parliamentary representative really matters. His parliamentary representative obeys the behest, not of his vote, but of the party leader; indeed the voter also, wherever what is called parliamentary government is really working, does as he is told. He votes at the order of his party. A few, it is true, vote at one election and not at another, or vote first one way and then another, and thus appear to decide the government in power. Yet so inefficient is this system, as far as it concerns the country of the 'Mother of Parliaments,' that at the present moment, when the Conservatives have a majority unusually large, a majority of a hundred over the two other parties taken together, they do not really represent a majority of the electors.

Proportional representation would be juster, according to the principles of democracy, but the most democratic of European countries is still shy of it. A Cabinet Minister, discussing proportional representation with the present writer not long ago, said he thought that if there were a sweeping change of

that kind the electoral system would break down. In other words, an elected Parliament dares not grapple with the logical principles of election, so far is the British government from democracy. 'The parliamentary system,' wrote Mr. Lloyd George last August, discussing the crisis that theory of government was facing in England as in other parts of Europe, 'in the performance of its arduous task, is imperiled by the complexity of groups that interrupt the continuity of forces necessary to resolve complex problems and impede the choice of competent administrators. This is the supreme weakness of European democracy. In England it has rendered any progressive government almost impossible, compelling those who look for concrete results to consider other methods.'

Professor Spann sees other and deeper weaknesses: first, the appeal to the people makes the more radical leader stronger than the moderate one, and makes the demagogue, appealing to the lower instincts of the people, stronger than the man whose basis is insight and ideas; so that democracy becomes Machiavellianism turned upside down, and, instead of the stronger exploiting the weaker, the lower dominates the higher. Secondly, it means irresponsibility, since no one knows who the wirepullers really are. Thirdly, it is incapable of settling the contrariety in case of an opposition of fundamental principles, and in other cases it renders the State ineffective by breaking it into parties. Fourthly, since the State is not only the organ of administration but also a cultural unity, any choice other than the very best possible is really intolerable. We cannot leave the government to the chance action of natural forces. Reason and morals must rule.

But indeed democracy, apart from these intrinsic weaknesses, found —

as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out — a stronger enemy in trades-unions. When it discovers that a majority can compel it to recognize these unions, and the unions can then threaten it or dictate to it, as they have done, then it becomes not only an absurdity but a death trap. From this point of view one cannot do better than quote the great Milanese newspaper, the *Corriere della Sera*, in a leading article of August 23, 1925, when it was still the protagonist of Italian democracy against Fascism. 'No liberalism,' said this leader, 'is more fatal and leads more swiftly to dictatorship than that which claims and maintains that it should place the freedom and the rights of the trades-unions above the supreme exigencies of national life. No, the better democracy, the more honest defense of the interests of a people and of its humblest classes, consists actually in preventing the excesses of categories which, owing to the delicacy of the task entrusted to them in the social organism, can blackmail the State — that is to say, the rest of the people.' The existence of trades-unions containing vast numbers of operatives, of which a government dependent on elections is afraid, has given democracy its death blow. As Dean Inge said, the phylactery of democracy is fly-blown; or, to go back to our still better metaphor, the proud, fragile bubble has burst in the politicians' faces, just while their blowing made its gyrations of soap-water swifter and showier than ever.

IV

But if democracy in Europe is collapsing, as it obviously is, what political economy is to replace it? A merely destructive criticism is a cheap affair. He is indeed a superficial man whose claim to notoriety is that he is a master of invective. The deeper mind not only

has a design to put in the place of what it criticizes; it looks into the error it is attacking, to see what truth it was attempting to express. It is to the credit of Europe that it is able to appreciate both of these demands upon its attitude toward democracy. It sees the truth at which the heresy was aiming; it sees the great ideal; and it conceives a sweeping constructive idea, which it is already beginning to put into practice.

It takes the word 'democracy' with the connotation Lincoln gave it—government of the people by the people for the people. It analyzes that famous sentence. Government of the people is a pleonasm, for all governments are governments of the people; we are not talking of governments of wild animals or governments of desert tracts. Government by the people has not yet been attained, and is not thought attainable. If it were attainable, it would mean that capacity and wisdom could be dominated by brute numbers. But there is a third meaning in the word 'democracy,' which, when analyzed, is valuable: government for the people, government in the interests of the people. Now such a government need not necessarily have any association with the vote, for even a despotism may be enlightened and benevolent. But a government certainly ought to be benevolent. Now there are two ways of obtaining benevolence; one is by moral influences, and the other is by agreement with those to whom the benevolence is offered.

At last we reach a valid meaning for democracy in Europe: it means that the benevolence of a government is to be attained, not merely by the character of the governors, but by a formal consultation with the governed. The vote gives public opinion an opportunity to express itself. Wherever there is an electoral system, wherever a government is called parliamentary,

a courtesy is offered to the voters, a compliment is paid them, and their governors have a valuable opportunity of gauging their feelings. Now it is just that convenience, just this courtesy, which are at stake in democracy. And they are so important that no system will flourish which refuses them. The present problem of Europe is not to rid itself of public opinion, but to use it to the best advantage.

The ventures therefore are, first, to give the voters, once they are enlightened, a real in place of a pretended opportunity to express themselves; secondly, to found the unity of the State, not on the false theory that voters are individuals, but on the true theory that they have rights only in virtue of their function, which is corporate; so that the unified society—the State—may ordain to the common good the heterogeneous forces of production and industry. On the old democratic theory, the State, an absolute entity, suffering from the suicidal tendencies of exaggerated nationalism, everywhere weakened and disfigured by anomalies, put politicians and bureaucracy in the place of the governor, and proved what is always true, that *the less government there is, the better*. Yet the government must be powerful enough to have an absolute authority over the trades-union as well as over the individual. The requirement of the modern age is to evolve a system of government which, recognizing the great productive organizations out of which the complex and enormous system of our age has been evolved, will give them and their members consideration accordingly, yet reserve the authority to coördinate them with one another and with the functions both of leaders and of minorities.

Three dangers will still threaten such a State, as they threatened

democracy. One is the mania of nationalism, which ignores the international complexity and interdependence of modern nations through their commerce; the second is the mania of materialism, which obscures the fact that the governing reason, to be efficient, must be moral, and to be moral is generally religious; and the third is the mania of centralization, which forgets that there are not only corporate but also local interests, and that local self-government is not an absurdity. With the mob absolute, none know where they are. In the householder having a voice in the affairs of his town or district, the idea of self-government has a real validity.

Such is the theory of government which Europe is building into a solid structure, now that she has tired of blowing bubbles. Its peculiarity is its emphasis on duty. Its motto is: First men's duties, then their dues. It conceives society in terms of function. That principle, said John of Salisbury in the twelfth century, is the principle 'that a well-ordered constitution consists in the proper apportionment of functions to members, and in the apt condition, strength, and composition of each and every member; that all members must in their functions supplement and support each other.' And Europe's task is to coördinate this principle of functions with the authority of government, so that not the will of the people but the good of the people must prevail.

When Americans use the word 'democracy,' they think not merely of a theory of politics, but of their own national ideal. They associate it with their grand insistence that class distinction shall not be absolute; that men, as such, have dignity; that all must have an opportunity to express their power to act; and that the only

ground for pride is excellence of work. These are the great principles inseparable from the greatness of the United States. All true systems of government must be built upon them. But Europe does not necessarily associate them with any definitions of democracy that have been given her — definitions which in theory and by experience she has in the last two or three years shown to be bubbles, because they burst.

In government the different nations of Europe are in their different ways working out another ideal, which is not founded on individualism, and is therefore neither democratic nor capitalist — an ideal which will not be attained till the State becomes that immortal feature of loveliness and perfection that Milton saw with a young man's vision. Instead of viewing men as divided, it sees them merged into families and interests. Instead of an abstraction, a man is one among many workers. Instead of a monstrous machine, the world is a verdant garden, waiting to be worked to the fertility man needs in it. Instead of stampeding herds, society is a complex, mobile, and subtle body, in which each constituent whole has a unique and necessary function. Its fabric is not the result of primitive forces of heterogeneous numbers, but of producers, learning their true advantage from the governing genius of wiser minds. Its principles are not the laws of supply and demand, but the dominance of right and reason. Its example and its end are not the play of natural tastes and passions, but the city of God. It realizes that no government can unaided make men perfect, and its heroes are those saints who, though poor, are making many rich. Its theme is not liberty, equality, and fraternity, but learning and justice and mercy. Its privilege is not idleness, but work.

FAVORED FARMERS

BY E. T. H. SHAFFER

I

For twenty years I earned my living as a small-town supply merchant, my field of operations covering a radius of thirty miles. My forbears, for many generations, had been large farmers in a distant state — planters, as one would say here, with sub-Potomac particularity. But because my father had been obliged to begin life anew, landless and without fortune, I was to learn farming vicariously. My early memories are not of long, wind-swept furrows, but of long, dusty counters extending down both sides of a barn-like wooden structure at a corner of the village streets. Brick, in those days, we knew only as a material proper for building chimneys; America had not yet evolved brick-store civilization in the remote provinces.

So with ploughs and planters and distributors and like gear I became familiar, but I knew them only in their new and shining state, fresh from the factory and sticky with vivid red and black paint. Also containers and fertilizers and various farm products were early friends of mine as they journeyed through our establishment between manufacturer and farmer or between farmer and distant market. Likewise the most intricate details of farming lore were of necessity mine, as a chief element of our commercial success consisted in our being able to function at all seasons as a bureau of general agricultural information. The circle around the big box stove that glowed

red in the centre of the main storeroom was the farmers' community club; close within easy range of the sawdust-filled box stood or squatted the men. In the regions farther back, just beyond the firing line, were country-made rocking-chairs of unpainted hickory with cow-hide seats, where women might rock and soothe fretful babies with 'store bread' and at the same time exchange neighborhood gossip. Our inner office was a closed sanctum, to which the farmers were admitted one at a time to receive agricultural advice and commercial guidance.

In short, we functioned not only as merchants but as a community club, ladies' restroom, and farm demonstration office; only no one had yet invented these high-sounding names. It was all comprehended as 'gettin' advances and tradin'.' Our store also handled small farm products of many kinds. Eggs and chickens (sometimes in combination), butter, fresh and canned vegetables, home-cured meat, lard, beeswax, honey, cane syrup, hides, grain, and seed cotton were one and all legal tender in our rural emporium. Looking back, I realize that this branch of our business was similar to the community or curb market now maintained in many towns for the farmers. The chief difference was that under our old plan the farmer was assured of sale for all he carted to town; the ultimate disposal of the varied assortment was up to the merchant.

Farmer customers depended upon our advice in determining their crop, in selecting seed, and also in respect to the quantity and analysis of fertilizers. Our credit department regulated the extent of the individual's annual operations, making its decision after due consideration of the integrity and efficiency of the farmer, and often, in addition, an actual inspection of lands and equipment. In fact, in the South, thirty years ago, local agricultural enterprise depended almost entirely upon the 'factor' or supply merchant, who accomplished much of the work now carried on by state and Federal departments of agriculture, local and farm-loan banks, and state agricultural colleges. A similar condition probably existed then or earlier in other parts of the country.

I do not claim that our simple system functioned as scientifically as these later and more elaborate agencies, but somehow one heard less of discontent among farmers then than one hears now. For one thing, no one was ever encouraged then to produce more than there was an assured sale for, as the whole arrangement from start to finish was frankly a commercial one. Still, long years of business and personal contact naturally led to personal friendships, so that the supply merchant's commercial life was humanized by his intimate knowledge of the hopes and disappointments, the triumphs and failures, that formed the simple lives of his agricultural customers.

It was in the offices of successful supply merchants that I first heard preached practical doctrines of crop rotation, home production of home necessities, soil building, and live-stock raising on the small farm. Such instruction was not, of course, given from a spirit of pure altruism. In encouraging and enlightening the

farmer customer, in extending him judicious credit, the merchant was seeking a profit — his own living. He knew that only by keeping each farmer a going concern could he hold his line of customers. Again, success of the farmers meant the general upbuilding of the community, and so indirectly benefited all business and property interests. But is there any practical assistance given the farmers of to-day without some similar hope of reward, direct or indirect?

Yet, taken by and large, we supply merchants were not viewed as benefactors or even as economic necessities by any class in the community. Even the farmer was taught by politicians of a certain type to regard us as a favored class, who neither toiled with our hands nor knew the heat of the midday sun, but who managed to gather incredible harvests where we had not sown. Many among the professional and political ranks, while personally our friends and neighbors, were prone to hold us up en masse as grasping middlemen who with wiles and cunning robbed the simple sons of the soil. Any instance of sharp practice or of usury on the part of some petty shopkeeper was blazoned far and wide as another bit of evidence that the merchant princes were fattening off the farmer. But, looking back now over a rather wide contact, I can recall no great fortunes and but few competencies amassed from factoring farmers. Bad crop years brought disaster alike to dealer and customer, but there seemed far more often another merchant ready to give the farmer another chance than jobber and banker ready to view lightly the failure of a merchant.

The men engaged in rural mercantile pursuits — that is, in supplying extensive credits to farmers — were as a rule rather above the average for those days in general and business education;

many were real community builders. As in all walks of life, there were found good men and bad. Competition and public opinion, however, soon terminated the careers of the flagrantly unscrupulous. Still, as I say, merchants were assumed to be heartless if not actually dishonest; farmers as a class were assumed to be hard-working and honest. After some years of intimate dealing with farmers I grew at times skeptical of this doctrine of universal agricultural integrity; farmers appeared to me like other men — no better, no worse.

For robbers and parasites, the old order of merchants had curious careers, since, as I have said, few made more than a decent living, while the majority ended in business misfortune. Yet no one ever introduced legislative measures for our relief; no one claimed that the merchant who toiled was entitled to a comfortable return. The only laws that I recall concerning us were regulations aimed to limit our profits on our own goods — competition being deemed inadequate to curb us — and the many and detailed rules for picking the commercial bones of those who fell by the wayside. And these pickings were many and constant. In the ceaseless warfare of commercial competition the weak, the inefficient, vanished beneath the seas of commerce, frequently without leaving a trace. Still none appeared to mourn the fallen. It was all a part of the game, and this constant functioning of the survival of the fittest probably maintained the worth and high standards of the old mercantile guild. Lawmakers who wept pearls of oratory at seasons of depression among farmers seemed able to view with equanimity the constant elimination of the merchants. I recall hearing a rural lawyer say, long ago, in commenting on some commercial failure: 'It's a good thing

to thin them out; where there are so many merchants to be supported they have to charge the farmers higher prices for their goods.' If consistent in his reasoning, he must have believed that to wipe out all competition and leave but one storekeeper, preferably a dyspeptic old bachelor, in each community would have meant rock-bottom prices. His observation first led me to suspect that the legal mind sometimes differs from the commercial mind.

II

At length, as my physical welfare required a life more in the open air, I disposed of my mercantile interests and became a real dirt farmer. The moment that I made the change I discovered that I occupied a new position in the eyes of society — I might almost say of the law. But now, even though I am one of the 'poor' farmers, I cannot agree with all popular beliefs concerning my occupation. Let me say here that, while my transactions are now from the outside of the counter, I find that I face as honest a class of citizen as I did when I stood behind it.

I make an effort to conduct my farming operations with the same degree of prudence and judgment that I exercised in my store, and, taken year in and year out, I am making about the same income. Now, however, it is far easier for me to save my money. My dwelling is larger and better equipped than the one I owned when a merchant, but it is situated several miles outside the city limits. Not only is the tax rate lower here, but I soon discovered that no mere farmhouse is supposed to be returned at as high a value as a town house of the same cost. In all this there is of course a considerable saving to the owner, but a far greater saving is in the matter of

donations to public causes. When I was a merchant hardly a day passed but that I was asked to subscribe to some worthy object — to anything, to everything. It might be a new church (regardless of my own denomination), a lodge supper, a Chautauqua, or a new dog for the village blind man. I said that I was 'asked,' but that is a mere figure of speech; I would be gently but firmly held up by some good customer with the silent support of many other good customers. 'See the Merchants First' seems to be the slogan of those who raise funds in small towns. For one thing, a merchant is always easy to reach and easy to scare; and should one attempt the excuse of being without any cash, which might readily exempt a professional man, the committee can so often manage with something 'out of stock.'

But after the public learned that I had turned farmer I was never again called on. If subscriptions were mentioned in my presence my inability to respond was graciously taken for granted. Even my own church treasurer expressed great astonishment that I should continue my former contribution toward the minister's salary now that I was no longer 'in business.' Again, I find it a great satisfaction to realize that now all my fellow citizens, from Congressmen down, believe that as an agriculturist I am entitled to an assured and comfortable living for myself and my family. Not even my best friends seemed to feel this way about me when I was a mere merchant. And I find that I acquire merit now because I am supposed to be obliged to work harder than most other men. This attitude puzzled me at first, as now I take almost a full holiday from farm work on Saturdays, whereas this used to be a day of intense effort, often until midnight. Also there are certain seasons

when there is almost nothing to be done on the farm aside from merely keeping the place together. Then I realized that merchants and other business men are only considered as working when at their places of business and during business hours. A farmer, on the other hand, having no set hours, is always at work, — that is, he is always a farmer, — one hundred and forty-four full hours each week, whether he is ploughing, trading horses, talking with friends, driving a Ford, or taking a nap.

Another saving is in the matter of sales licenses. I was once charged a good stiff sum annually for the privilege of selling my own goods in my own building on which I paid city taxes. Now the public generously provides me with a well-placed curb market — a shelter under which I may park my Ford, set up a booth, and dispose of my surplus small farm products. I am even better off than were the farmers of the earlier days. They possibly paid the local merchant a slight extra profit to cover the agricultural and commercial advice that they received along with their supplies. Now the public is taxed to pay experts who stand ready to assist me in any detail of my vocation. Should local agents be unable to cope with my problems, I can wire the distant state extension bureau and special experts will be sent to assist me in the field. A thoughtful Government has arranged that I can borrow money on longer terms and at lower rates than my merchant friends. When the market makes a sudden advance I am free to take full advantage of it without the slightest fear that I may be accused of profiteering, for who can estimate the cost of a commodity that I 'make myself.'

Formerly during periods of business depression I worried over my affairs, for I well knew that failure meant death to one's mercantile career. Now

I feel that wiser heads than mine are mindful of my needs. If the necessity should arise Congress would even repeal those troublesome old laws of supply and demand that tend to lower my living standards and would hoist the products of the nation's farms by the nation's boot-straps. At least it would discuss doing such things, and such talk in high places helps one through hard seasons. Also it is cheering to feel that the failure of one's crop is always ascribed to extraneous influences — the odium attaches to Providence and not to the business management of the farm.

So, having played a part in the game, as one might say, from both sides of the counter, I am convinced that the farmers constitute the privileged class in our American democracy.

III

But, lest my picture prove too alluring and cause a back-to-the-farm movement that will depopulate our centres of industry and commerce, let me hasten to add that there are still some slight adjustments necessary before Mother Earth becomes an agricultural heaven — even here in favored America. I must confess that there is discontent among us. One cause of this is the sadness of numbers — the knowledge that there are really too many of us. The law of the survival of the fittest, the weeding out of the weak and inefficient, that works so constantly in the commercial world should have fuller play in culling the tillers of the soil. Fewer operating concerns with a more easily controlled output would prove a cure for many of our present agricultural ills.

In industry, efficiency in production and distribution must of necessity be the most vital consideration. The welfare of worker, even of individual

plant, while important, must occupy a secondary place. A plant or a mercantile establishment, poorly situated or inefficiently run, must be scrapped and the workers must seek other fields. But not so in our game of agricultural production. No one weeps or writes verses about a closed shop or an abandoned factory; but a deserted farm is regarded as a pathetic object to excite the pen of poets and the brush of artists, not as a mere economic error. Probably the staple crops of America could be produced more efficiently and economically through vast concentration of capital at suitable and strategic points, employing thousands of laborers at good wages on full time. But such a suggestion would bring even more protest in behalf of the small, independent, landowning farmer whom such a system would eliminate than was lavished on the individual worker who vanished at the coming of the modern textile plant. Personally I do not know that I should fancy it myself. Yet is there anyone to-day outside of a small band in India who desires to turn the world back to cottage looms and spinning frames?

Possibly it is because of my early commercial environment that I still tend to look upon farming in America as but one of our big business enterprises — many scattered workers engaged in the production of a certain line of goods. It seems to me that the public is burdened too greatly in supplying us with experts and equipment in the producing department of our business for the attention that is given to our rather inefficient selling end.

I read recently that a Western railway president said: 'A neighboring state is spending \$300,000 a year for county agents to educate the farmer in the science of increased production. It is not spending a dollar to educate the

consumer either at home or abroad in the use of these products.' Let it be a question of increasing my production per acre, of making two blades of grass (pasture grass, of course), six bolls of cotton, or ten big potatoes grow in place of one, and I have at my command the entire departments of agriculture, state and national. They will supply me with endless data, and, if necessary, experts will come to assist me in the field. A convincing argument for the crushing expenditure for hard-surfaced roads is that they enable the farmers to widen the radii of their activity. Certain bulky and heavy commodities could, a few years ago, be grown only in close proximity to railway shipping points; now, with good highways and motor trucks, there is hardly any limit to one's field of operation. The result has been a slump in the price of farm lands in the formerly favorably situated sections and greater uncertainty in the profits to be expected in these once restricted crops. I am taught year in and year out that to be a better farmer I must produce more — and I am but one of the vast agricultural multitude in these United States.

But, curiously, I am finding increasing difficulty in turning my enlarged output profitably into cash. Confronted with a similar situation in my mercantile days, I should have promptly reduced my purchases and my stock; surplus stock meant financial death. But now, thanks to the paternalistic care of the Government in the producing department of our business, our potatoes, cabbage, oranges, apples, and other staples are not only of better quality but, on an average, in greater volume than ever before in history. In growing, gathering, packing, and even transportation the Government seems to have almost boundless power to assist us, but here its freedom of

action terminates. The actual selling to the consumer of our products remains beyond the sphere of governmental activity and is a purely commercial transaction between individuals. Thus, in the end, the farmer is dependent upon his traditional foe, the merchant — commission, wholesale, retail, pushcart.

Realizing this, it is a comfort for me personally to feel that these commercial men are just folks like us farmers — not human devils with horns and tails, but fellow citizens trying to make honest livings as the necessary connecting link between the man who grows the potato and the man who eats it.

The basic trouble is that this ultimate commercial end of agriculture is not arranged on a sliding scale, but is equipped and managed only to handle the output of the average season. When some given commodity — say, apples, potatoes, oranges — happens to fetch a fancy price one season, every grower in America whose soil and situation will enable him to produce this particular article bends every effort to increasing his yield to the limit. If the hope of the multitude comes to happy fruition the article appears next season in vastly more than normal quantities, normal trade channels are clogged, and the grower sees his visioned extra profits vanish and very frequently must dump a large portion of his surplus.

Commission houses and retailers in the United States who handle a given farm product are adequately supplied by a normal crop. Our sudden abnormal offerings overtax their physical distributing equipment, and certainly it would be poor business judgment for them either to widen their circle of activity to a point which they could not under ordinary conditions maintain or to open new concerns to

assist us in moving an occasional bumper crop when we can give absolutely no guaranty of continued volume.

Still I know that beyond the sphere, the fixed circle, of these commercial distributors there are thousands of potential consumers who would gladly use our surplus at prices that would net us a pleasing profit, as the unusual volume is made with but little increased overhead. Yet how is the producer to make contact with these scattered potential consumers without disrupting the established channels of distribution upon which the producer's normal commercial welfare depends? So far, the most ambitious projects of coöperative marketing suggested either are purely local in their scope or else attempt simply to draw producer one step nearer to consumer, but throw him in the end on the commercial retailer.

A few years ago a neighbor of mine farther South had a bumper crop of oranges on his hands, but no buyers. In the shops of a near-by city he observed oranges retailing at an excellent price; so, after figuring on the transportation charges, he found that he could ship several cars to this and neighboring cities, employ men to sell them by the box or by the dozen direct from the cars at much less than the retailers were asking, and still have a fair margin left. In every place, however, the city authorities demanded a license for the protection of their local dealers, and this license was just enough to cancel his hoped-for profit. No one can criticize the action of the cities for the protection of their own merchants; yet because of it my friend dumped his surplus crop—nor did oranges become the poor man's meal in the city.

In my mercantile days, no matter how attractive the profit on some

article, I never planned to increase my stock save as I saw probable sale. As a farmer I admit that my policy has undergone a change; of whatever sells well this season I strive blindly to produce all that I can next year, and so do most of my brothers of the soil. If we all succeed we all fail. We are told that growing food and other raw materials for the use of man is the chief aim and end of our noble calling. Our sales force is a class of alien, commercial men who are, we tell one another, making excessive profits and are hostile to our interests. We attempt to follow a phase of commercial life under modern complex economic conditions and yet strive to keep hold of antiquated, sentimental traditions handed down from a noncommercial age. Our many failures we ascribe to anything under the sun save unsound economic thinking on our part; and instead of seeking the remedy within, as would men caught in a similar dilemma in the financial or industrial world, we clamor for help from the only other line of activity that is not conducted by business men according to business rules—politics.

Politics, like farming, is supposed to function independently of modern economic and commercial rules, and this may account for the close bond that seems to exist between them. The unsuccessful farmer appeals to the lawmaker, and the politician is seldom unmindful of the trials and hardships of the 'poor farmer.'

A farmer is in reality the owner and chief executive of his industrial enterprise, yet he objects to incurring the risks and responsibilities that are the lot of other executives. He represents capital, yet craves the sheltered dependence enjoyed by labor in other branches of enterprise. He boasts of his independence, yet craves paternalistic oversight, an excess of which

has reduced the once noble red man to the blanket Indian. In our production department we have become almost wards of government; in our distribution department we are thrown on our own in a cold, hard commercial world; and the results are increasingly unhappy.

It has been frequently stated that

no people has successfully maintained agricultural civilization in the face of world competition without slaves or peasants, but America declares that she will have neither. Her agricultural hope, then, lies in superorganization and the machine. Will there be a place in this new order for the small farmer?

SIAM

BY FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE

I

MIDWAY between India and China lies the ancient and independent kingdom of Siam. Prior to the middle of the nineteenth century, hardy sailors, missionaries, and traders, rounding the Cape of Good Hope and adventuring beyond India, had occasionally made their way to Bangkok, and found a kingdom of Oriental splendor and pageantry, like a picture blown from the *Arabian Nights*; but not till the 1850's, when insistent traders, pressing forward their commercial conquests, procured the signing of a succession of treaties for their protection and advantage, did the sleeping kingdom first gain consciousness and begin to realize that the imperious forces of Western civilization must be reckoned with if Siam was to survive.

In 1868 there ascended the Siamese throne King Chulalongkorn — one of those inexplicable geniuses who make plausible the belief that history is made by a few outstanding men rather than by the play of ordinary forces. Convinced that Siam, to reach its

maximum development, must break with much of the past and adopt the best of Western civilization, he set himself the task of creating a modern State. Not forgetting that true reform must begin at home, he sent his sons abroad to drink in the new ideas — one, the present King, to England to study at Oxford; another to a German military school; a third to Russia; a fourth to an American university. Thus from the four corners of the West transformation-working modern ideas were brought into Siam.

In the meantime, with characteristic energy he entered upon one reform after another. Realizing the grave social and economic evils flowing from the institution of slavery, then prevalent within the kingdom, he determined to end it altogether; and, in spite of his absolute power, no one could have planned wiser or more carefully considered measures. In order to avoid unnecessary injury to the existing economic system, he first passed a law in 1874 providing that all

children born of slaves after 1868 — the year of his accession to the throne — should become free upon reaching the age of twenty-one. (Slave children were not made free until the age of twenty-one, he explained, because otherwise no one would take an interest in the children.) New slaves could not be created. By this wise enactment slaveholders were not overnight deprived of their property, nor was a slave population suddenly and without preparation turned adrift upon the country. By a subsequent law, passed in 1905, every form of slavery within Siam, including debt bondage, was definitely and absolutely abolished.

In 1885 the King organized a postal service, and opened up telegraphic communication with foreign countries. In 1893 he opened the first line of railway in Siam — a slender beginning of only twenty kilometres. Thereafter, with a clear vision of the necessity of building trunk lines of railway in order to link the outlying provinces more closely with Bangkok and thus achieve greater national unity, and in order to bring Siam closer to the world trade routes touching at Singapore, he instituted a policy of vigorous railway development. As a result Bangkok, the capital, has to-day through rail communication with the important seaports of Singapore and Penang to the south, and with Chiang-mai, one of the principal cities of Northern Siam, some seven hundred and fifty kilometres to the north. In comfortable sleeping and dining cars the traveler can to-day accomplish in twenty-five hours a journey which previously consumed several weeks. In conformity with this same policy, another trunk line, running from Bangkok to the Cambodian border on the east, is now being completed.

King Chulalongkorn reorganized the government from top to bottom, and

replaced the former antiquated system with modern departments, headed by responsible ministers. He instituted radical changes in methods of revenue and rural administration. He built up a modern army, and created an efficient gendarmerie service. He established a well-organized system of law courts, and created a royal commission to draft codes of laws based upon the best existing European legal systems. In order to utilize to the full the best Western ideas, he secured the assistance of expert foreign advisers, to lend their counsel and to help push wisely the work of progress. At the time of his death in 1910, this remarkable man had, without violent upheaval or the use of force, converted an ancient kingdom into a modern State, quick with progress and new hope, rapidly preparing itself to take its place in the Western family of nations.

II

The Siam of to-day, largely as a result of his work, is a country of vivid contrasts. With elephants and Buddhist temples and golden images and storybook palaces, with airplane mails and electric lights and ice plants and a modern university, indelibly Eastern in the thoughts and the lives of its ten million inhabitants, yet startlingly Western in the rapidity of its material development, it at once bewilders and fascinates. Bangkok streets are filled with motley throngs, some garbed in ancient native costumes of the East, others in the latest European fashions, and the children in no costume at all. The highways are crowded with Chinese rickshas, Indian gharris, and the latest types of American, English, French, and Italian automobiles. A hurrying Ford turns aside to give respectful room to an elephant slowly lumbering by. Native venders sell

their mystic amulets and charms against disease in the shadow of immaculate modern hospitals. The beating of the drums in an ancient temple is drowned out by the strident music of a neighboring temple of American movies. Uniformed traffic policemen clear the way for mediæval cremation processions. Native women, carrying their water jars as of old, gather around the city hydrants out of which a splendid modern supply system pours pure fresh water.

Most of Siam's present-day problems have grown out of her sudden transformation. New wine has been poured into old bottles; the forms of the past still survive to harass present and future undertakings. Constitutionally Siam is still an absolute monarchy; her sovereign still wields the unlimited power of an Oriental potentate. No parliament or legislative body exists; the King himself makes the laws and executes them, entirely unhampered by constitutional limitations. It is true that the business of the modern State has grown so enormous that the King is no longer able in person to exercise direction over all the affairs of the kingdom; the exigencies of the public business compel him to entrust much of it to Ministers of State. The present Ministries of Foreign Affairs, Finance, War, Marine, the Interior, Education, Commerce, and so on, are highly organized and even bureaucratic; they transact the complicated business of government along lines closely akin to those followed in Western democracies. Nevertheless, the sovereign's absolute power is never for a moment lost sight of. No legislation can be enacted, no statute can be changed, nor a treaty pass through even the preliminary stages of negotiation, without his personal approbation. In a country where parliamentary responsibility is

unknown there can be no appeal for popular support of a minister's convictions; *vox dei est non vox populi sed vox regis*.

Since opposition to the monarch's desires can end only in dismissal, no minister dare undertake any important policy without first ascertaining the personal desires of his sovereign. Indeed, nothing of consequence in the kingdom can be undertaken without the royal consent. No member of the royal family would presume without the King's consent to contract a marriage or to undertake a foreign journey. Ministers of State are not permitted to leave Bangkok even for a week-end holiday without the ruler's special permission.

Were such absolute power in this day used tyrannically or capriciously, revolution would be certain, swift, deadly. But it is not so used. The King has ever regarded himself as in very truth the father of his people. As they belong to him, so in a sense his life belongs to them. The members of the royal family are not permitted to squander themselves in lives of idleness. Each is expected to contribute to the public welfare; many of the ablest of the Ministers of State are members of the royal family. The King himself consistently devotes a portion of each day to the careful study of state papers; one is never surprised to find upon documents and memoranda returned from the palace painstaking annotations and comments written in his own hand. As one comes to know him, one gets the picture of a sincere and earnest man, doing his best in the face of grave difficulties to promote the welfare of his people.

III

How to use the forms of Oriental absolutism as instruments of modern

progress and Western innovation constitutes one of Siam's unique problems. Under the rule of such a progressive monarch as King Chulalongkorn, the absolute power of the sovereign has not been without its manifest advantages. Yet the difficulties and dangers which attend the practical operation of such a form of government under present-day conditions are sufficiently serious to make her constitutional question one of the three leading problems of Siamese polity to-day.

Someone has labeled Siam's present form of government by the King's ministers as 'government by water-tight compartments.' Since each ministry is responsible solely and directly to the King, and since there is no premier to shape and unify the programmes of the separate ministries, the inescapable result is a serious lack of coördination, which sometimes results in friction and inordinate delay. With respect to matters transcending the sphere of a single ministry, the difficulties are even more serious; in these progress must occasionally be sacrificed to the personal differences of the ministers or entirely lost in the division of responsibility.

Fresh illustrations are constantly arising. The Minister of the Interior, whose duty it is to suppress crime, formulated the policy of refusing, in so far as possible, to issue permits for the importation of revolvers, in order to lessen the number of shootings and violent assaults in the country. Complaints began to appear in the Foreign Adviser's office. The American Minister presented the case of the former United States Fish Commissioner, now engaged as an expert by the Siamese Government to study methods for the preservation of Siamese fish. Upon his arrival in Siam, he had requested permission to import a 'specimen'

revolver, capable of shooting only fine shot, in order to secure specimens for the Smithsonian Institute in Washington; his request had been endorsed by high American officials and was seconded by the Siamese Minister of Agriculture. The gun, with appropriate ammunition, had been shipped by American authorities and was held at Hongkong, awaiting a Siamese permit to import. Months passed. The Ministry of the Interior, with its eye single to the reduction of crime, was deaf to all pleas. Before the matter could be straightened out formal memoranda had to be prepared, and lengthy interdepartmental letters pass back and forth between the Foreign Office and the Ministry of the Interior; and valuable weeks, which should have been utilized in the collection of specimens, were irrevocably lost.

Other complaints were not so easily satisfied. Many foreigners, pointing to the fact that the smuggling of revolvers could not be stopped and that wrongdoers could always procure them without serious difficulty, demanded the right to protect themselves against armed criminals; and when the Ministry of the Interior persisted in refusing them the right to import revolvers for their self-protection, they induced their Governments to make strong representations to the Siamese Minister of Foreign Affairs. The latter Minister felt the wisdom of avoiding the possibility of foreign complications and the risk of heavy indemnities; yet, because there was no premier to shape and assume responsibility for the larger questions of policy involved, the matter remained pending for months, with no ready solution apparent.

Difficulties of the same kind arise in graver matters. The Siamese Government for years has been definitely committed to the policy of gradual

opium suppression; but since legislative prohibition alone will clearly not stop opium smoking the problem of method is extraordinarily difficult and infinitely complex. Yet opium control has been divided between ministries entirely independent of each other and often following quite divergent views. At present the Ministry of Finance exercises control over the opium *régie*, and, through its customs department, over the prevention of private importation of opium into Siam. Yet the practical enforcement of the opium laws through arrest and prosecution rests with the Minister of the Interior, who is pessimistic as to the possibility of opium suppression until opium production in other countries can be put under effective international control. Again, Siam's international responsibilities under the International Opium Convention of 1912 rest upon the shoulders of the hopeful and forward-looking Minister of Foreign Affairs. Further progress in opium suppression awaits a definitely formulated plan; and no constructive plan grows out of the independent action of three Ministers, each viewing the question from his own peculiar point of view. There seems but one logical solution: His Majesty will in all probability shortly appoint a Royal Opium Commission, entirely independent of any ministry, with power to make a careful study of the problem as a whole, to formulate a concrete policy, and to administer the entire work of gradual opium suppression, to which the Siamese Government is definitely and sincerely committed.

The lack of any legislative body means that there is no way of measuring the extent or the strength of popular opinion, and it may cast upon the King a burden which he ought not to be called upon to assume. Ever since the new leaven has been at work

the feeling against polygamy in Siam has become more and more widespread, particularly among the rank and file, who are for the most part unable to afford more than one family. The Royal Code Commission, charged with the formulation of a Siamese code of law, cannot proceed with the law of inheritance and of the family until a decision has been reached upon the fundamental question of monogamy or polygamy; and since under Siam's constitutional framework there can be no representative public discussion of the matter, the King must decide, alone and unaided. Yet no matter what his conception of progress may be, he in fact possesses more than one wife, as do many of the most powerful and influential of his close relatives. It follows inescapably that further legislation along the line of Western ideas in this matter is for the present impossible.

IV

In still another respect has Siam felt the practical difficulties and limitations of one-man rule. As the business of State has assumed more and more gigantic proportions, it has become increasingly manifest that the personal direction of every executive and legislative activity of government transcends the actual limitations of any one man's time or physical capacity. Either he will have insufficient time for the study of necessary state papers, or he will not be able to meet the representatives and understand the different views of divergent schools of thought. If the responsible head of the State is not freely and constantly accessible to the leaders of conflicting views, he may come under the dominant influence of a single group or clique, representing but one school of thought, and as a result form his judgments subject to the restricted view of that clique.

He may thus be cut off from invaluable counsels and information vitally necessary for the formation of correct decisions; and in so far as this takes place, sound government will be imperiled. Herein lies one of the real dangers in Siam to-day.

There is also the menace in every absolute monarchy of a possible future abuse of the sovereign's unlimited power. Fortunately for Siam, her present sovereign is so sincere in his concern for the people's welfare and so earnest in his work in their behalf that this danger is not a present one. Nevertheless, from the standpoint of permanent stability one must recognize the fact that probably no other form of government, if subjected to abuse, would under the influence of twentieth-century ideas so quickly provoke dangerous reaction or bloody revolution. With no safety valve of public discussion or parliamentary action, pent-up popular discontent or outraged feelings could find no outlet other than action by force.

The present ruler is not blind to these problems and dangers. He has no selfish wish to perpetuate absolute monarchism. The present form of government places upon the shoulders of any conscientious sovereign a terrible burden from which he can never hope to gain respite or relief, and King Rama VI would sincerely welcome a greater participation by his people in the hard task of government. The great present difficulty is that the rank and file of the Siamese people are as yet unfitted to share in such responsibilities. For centuries they have had no voice or part in the government; there has been nothing to stimulate their interest in public affairs or their understanding of Siamese problems; they have formed a politically dead and inert mass. With no political experience or education, they are not

yet ready for full-blown Western democracy. King Rama VI cannot shut his eyes to the truth that the mere creation of a so-called parliament neither creates democracy nor necessarily advances the cause of free government. A parliament uncontrolled by an intelligent electorate may constitute an infinitely more dangerous and corrupt engine of tyranny than the most absolute of kings.

Here lies one of Siam's serious and ever recurring problems. It is not insoluble, and already the Government has initiated a well-planned system of general compulsory education. Nevertheless, its solution will require time and much patience and experience.

V

One of the lesser problems which arose out of the transformation of Siam was that of the administration of law.

When King Chulalongkorn ascended the throne justice was largely a personal matter: throughout most of the kingdom each governor or provincial chief maintained his own courts, wherein cases were decided rather in accordance with his own desires than with any fixed system of law or of equity. If Siam was to take its place in the Western family of nations, it was imperative that a code of law be formulated and a thoroughgoing reorganization of judicial administration be undertaken. This work of reorganization began with the establishment of the Ministry of Justice in 1892; this was followed by the organization of a carefully worked-out system of courts of first instance throughout the kingdom, appeal courts, and a Supreme Court at Bangkok.

The interesting question early presented itself as to whether the new law to be formulated should be based

primarily upon the English common law or upon the Continental codes, descended from the Roman law. The latter won the day; and in 1905 King Chulalongkorn appointed a royal commission, composed of Siamese and French jurists, to draft the new codes. Consequently the new Siamese written law is based very largely upon the Code Napoléon, and has a strong French flavor. In 1908 a new penal code was enacted; a large part of the civil code has been finished; and it is the hope of the code commissioners to complete their task within the next five years.

Since most of the Siamese judges have received their legal training in England and the majority of Siam's judicial advisers are English, the situation resulting from the adoption of a Continental system of law promises to be of more than passing interest. Will the administration of a Continental code of law by English-trained judges result in an English law modified by Continental legislation, or will Continental ideas gradually prevail and ultimately supplant the English legal conceptions prevailing at the present day? Probably much will depend upon whether Downing Street or the Quai d'Orsay cultivates the warmer political friendship with Siam during the next few decades.

Of even larger importance than her constitutional problem is Siam's international problem, springing from the passionate desire of her people for freedom and independence. The Siamese call themselves the *Thai* or 'Free.' Of all the tribes and peoples of Southern Asia, the Siamese are the only ones who have through the changes and vicissitudes of constant warfare maintained their entire independence and achieved modern statehood. The pathway to this achievement has not lain through a bed of roses. In the language

of a popular proverb, 'Siam is a hare lying between a lion and a tiger.' Bordering Siam on the west and south lie Burma, British India, and the Malay States, backed by all the power and prestige of the British Empire. On the East lies French Indo-China, built up at the expense of neighboring States as part of the expanding colonial empire of France. Out of the very intensity of the imperial desires and jealousies of her powerful neighbors it has been the nice problem of Siamese foreign diplomacy to wrest her safety and independence. There have been dark times, when exquisite Siamese tact and forbearance have met with Western brutality and even the resort to Western guns; and Siam has had to learn that might sometimes plays a larger rôle than right and justice in the Western scheme of things.

Although the independence and international standing of Siam are now assured, there has remained the problem of how to win her freedom from the harassing provisions of outworn treaties made three quarters of a century ago.

In the middle of the last century, in the days when Siam was still almost untouched by Western progress, the Western nations secured treaties giving them the right to push their trade into Siamese dominions and to exempt their subjects from the jurisdiction of Siamese courts. As the object of those early treaties was to provide for unhampered trade, further provisions forbade the Siamese sovereign to levy export duties beyond a certain fixed schedule or import duties higher than three per cent. The early conditions which justified those treaties have now completely passed away; yet the treaties, containing no abrogation clauses, have been maintained against Siam, and, by means of extended interpretations imposed upon her, have

been enforced in an even more aggravated form. Not only were Europeans held to be exempt from Siamese courts; they were held exempt also from such Siamese laws as any treaty Power chose not to accept; and these exemptions were extended to include all Asiatics hailing from European colonies in Asia, such as Sumatra, Java, or Macao, and even all such foreign residents of Siam as the treaty Powers choose to enroll at their consulates, as 'protégés.' Once Asiatic residents of Siam discovered a method of obtaining immunity from Siamese courts and Siamese law, abuses followed, so flagrant at times that the work of progress was hampered at every turn.

A few months ago a Chinese tailor of Bangkok appeared at the American legation. 'What do you want, Ling?' the American chargé asked him.

'Me wantee be Melican plotégé. You givee me paper cheap,' came back the answer.

The American chargé's eyes twinkled. He explained to Ling that American citizenship was not to be bought and sold across the counter.

'Why do you want to be an American?' he asked.

Ling knew the American chargé, and trusted him. His eyes half closed; then his face broke into a smile.

'Ling go North,' he whispered. 'Bling plenty opium into Bangkok. If no getee paper, policeman catchee me. You no givee me paper? Allee light. Ling know where to go.' And he was gone.

Even laws obviously framed to promote progress and reform meet with constant difficulty, by reason of foreign rights of extraterritoriality. Some time ago Siam adopted a system of universal compulsory education. Complaints came to the Foreign Adviser that certain Asiatics were refusing

to comply with the provisions of the education law. Local investigation proved that these residents of Siam had originally hailed from a European Asiatic colony and were therefore exempt from arrest. When the Adviser approached the Minister of the mother country, he was informed that it declined to accept the education law for its subjects. That ended the matter. Under the existing treaty provisions Siam could do nothing.

On another occasion the British Minister raised the question of the application of the same law to a community of Mohammedan residents of Northern Siam. They were of Burmese birth and therefore British subjects; but out of respect for the memory of Mohammed they objected to their girls being sent to school instead of doing penance through the sacred month of Ramadan, and they had induced the British Empire to take up the cudgels in their behalf. Fortunately the law was so wisely framed that, after some discussion and adjustment, a way was found for overcoming the objections and enforcing the law.

Similarly, Siam framed a statute for the protection of trade-marks and trade-names. After its enactment, however, it was found impossible to secure the consent of all the treaty Powers to its application to their subjects; and as it is chiefly foreigners who are guilty of infringements, it proved impossible to put the law into effect. As a result, Siam to-day is unable to punish piracies of trade-marks and trade-names.

Again, the same treaty provisions constitute one of the great sources of difficulty and hindrance in Siam's efforts to suppress opium smoking. Some years ago Siam passed a law forbidding the private importation of opium into Siam, in order gradually to

reduce the amount imported into the country. Time after time Siamese officials have worked up their cases and succeeded in capturing Chinese or other Asiatics smuggling large quantities of opium across the border, only to find that the smugglers carried foreign papers and were therefore exempt from Siamese jurisdiction. The keepers of gambling resorts shelter themselves behind the same kind of protection.

Often the complaints which come into the Foreign Adviser's office concerning evasions of law by foreign protégés give rise to very complicated questions of nationality. The defendant in a libel case alleges that he is a Javanese, and therefore a Dutch subject. Witnesses are procured and affidavits carefully prepared, showing that he has lived in a certain Siamese village from early childhood with Siamese parents; the written statements of close relatives, school companions, neighbors, and village headmen are gathered and put in evidence. The defendant then replies that he was brought from Java when a baby and given into the keeping of the Siamese couple, who are only his foster parents. His father has disappeared, but by virtue of his Javanese birth he claims exemption from Siamese jurisdiction, and his claim is supported by the Dutch legation. Through a maze of conflicting stories and counter-stories the inquiry runs, and the question of identity is clouded and befogged by the defendant's possession of several entirely different names by which he is known to different groups of people. All the while the wheels of justice in the Siamese courts must wait; inordinate delays follow; and at times justice is entirely thwarted.

In still another way has progress been checked by the restrictive provisions of the out-of-date treaties. At

the time when they were made, the three-per-cent tariff restriction worked no injury, for the annual expenses of the backward State were small and easily met. But as Siam's many-sided progress demanded greater and greater expenditure, serious financial problems arose; and to-day the tariff clause greatly increases the difficulty of financing the expenditure which further progress demands. The securing of additional revenues from an increased tariff would not solve all Siam's financial problems, inasmuch as Siam is and always will be essentially an agricultural country and therefore will never enact a high tariff. Nevertheless, the removal of the three-per-cent limitation would materially aid her, and would at the same time remove an irritating restraint which seems as unnecessary to the welfare of foreign States as it is unjust to Siam.

VI

One of the lessons which Siam has had to learn to her cost through the course of many years is that great nations do not willingly relinquish, without compensation, rights gained over small nations. Countless efforts to rid herself of the burdensome treaty provisions have proved unavailing. In 1907 and in 1909 France and Great Britain agreed to modify the rigor of the early restrictions, but only in part and only for territorial compensations. At the conclusion of the Great War, after Siam had gallantly thrown in her lot with the Allies and had sent an expeditionary force to France, she again sought from her victorious allies, whose representatives were assembled at Versailles, the abrogation of the early treaty restrictions. The time seemed favorable, when the rights of small nations were being so loudly proclaimed.

Of all those present, President Wilson was the only one who acted upon her request. Recognizing Siam's remarkable progress, America in 1920 signed a new treaty with Siam, relinquishing the old extraterritorial rights and agreeing to a renunciation of all tariff limitations as soon as other nations should do likewise. No compensation was asked for and none was received.

Since that time, so far as her international problems are concerned, Siam's future has greatly brightened. Owing to the constructive work of diplomats on both sides, her relations with her immediate neighbors have within the last few years been greatly improved, and mutual understanding and respect have increased. A few months ago, Siamese officials arrested an opium smuggler on a sand bar on the Siamese side of the Mekong River, which forms part of the boundary between Indo-China and Siam. Local French officials claimed that French sovereignty had been outraged and the French Minister at Bangkok asked for an investigation. A score of years ago the incident might have developed ugly complications. As it was, careful investigation showed that the question depended upon the exact location of the Indo-Chinese boundary; and since, curiously enough, this has never been precisely determined, the two Governments have amicably agreed to let the matter rest until the more important boundary question is definitely settled. Because of many similar questions, negotiations are now well under way for the conclusion of an Indo-Chinese convention which, it is hoped, will remove all cause for future dispute and misunderstanding between the two Governments, and will pave the way for firm friendship and joint economic development.

As a result of America's action,

European nations have also had to recognize the injustice of maintaining indefinitely the old treaty restrictions. Less than a year ago Japan ratified a treaty with Siam closely following the American treaty of 1920; and during the past year new gains have been made, which show an open-mindedness on the part of European nations such as even the most optimistic hardly dared hope for. During the past ten months new treaties similar to the American treaty of 1920 have been at last secured with France, Great Britain, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, and Sweden, abrogating the early treaties and restoring Siam's right of jurisdictional and fiscal autonomy. Similar treaties have been negotiated with Italy, Norway, and Belgium, and will doubtless soon be signed. With the ratification of these treaties, Siam will enter upon a new era, freed from the harassing restrictions which have bound her for more than half a century. New vistas open out; a new period dawns.

VII

One other problem of major importance vitally concerns the future of Siam. If money constitutes the sinews of war, no less does it constitute the sinews of peace; and upon the proper solution of Siam's financial problem depends in very large measure her future.

Siam's natural resources are very rich. In her fertile rice-fields lies her wealth. The annual rice production far exceeds the nation's needs; each year she exports \$38,000,000 worth of rice, together with teak and other goods to the value of some \$13,000,000. Her needs are few; her peasant population lives very simply and frugally, and the warmth of the climate makes expensive clothing or fuel unnecessary.

Her abundant natural wealth has always made easy the balancing of her budget; and out of the substantial surpluses which usually resulted each year was built up a handsome Treasury Reserve Fund, utilized largely for the financing of railway construction and irrigation works. But as the activities of her progressive government increased, as she pushed her railway development and land-reclamation schemes and built water-supply systems and electric lighting plants, as she entered upon costly educational undertakings and became engrossed in the manifold enterprises which spell progress, the annual expenditures have been steadily increasing, and in 1921 occurred the first deficit for a number of years. In 1923 another deficit appeared; and present indications are that, unless additional revenues can be procured from an increased tariff and a reduction can be effected in the present cost of government administration, further progress may be seriously curtailed.

A royal commission has been appointed by the King to grapple with this problem and to find the best means for its solution. Some of the ablest Siamese are now at work upon

it. A tentative study of the problem would seem to indicate that either by reducing the extremely large amounts annually included in the civil list spent by His Majesty, or by reducing the sums annually spent by the army and navy, a way could be found with comparative ease for balancing the budget without curtailing the further progress of the kingdom.

The future of Siam largely depends upon the solution of her constitutional, her international, and her financial problems. Because she has the will to master them, and not the passive fatalism which allows them to master her, she is a country of hope. Her problems are not so difficult as those of most Eastern countries; none of them is insoluble. She has rich natural resources, and she has a population lovable and of sterling worth. If Europe will but allow her by unhampered self-development to make her own peculiar contribution to the progress of the world, the world will be the richer for Siam. All those who genuinely believe in the rights of small nations and who build their hope on the progress of mankind will wish her Godspeed in her gallant efforts.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A PLEA FOR THE CLASSICS

It is one of the inconveniences of man's superiority that, though he shares with the animals the necessity for sleep, his higher intelligence has invented clothing, and this clothing, by habit and convention, must be taken off at night and put on again in the morning. When the custom began is now impossible to discover, for the earliest history of the race is written in its bones, and the shrewdest scientist cannot tell from a man's skeleton what clothes, if any, he used to wear over it, or how often he changed them. One must believe, either by Genesis or by evolution, that our earliest ancestors wore nothing; and so the story starts with a perfect economy of time and attire, and ends — at present — with a vicious circle of monotonous repetitions.

Each night myself
I must undress,
Each morning
Dress again.
Swift run the hours
(More or less)
Till bedtime comes,
And then
Each night myself
I must undress,
Each morning
Dress again.
The sun climbs high,
The sun descends,
The customary
Evening ends,
And then —
Once more myself
I must undress
To sleep
And dress again.

It is a matter of simple arithmetic (as mine must be) to discover that an

octogenarian has spent at least 50,000 hours at this business of taking off and putting on clothes.

I am less concerned with the unescapable monotony of this circle, which, as it were, surrounds my sleep, and around which I am doomed daily to travel, than with the waste of precious time compelled by this unavoidable exercise. Certainly I have no wish to sleep in my clothes, or to affront the sun and the public in the simpler garments dedicated to the night. For greater comfort in bed, and to avoid attracting embarrassing attention out of it, I jog round my circle with reasonable philosophy. What does disturb me — and I have often thought of it while undressing — is the realization of what I might be doing if I did not have to undress. It cannot be said, for instance, that I am in any way improved by what I am doing, for each morning, when the circle is completed, I am, with a remarkable exactitude, just where I was when I started the night before; it is not like doing my physical exercises, for in this case, although next morning I look in vain in the mirror for any visible sign of improvement, reason tells me that something has been accomplished. Nor again is it like the autosuggestion nowadays so widely practised before going to bed, for one *can* go to bed without doing the autosuggestion. More than that, we live in an age of self-improvement, and can hardly take up a magazine, or open our mail, without having our attention called to the importance of utilizing all available time for that purpose.

I received only the other day an

account of four men who sat in the University Club of a Middle-Western city, three of whom were college graduates, while the fourth had had only a common school education, which he had wisely enlarged by reading fifteen minutes a day in the well-known *Harvard Classics*. This man talked, and the others listened — as well they might, for he had apparently traveled widely, knew something about science, and was quite at home with history, biography, essays, and the drama. He was a man, I read also, who 'writes in a style of unusual simplicity and persuasiveness — such a style as only comes to a man from reading the works of master writers. Men like to talk to him because he has somehow gained the rare gift of thinking clearly and talking interestingly.'

Naturally I felt a hopeless ambition to be like that myself; and then it appeared further that I too could do it, as a quarter of a million Americans have proved, if I followed his example. A few minutes of pleasant reading each day, and wherever I go afterward (unless, of course, I happen to run into one of those quarter of a million Americans) I, like him, will be listened to and envied.

Yet I find it difficult to get the fifteen minutes, and so must many another honest fellow who would like to be listened to and envied. Doubtless we fritter them away, a minute here and a minute there; anyway, it seems impossible for us to herd them together. We remain mere bumps on the social log. But, whatever else we do, we must undress at night and dress again in the morning — and there, all together, are more than fifteen minutes when, if we cannot read, we are quite able to listen. If an installment of the *Classics* were broadcast at bedtime, we could be taking in while we were taking

off; if another installment were broadcast just after we got up, we could be taking in while we were putting on. And when we went out into the busy world of men and women we should be listened to, at first perhaps with surprise and annoyance, but by degrees, day by day and week by week, with increasing wonder and envy. As we took off our clothes we should travel, stocking in hand, down the Nile with Herodotus — so the situation was presented to me, though without the stocking — or around the Horn with Dana; unbuttoning our collars before the bureau mirror, we should see, beyond and behind the stupid features that we know so well, the great Grecian dramas in the amphitheatre of Athens; barefooted, in our pajamas, we should stand beside Columbus on the Santa Maria at that thrilling moment when America trembled before discovery. And when the installment was finished — there we should be, all undressed and ready to hop into bed!

It seems quite feasible; nor is it a real objection, as the reader may at first think, that we do not all go to bed at the same time. It would be better for us if we did; and the broadcasting of the *Classics* might by imperceptible degrees, and without arousing the natural rebellion that would be caused by a Constitutional amendment, introduce a wholesome uniformity. Nor is it desirable that everybody should listen to the installments: there must be some left to listen to us. Having tuned in and got undressed, a man would just naturally turn in and go to sleep after hearing a selection of classical literature. But would he — I seem to hear a reader questioning — wake up in time to tune in next morning? Unquestionably yes, for this cautious question misses one of the most valuable results of the innovation, in that it assumes erroneously that a normal

man is capable of an abnormal period of sleep.

I am reminded of Mr. Boswell, his lament over the pain of getting himself up in the morning, and his pathetic conviction that there ought to be something he could take for it. 'As I imagine,' he said, 'that the human body may be put, by the operation of other substances, into any state in which it has ever been; and as I have experienced a state in which rising from bed was not disagreeable, but easy, nay, sometimes agreeable, I suppose that this state may be produced, if we knew by what.' The significant thing in this lament is that Mr. Boswell admitted occasions when getting up had been easy, nay, sometimes agreeable. In the Middle Ages, when artificial illumination was poor and the manner of life presented comparatively few topics for conversation, people went to bed with the chickens, got up with the chickens, and that was all there was to it. No troubadour plucked his harp to accompany a humorous ditty about the difficulty of getting up in the morning. But in Boswell's time, although illumination was not much better, there were many more incentives for sitting up — books, playhouses, clubs, conversations with Dr. Johnson, et cetera. The abbreviation of normal sleep that characterizes our own civilization was already operative on Mr. Boswell; and I only wonder that Dr. Johnson did not reply to him, 'Why, sir, it may be produced by going to sleep eight good hours before you mean to get up.' Broadcast, as they would be, under sound scientific advice, the morning installment of the *Classics* would allow for eight hours of sleep after the bedtime selection, and nearly everybody would wake up by natural inclination. The benefits of this regular and restful sleep need no exposition; and a nation whose people

had widely and voluntarily followed this practice would make the rest of the world wonder.

There is another point that should be considered.

In many cases, no doubt, there is already a fifteen-minute reading of the *Classics* at bedtime, and these readers would have to stop until the broadcasting caught up with them. But the important thing is that little or nothing would be added to the time already required for physical exercise, auto-suggestion, and correspondence. We live, as I have said, in an age of self-improvement — of exercise for the body, reading and correspondence courses for the intellect, and autosuggestion for the subconscious mind. It is a flowering of the printing press in many blossoms which may be, and are, picked in quantity in our bookstore gardens; and any honest, ambitious man, by dint of brief but regular periods of bedtime study or practice, may hope to mobilize his mid-brain, reduce his waist measure, enlarge his general culture, improve his health, or acquire useful proficiency in any chosen vocation. Steadily the horizon widens, and the race steps forward. Yet it is not so very long since men knew nothing at all about their subconscious minds, and kept fit physically in order, if the necessity arose, to kill each other as expeditiously as possible and with the minimum of personal risk.

In those days a man undressed, said his prayers, blew out his candle, and popped into bed. Some — for we are sadly mistaken if we assume that religious practice was even then universal — omitted the prayers. Many, I believe, still go to bed with the same heedless directness. The man who goes to bed in what might be called the ultramodern manner — who reads his *Classics*, does his exercises, studies his

correspondence course, puts in a reasonable spell of autosuggestion before getting into bed, and finishes off with his formula and his knotted string just as he goes to sleep — is probably rare compared with those who have chosen and who pursue a single line of self-improvement. And some nights, with the best of intentions, it must happen that he is a little delayed in reaching his bedchamber. He winds his alarm clock, sets it at the ultimate moment when he must get up, and sees plainly that, according to the wise physicians and their confounded eight hours of sleep, he ought really to be snug in bed and soundly asleep already. But it can't be helped, and the sooner he begins his programme the better. So off coat and vest! Off necktie and collar, with a mental note for to-morrow, 'Collar button under left-hand side bureau, probably pretty far back. Will need stick. Rolled under while taking off collar last night. A little annoyed, but kept my temper. This should help me keep temper under other circumstances.' He takes off his trousers. He stands on the bottom of the right leg with his left foot, dexterously withdrawing his right foot; and then he stands on the bottom of the left leg with his right foot and, with equal dexterity, withdraws his left leg. That he accomplishes this without falling over does not astonish him. He will get undressed first, he tells himself, and sit down to his correspondence course in his comfortable dressing gown; and then his exercises; and then down the Nile with Columbus, or all aboard the Santa Maria with Christopher Herodotus; and then his autosuggestion; and then to bed, not forgetting his knotted string. He gets off a shoe. One shoe off, and the other shoe on, hey diddle diddle, my son John — Ahhhhhhhhh! Yessssss! *Ex-actly!* Just the time (he continues,

speaking to himself in a low, hard voice) for this devil-begotten shoestring to tie itself in a hard knot! He sits down on the floor to work the better at the knot; and now, indeed, he has a golden opportunity to practise his autosuggestion while he undresses himself. 'I am calm,' he will perhaps say, 'oh, quite calm. I am serene and untroubled and in no hurry at all. I am master of myself, and will soon be master of my shoestring. Day by day in every way this darn knot is getting looser and looser.' It may well be, I grant you, that this is too much self-improvement for a man to manage at once.

But the broadcasting of the *Classics* at bedtime would certainly vary and enrich the now monotonous process of taking off and putting on our clothes. In my own case, for example, I should not only travel daily around the familiar circle, but I should progress steadily in a definite forward direction toward an ever more distinguished status in any company.

MY ROSE FIELD IN HOLLYWOOD

WHEN I was very little, I lived among the Mennonites and I was exceedingly modest. With a buttercup or a violet in my hand, I would stand, wide-eyed, and think, 'When I am big, I will own a flower field; it shall be my very own!'

From my Hollywood balcony I could look through the palm trees and see Japanese gardeners silently working in the rose field at dusk. Sometimes I could smell the leaf mould subtly mingled with a breath of perfume. Little brown men moved whirling sprinklers about and, stooping in the pathways, did mysterious things to earth and plant.

Waking in the rosy dawn to greet the

sun, I would sniff the sweet, keen air and quickly dress, that I might have an hour to walk in the cool brown aisles and behold the glory of the roses. There were several vacant lots in this heart of a Hollywood street, which had been rented — as most of the other vacant lots had been — by the thrifty Japanese, for flower-raising. Quick-growing, quick-selling sweet peas, in long, high-trellised rows of mauve and gold, rose and blue, glorified most of the lots, but this acre of land was covered with roses.

I never knew what they raised them for. I never saw anyone come to the field except one or two gardeners, and I am sure the flowers were never picked. The first rows, nearest the street, were dwarf plants, the dead-white roses always cool-looking, not very fragrant, smelling much like the earth. Next came rows of faintly pink roses — open-faced, flat blossoms with a hundred or more crinkly petals, like rosettes of taffeta. There were thick rows of rich La France, the stately Paul Neyron and the gracious Madame Du Barry, and proud, distinctive roses I had never known. There were clouds of dusky Jacqueminots of the texture of silk velvet, with an overwhelming luxury of perfume that one fairly drank as he inhaled. On one side of the field grew a great bush fully six feet high and at least thirty feet in circumference, upon which bloomed hundreds of creamy tea roses.

But at the end of the lot, almost hidden, was the mystery of the place. Here bloomed roses great as large orchids, formed almost like orchids — roses with six or seven great curled petals. Some were of apricot shades, with deep, golden hearts and heavy-burdened stamens. There were lavender-pink shades with orange chenille hearts, petals waxy as orange blossoms and as drunkenly sweet. These

gorgeously exotic flowers had thick, brittle, thornless stems and bright-green, sharp-edged leaves.

On my way to the studio, I used to step from the street to the fragrant paths and slowly walk from plant to plant. I would drop to my knees and touch gently with my lips their velvety blooms, drinking in a bit of their fragrant breath. By way of service, I picked off a brown leaf when I could find one; but there were almost no withered leaves in this field of a thousand roses. Walking softly about, I would dream I was in a Rose Heaven, and that it was all, all my own. I loved each lovely plant with a passionate tenderness.

Sometimes I asked one of the dreamers from the studio to come with me and see my rose field, but I never picked a flower or allowed another so to trespass.

One morning, as I sat on my heels with hands folded in my lap, in an ecstasy of delight before some special beauty, a Japanese gardener popped up before my very eyes and, with rapid little apologetic salaams, said, 'Peek wan! Peek wan!'

I was startled and felt like a guilty child. I gasped, 'I have never picked any — any — any!' shaking my head from side to side and throwing my arms wide, showing empty palms, in an expansive gesture.

Again he bent rapidly in the middle, and repeated urgently, 'Peek wan! Peek wan!'

I did pick one quickly, the first one my hand fell to, saying, 'I thank you — thank you very, very much, sir!' And I may have bowed somewhat as he did, for I never could talk to the Japanese without unconsciously returning their little salaams; and then I hastened away. I had never before seen anyone in the field in the morning, and at night I had waited until I was sure

the gardeners had left before I went a-walking there.

For several days I stayed away; and then, lured by a fragrant wind, I timidly stepped again into the cool, fragrant paths, but I was always thinking that in some unknowable way little Japanese gardeners might be concealed behind the smallest bushes.

One afternoon a great limousine stopped before my house. When I went to the door, a gracious Japanese gentleman bowed deferentially before me, and in the gentlest of voices asked: 'Are you the lady who walks in the roses?'

I felt the blood rush to my brow. This gentle-voiced person suspected me of trampling on his lovely flowers! I swallowed and said, 'Yes, sir; but I did not pick any. I only —' He raised a hand and said, 'No, no. But you are the lady who goes there?'

'I often do go there, sir, but I have never —'

Again he gently interrupted me, saying, 'No, no. Pardon, pardon, madame, but you are the lady. I have come to tell you that the roses — they are all yours.'

I looked at him in speechless amazement. Mine! 'Why —'

'I came to tell you,' he gently insisted, 'that we go now, and the roses — they are all yours, to pick, to smell, to do with as you like, madame. Good-bye!' He beamed upon me.

I could scarcely believe it. I almost let him go without a word.

'Oh, but, sir, I — I thank you.'

He graciously bent his head and smiled. 'You are most, most welcome. Good day and good-bye.'

I did not know whether to run across the street and announce from the centre of the rose field to the listening universe that it was all, all mine, or to close the door and weep a thousand thousand tears.

There were no more little brown gardeners in the dusk, or even in the early dawn. The hose and even the water pipes disappeared. But the field was well soaked and the garden had not yet reached the zenith of blooming. I picked hundreds of long-stemmed roses and filled my sunny rooms; I carried bushel-basket bundles of precious rose-treasure to the studios; but, for all my picking, never did my field appear to have lost one flower. It reminded me of the Scriptural verse: 'Prove me now . . . if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'

I began to carry water early in the mornings and through the dusk. I cut countless dozens of perfect buds from the tea-rose bush, but always it was full of blooms. Timidly I cut the orchid roses, one by one, and placed them in fitting vases in my cool rooms. They seemed to exhale a mystic aura, before which my spirit did reverent homage. They were the mystery of the rose field. When they had come into perfect bloom, the work was finished.

Strange new neighbors stood on front lawns with hose or rake in hand, faces ever turned toward me with puckered brows of amazement for my coming and going. With flushed cheeks, I tried to pretend I did n't notice.

Gradually the dark, damp paths faded to dry fawn dust, but still the hardy plants sent forth precious buds. Then, one night, hurrying home from the studio, I found that excavation had begun in the field, and every plant had perished as if it had been but a Jimson weed. But that fair garden shall bloom forever in my heart. Its perfume pervades my very soul. You see, my childish dream came true. When I grew big, I did own a flower field. It was all my very own!

A BRIDGE OR TWO

I HAVE always liked bridges — whether for the water that swirls under, as Melville suggests in *Moby Dick*, or for the structures themselves, I cannot say. But this I know: given a free hour for a walk, my way would take me, not to the open fields and the stretch of road, but down into the ill smells of wharves and the dirty reach of backwater, to the barges and tugs tied under bridges, or to the middle of some steel span which cuts from shore to a liberty of mid-river daring, where water slips between arches and ships pass and repass at my feet. Bridges exhilarate. A sailor must feel the same on the mizzen; a rower on the jumping current of narrow streams; a pilot looking over the prow of a great liner getting home from sea.

As I say, whether bridges take power from the waters they arch or from the gauntness of steel bands in mid-air, I do not know. The charm is there; and that should, anyway, be quite enough. It is present in new bridges and in old, in wooden bridges and in steel suspension. There is as much satisfaction in weak, swaying spans as in strong ones.

I like the old bridge at Seventh Street. It satisfies me, not because it will carry thunderous traffic in the years to come, — already it has been condemned as an inadequate creation of a half-century ago, — and not because, when a big boat is to go by, it gyrates upon one leg with the mad fling of an immense harlequin, as I am told bridges in Chicago sometimes do. Such antics would be suicide for its stiff and rheumatic steel trusses. It does take me to work in the morning and to my home every night, but this is unimportant. I could go home across the Sixth Street span with more assurance and a deal more speed.

Neither do I like it, as some poet might, for its beauty or for a hidden suggestion of tawny strength. Poor thing! A six-ton truck and two street cars make it groan and tremble; and as for beauty, its narrow iron rails and its awkward end towers are like the bony anatomy of some vagabond living without enough bread.

But this is why I like it. In the evening, when I go home, traffic floods across its narrow width. A jam of autos thunders over it; one street car grinds in the yellow wake of two or three ahead. Crowds of six-o'clock stenographers and clerks strain home to Allegheny and warm suppers. Underneath it the currents tug at stone pillars and whirl round the central span. Above and below, countless forces are pulling at it — and at its rusted shackle bolts, at its old steel rods, at its narrow beams, and at its flood-worn masonry. As I have said, supercilious city inspectors have marked it for death. Yet in winter and summer, in snowstorms and thundershowers, year in and year out, it carries its evening rush and its unfair load, and blinks valiantly at the oily river with its red and green signal lights. It is old, — ugly, if you will, — without reason for existence; but it does exist. It goes on doing its duty and is damned for its struggles. What more could be said for a bridge?

Yet bridges have qualities other than tragic endurance. They have efficiency, and picturesque beauty, the ability to meet all requirements, and the power of stirring the imagination. That is why the Brady Street bridge across the Monongahela is as great a favorite of mine as it was of Pennell's, who sketched it one misty day when it was all smoke and black lines. At night it is at its best, when the half-lights and shadows of Soho add a

background of mystery to its geometric symmetry. From the Boulevard of the Allies it fills the street and river below with vague black marks and dark blotches. Like Mirza's bridge, it is founded upon this substantial earth and leads out into the mist. When I am on it, I look along its beams and I try to trace its course to the other shore, but the end is lost in the dancing reflections and will-o'-the-wisps that gleam and sparkle in the channel, and I begin to think of it as a fairy bridge — until a three-ton truck thunders past with scarcely a vibration of the arched floor on which I stand. Street cars rumble along; four refuse wagons jerk past in a line; touring cars and sedans weave in and out impatiently; an ambulance with yellow flag and red signal light rings a nervous way through the jam of traffic. I look at my bridge again. It is no longer a thing of mists and phosphorescent haze; it is steel, it is concrete and stone. It leads from factories here to factories there. It is a link in a chain of mills unfortunately separated by water.

Below my place at the rail, one black roof after another rises; black stacks varying like the pipes of some infernal organ stick up. From one chimney purple tongues lick out into vivid greens; a bright pink runs the length of another. It rises from gold-and-white steam at its base like the pistil of some giant flower, blooming for the moment and dying with the fall of the flame. Across the river, five miles up, another blast is poured. The light rises; it spreads into the black sky, breaks into showers of gold sparks, flickers along the dull waves of the river. I look out through the bridge at strange colors. I see a midnight sun crossed and cut by sombre bars of

enclosing steel. This, I tell myself, is not the real world. This bridge, this strength, this flaming beauty, this is the spirit of steel — steel which men make with hatred and curse with the familiarity of the lover.

Efficiency and beauty, ugly crudeness and tenuous delicacy, I find them all about me in the bridges I see or walk to look at in passing. I can go from one to the other, from the little spur bridge at the refinery to the great Point Bridge where the ancient rivers join, and I never weary. Perhaps it is an obsession, a love of color which I centre improperly about definite things. Sometimes I know that this is so. When I go over bridges in street cars and strain my head around to watch the place that I am crossing, I see my neighbor reading the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the conductor talking to the telegraph messenger next to him. Bridges to them must be a means from one place to another. Are they right and am I madly trailing clouds of glory? I sometimes wonder. Then I see a girl turn round in her seat to glance up along the beams of a bridge to its middle span of steel rods. She looks out up the river where a dredger ploughs frothily along the green water. She looks long and hard at the house boats and factories. Then I feel better. 'Ah, my dear,' I remark, 'you too have the fever. You too should be out walking. You are one of the wise.' But I never say this aloud.

Some day I may; and I am hoping for an understanding response. I could not well bear up if she should say, 'Do I look as if I wanted company? Of all the nerve!' After all, she might only be thinking of the next payment on her fur coat; but I hope she will be gracious, for bridges, it seems to me, should make brothers of us all.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE Puritan minister who led his brethren in worship on the Sabbath and skun them at horse-trading between times set an example that has brought prosperity to the descendants of his flock. A minister of quite another color, **Reinhold Niebuhr**, of a large Evangelical Church in Detroit, leads us on an illuminating inquiry into the causes of American success and the price Fate charges for it. ¶Irishman by instinct, novelist, and critic, **Francis Hackett** lives in France, perhaps because between the two countries there is, as he says, 'an extraordinary, a pervasive, moral similarity.' ¶With Pauline hardihood, the Reverend **Harcourt Johnson** undertook a mission as adventurous as it was necessary. ¶Long active in the suffrage movement in England, author of that widely discussed book, *Sex and Common Sense*, and assistant preacher at the City Temple, London, from 1917 to 1920, **A. Maude Royden** is reputed to be the most eloquent woman in England to-day. **Oswald Couldrey** is a veteran of the Indian Educational Service, where he was distinguished as the late Principal of Rajahmundry College. ¶After a tried and true service on the *New York Times* and other important papers, **Silas Bent** has risen to be a special writer at large. That people who live in glass houses should n't throw stones at reporters is one of the morals of his paper.

* * *

It was to **Amory Hare** (who has since moved her home to Cynwyd) that John Masefield wrote the following lines:—

There was a young girl from Philadelphia
Who wrote little poems very well-phia.
If ever she should die,
I would lay me down and cry,
And gloomily toll a little bell-phia.

To his study of the Civil War, and especially to his biography of *Robert E. Lee the Soldier*, **Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice** has brought a wide experience

in strategy and command. Mentioned in dispatches seven times, General Maurice in 1915 was brevetted and made Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff. ¶At the front, where he served as a war correspondent, and on his more peaceful excursions about the earth, **Sir W. Beach Thomas** has observed what fear means to the bravest of us—and to the most timid. ¶Typically enough, from Yarmouth, Maine, **Isabel Hopestill Carter** sends us her first contribution.

* * *

On many bookshelves **Sara Teasdale** has made a secure place for herself among the lyrical poets. She is the author of *Rivers to the Sea*, *Flame and Shadow*, and other volumes. ¶Provoked by Dr. Leuba's explanation of 'The Weaker Sex' in the April *Atlantic*, **Dr. Faith Fairfield**, of Smith College, gives other and more temporary reasons for such inferiority as modern woman admits. **George O. May**, a recognized authority in his field, is president of the National Bureau of Economic Research. ¶With her Muse and her husband, **Frances Lester Warner** has left Pittsburgh for Paris, though not without first promising to send us a description of 'The Terrestrial Globe, a Cosmic Survey, in 10 pp.' ¶Any child and most parents will appreciate the charming gravity with which **Annie Webster Noel** follows and applauds the happiest of household dramas.

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An English student of affairs, long resident in Italy, **Robert Sencourt** wrote us in advance of his manuscript:—

I came back a few weeks ago from a tour in Italy and Germany. In the spring, as you know, I was in Spain, and for the present I am in England. In all these countries, as it seems to me, and in France as well, the belief in democracy which was so strong in President Wilson's heyday has been rejected in more or less dramatic

circumstances, and other theories of government are taking the place it has had to give up.

The nature of these 'dramatic circumstances' was described by Mr. Sencourt in the *May Atlantic*. E. T. H. Shaffer's opinions on the present farming situation are the result of twenty years' service as a rural supply merchant, and, latterly, the complementary experience of a planter at Walterboro, S. C. Francis Bowes Sayre is Professor of Law at Harvard University, and has recently concluded his highly successful mission as Advisor to the late King of Siam. His paper was written shortly after his return and before the death of King Rama VI.

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In support of Annie Webster Noel's sensitive delineation of 'Child Drama' in this present issue comes this genuine tragedy written by Marion Joy Morgan, aged nine years, after seeing a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*. 'I'm afraid it's a little bit like *Romeo and Juliet*,' she told her mother, 'though I changed it all I could.'

Act I Sien I.

On the Street of Arestele a small town in Rome.
Enter Promithus and Odyssues.

Odyssues: 'How now, brave Promithus, is it that thou art not gone unto Palos to tell him of your trobels?'

Promithus: Ah! Odyssues it is not my wish to consult with Palos. I would much rather wander all my life than tell my trobels even to wise Palos.

Odyssues: Thow art doing rong Thou Shouldst be in his presence now (they are rudly broken in on by Abdella Paloses Servant)

Haste ye! Haste ye! to the cell of Palos He Awaits thou.

Prom: 'I go. Farewell Odyssies.

'Farewell Promithus said Odyssies.

Curtian

End of sien 1 act 1.

Act I Sien 2.

The Cell of Palos.

Palos sitting on a bench. Enter Promithus.

Palos 'So Thou art come at Last.

Promithus — Merrily I am come but only for a short stay.

Palos Out with your trobels my boy.

Promethius, 'I am sorely in Love with Mistella and she with me, yet our famileys are not friends there has been war between them for many a year. Mistella craves to make it known openly

that we love each other. Mistella's father hath said she shouldst marry the Young Count Cestralla. He loves her she dost not love him. I will seek her tonight by the fontian. She dost alyways go for a drink.

Palos: yes bring your fair Mistella here at the hour of 9.

Promithus: I would that thou wouldst marry us.

Palos: That I will Fair Promithus

Curtian

End of Sien two Act one.

Act 2 Sien ONE.

The Public Square in Arestell

Promithus waiting by the fountian Enter

Young Count Cestralla

Count: What! Ho! methinks it is Promithus

Promithus Does it chanst to be thou Cestralla

Thou Houty unfair Vagabond.

Promithus draws sowrd So does Cestralla

Prom. I will pierce thou to the heart thou unwanted rouge. Sowrd fight begins.

Enter a Slave of Promithus and the Count. They start fighting. Enter father of each and Ladies. They don't fight the Ladies shriek and run to the background. Enter Every one else in the Play.

Enter Palos. up rising Hand. Halt! Dos't Ye not remember what I have taught Thou. Men kneel put down sowrd and depart.

Curtian.

Act 2 Sien 2.

Clock strikes eight, enter Promithus and Mistella

Promithus — Haste Ye! Fair Mistella. We are awaited by Palos in his cell.

Mistella O Promithus I Would that We were Married.

Prom. That is our biseness, We are to be married at the Hour of Nine It is now Four and twenty minuets past eight.

(They walk in silence in quiet a while)

Prom. We are here at Paloses Mistella

Mistella — Thank God we arrived in a nick of time.

Palos — Welcom! Art thou ready yet Fair Mistella.

Mistella — Verrily I have alyways been wanting to marry.

Palos — I prononce you man and wife.

(They are huging all the time.)

Curtian.

* * *

Advice to a bent young professor.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wonder how many college professors feel as does Mr. George Boas, according to his article in your March issue. If the majority do, then

God pity our students! And if there is justification for that feeling, God pity our professors! 'Us professors,' I should say, since I have lately returned to the 'professoriat' after a ten years' sojourn in business. Though these years were not unprofitable financially, I like to estimate their yield in terms of the spirit, and to feel that I am now in possession of experience which gives me some basis of comparison when I think about my job and my colleagues.

Mr. Boas, if I understand him, regards it as impossible for the man whom he calls 'sophisticated' — though he describes what I should prefer to call 'the man of independent mind' — to be happy in university teaching; impossible because of his enforced association with immature minds, since this association results in his being misunderstood, and in his yielding to the temptation to court popularity among the unintelligent and to become intellectually atrophied.

Now immature minds are not, I have discovered, confined solely within college walls; and those within are, on the average, brighter than those without; at least students' minds are generally so. The 'sophisticated' man is pretty sure to be obliged to mingle with immature minds in company of any sort. Some of the men who run our big businesses he would find unbelievably childish, with trivial interests, petty jealousies, and foolish ambitions. Professional men would seem to him to be living a decidedly narrow life. Artists, aside from their work, would appear to be merely grown-up boys. As for politics' bringing our sophisticated man in contact with persons of mature wisdom, he has merely to read of the doings of our Congressmen to be disillusioned. These men's interests are different from, but not necessarily bigger than, ours; their outlook is not the same as ours, but it may be no loftier. If professors think business men 'inherently swine,' business men in turn have the utmost contempt for the academic mind; and professional men look upon teachers as those unable to succeed in the sciences or arts in which they give instruction.

No, it is not only in teaching that the 'sophisticated' man would find it hard to be happy: he would meet much the same problem in any occupation that brings one in contact with many other minds. And teaching has an advantage in that so many of these immature minds belong to young persons who have come to college with the purpose — in part, at least — of exposing themselves to association with the 'sophisticated' man. What an opportunity for him! Unless, indeed, he desires to escape the common misery of being misunderstood and the common temptation to 'slump,' in which case he will flee to a hermit's cell. And even there, I

fancy, he may at times be made unhappy by the suspicion that there is an immature mind around somewhere.

M. I. W.

* * *

Expressive of the many letters that have come to us in appreciation of Lucien Price's 'Olympians in Homespun' is this vernal note from the West.

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'A single green thing blooms in the desert.' And this green thing is an offshoot of the paper, 'Olympians in Homespun,' the first article, in place and in significance, of your April number. I had been reading all day papers from my college classes, and, a little weary in spirit, I picked up the magazine, which at intervals I had been nibbling on of late. I read the first four pages with a queer delight — not that the material was in itself singularly novel: I had grown up myself in the days of buggies and kerosene lamps and heroic toil, if not entirely of things Olympic — and I reread sentences; my mind began to lift. I read the whole article through, and turned back to read it again. Then I reached for my red-ink pen (sure sign of more than pleasure in my reading) to bracket a few descriptions, to underline a few memorable phrases. Here was something to dream over, to think about — something of *Licht, Liebe, Leben*. My spirit winged out into the shining reality of those pages. I turned at last to the Contributors' Column to find out what manner of man could write of life like that; and I found the editors' note and the author's letter. And now I merely want to say that a 'green thing grows in the desert,' that life is again suddenly illuminated. Thank Mr. Price for his splendid 'Olympians in Homespun.'

EDNA DAVIS ROMIG

* * *

This modern Marco Polo, a reader of Atlantic publications (when they can overtake him), sends one of our editors a comic-opera account of his adventures.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Many, many times I wanted to write to you, but when roaming about as I have for the last year or more one does get little chance to sit down and answer letters. I greatly appreciate your kind letter congratulating me on our successful mission to Yunnan, but alas, my object, for which I have endured so much, I have not been able to achieve — viz., reaching the Amneh Ma chin. This was due to the war which broke out between the Moslems of Sining

and the Tibetans south of the Kuku Nor, which even involved the Ngolok tribes who have their abode at the foot of the Amneh Ma chin. The Living Buddha of Labrang, who promised me a lama escort to Kadja gambo on the Yellow River, from which monastery it is four days to the Amneh Ma chin, had to flee for his life and is even now with the Ngura tribe south of the Amneh Ma chin in exile, out of which he can for the present not emerge if he does not want to be a *dead* Buddha instead of a Living one. I have made friends with General Machi of Sining and, since a living god cannot help me, General Ma, *the devil*, will. He is hard pressed, however, for the time being by the *Christian* General Feng's lieutenants, who are after his scalp, so you see I am between the devil, the Buddha, and the Christian General, if one can be between three things, and the Amneh Ma chin is a long way off.

Time will tell and I have hopes the devil will win, for he, Machi of Sining, is the only one who will be able to help me get there. Once there the worry will be how to get out.

The war lasted all summer last year and four thousand Tibetans were killed, General Ma offering a reward of three dollars for every Tibetan head. They were much in demand and were brought to Labrang by his satellites, his Moslem soldiers, who would ride into town with from fifteen to twenty heads tied to their saddles, the heads later gracing the walls of the military barrack like garlands of roses. Unfortunately they were not always the heads of warriors, but of innocent women and children, as no distinction was made. We explored in the Tebbu country south of the Minshan on the edge of nowhere; there we were attacked by a band of Tebbus. I may not say outlaws, since there is no law except that which they represent themselves. One of my men was shot in the arm. We managed to drive the Tebbu Knights off and I played doctor to mine injured assistant during a terrific electrical storm, with the lightning striking the limestone crags around me at the top of a fourteen-thousand-foot mountain. It reminded me of some act of the *Götterdämmerung* or *L'amore dei tre re*. It was dark, and the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled. We extricated ourselves as best we could.

Our next opera act was staged on the lake of the Kuku Nor on September 21. I took a delightful dip in the 'azure lake'—elevation 10700, *no waikiki*, temperature 42° F. and the air much colder. After a gorgeous sunset my Moslem soldiers, who were sent to protect me, coldly told me there were robbers about, and added that they were afraid they would have to turn me over to Heaven for protection as they would not be at home when the robbers would deign to pay me a formal call. I spent a vigil

with my boys, fearing that my noble escort would later introduce the robbers and divide the spoils. It was not a very pleasant night, especially as Heaven added to the anxiety by letting loose all the winds pent up somewhere on the Kuku Nor at 2 P.M., which kept us busy holding down our tents with all our might to prevent a sailing party on the lake. But you know the proverb, 'Unkraut verdirbt nicht,' and so we are all still alive and happy, ready to try again. This part of the world is now what Merry England must have been during the Norman conquest and the adventurous sojourn of Richard of Anjou, only that here there are no rules prescribed for the behavior of warriors in battle. Now I sit in a peaceful lamasery, the great lamasery of Choui, ruled over by a prince who nevertheless is subject to a Chinese magistrate some distance from here. In this sanctum I sit and await the spring to sally forth once more.

J. F. ROCK

* * *

By their challenge of our national concept of thrift, Mr. Foster and Mr. Catchings have roused business men and economists to a like investigation. One of many, this sensible letter adds fuel to the argument.

April 20, 1926

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC,—

'The Dilemma of Thrift,' discussed in your April number, is not new. Long ago it engaged the attention of Solomon and, wisely, he wrote: 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.' Which goes to emphasize the great law of compensation, and its counterpart: a price must be paid for everything.

No man can beat the game of life. There is no such thing as something for nothing. We must give to get, sow to reap, seek to find. No investment—no dividends. No advertising—no trade. No buyers—no sellers, no sales, and no business. The miser is an enemy of the general welfare, and of his own likewise.

There is probably no better illustration of scattering and yet increasing than of money spent for advertising. At first blush it seems just like buying blue sky, and yet under modern scientific methods it is not an 'expense' but an investment and may be carried as such on a balance sheet. The most spectacular example the business world has ever known, probably, is the case of the Dodge car. Fifty millions for goodwill, created mainly by advertising in a few brief years.

So far as the individual is concerned the problem is not so much one of thrift or of spending as of common sense. What is needful is a well-arranged budget that maintains at a nice

balance all the different phases of the disposition of one's income. A judicious scattering or spending, and a withholding or saving what is 'meet.'

The circumstances and conditions of different persons are so various that no detailed rules can be made which will fit every case. Each one must be the judge and the arbiter of his own programme and the result will be according to his wisdom or lack of it.

WALTER N. CARROLL

* * *

New uniforms for new thoughts.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Concerning 'Uniforms for Thoughts,' by Margaret Lynn, in the March *Atlantic*, is n't it a merciful thing that uniforms for thoughts have been furnished us? Are n't we spared much distress thereby?

My friend has a colored butler. He is knocked. 'But dem knees won't be so apparient when I gits my uniform on,' he says. A uniform for him is a most beneficent friend.

Or, to take the case of the much-quoted Henry in Margaret Lynn's article, his biographer regrets that all his means of expression are already laid out for him. No matter what his inner thought may be, he can only reply 'What-tee' or 'Wut' or 'Wha-at' or 'What-ty.' Suppose, as his author suggests, that these clumsy opacities were swept away from him and he should speak in all the beauty and clarity that come to him as part of his inheritance — what would happen? Suppose his mother calls 'Henry!' and he desires in his reply to get away from banal platitudes and to embody his impatience of feminine control! Instead of the glossy 'Wha-at?' he would call back, 'What the devil do you want *now*?' But would not this natural expression, instead of freeing his spirit, be more apt to fill him with a rebellious though not very dim forecast of coming events?

When he is feeling masculine and independent he now retorts a businesslike 'Wut?' Would it make him freer in spirit were he to discard this carcass of an ancient fancy and give back something once rich in imagination and logic: 'Oh, now, forget it, old lady — and chase yourself?'

Are n't uniforms admirable things at times? 'Let us say grace,' utters Father at the Sunday dinner table. Silence descends upon us. It is Butler's moment of alleged communication between God and man. Yet who can say what that moment of silent grace means to each one? As we lift our heads Father says crisply, 'I hope that carving knife is sharp.' Mother, thinking of the new cook, whispers to the waitress, 'Tell the cook not to unbox the ice cream yet.' Looking slyly down at my gown, I think, 'Certainly that dry cleaner did a good job on this dress.' Undoubt-

edly our inner feeling is one of thanksgiving to God that He is going to give us a good dinner. And the kindly uniform of that thought is spread over our features. Yes — thank God again for uniforms.

Do we not constantly employ different uniforms for the same thoughts? Richard Grant White, father of Stanford White, cited a maiden lady at whose house he took table board when in college. This lady used to say at the table, 'Will you kindly assist me to the butter?' And White, looking down the table, would mutter to his chum, 'Say, there. Shy the grease.' Are we so limited that we must always see each other through the same veil created by the same words?

A teacher was trying to pound the spelling book into a small boy. She failed until she hit upon an idea. 'Come,' she cried joyously, 'let us disarrange the alphabet.' The trick was turned. Spelling became a delightful game to the boy. Why accuse us of being so hidebound in expression that we cannot wriggle free?

Give us uniforms for our thoughts. But let us renew them often. New uniforms for these new days.

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT

* * *

The Sahara of Utopia.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The value of Mr. Johnson's thoughtful and honest discussion of the problems of Prohibition in the February *Atlantic* would have been much increased if he had explained how, if 'it is a safe prediction that the illicit liquor-traffic will be finally overcome only when and where education in temperate living strongly reinforces the arm of the law,' Prohibition can be justified until the process of education is completed.

No adequate presentation of conditions, certain and probable, which would result from rigidly enforced Prohibition has ever been made. This must be done before a thorough understanding of the problem is possible, since it is generally assumed for the sake of argument that all the effects of alcohol are evil, which they are not. I do not mean an oration such as every temperance orator can and does make without a moment's thought, but a scientific inquiry along biologic, psychologic, and sociologic lines. Mr. Johnson's previous success would suggest him as a proper selection for the purpose, but if he feels that he has already suffered sufficient abuse for his efforts to present a candid statement of facts, I would whisper in the editorial ear that such an article, in competent hands, would be very readable and might prove a valuable contribution to a much debated question.

MEDICUS